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WESTERN PIONEER:

OR,

INCIDENTS OF THE LIFE AND TIMES

OF

REV. ALFRED BRUNSON, A. M., D. D.,

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

VOLUME II.

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HISTORICAL
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PREFATORY NOTE.

I WAS induced to write these volumes at the instance of three of our bishops, one prominent editor, and several scores of ministers and laymen who, knowing my life had been, on some accounts, different from the ordinary course of human events, thought it would be useful to others, especially such as might pass through similar scenes. The first volume was issued in 1872, but did not sell as readily as was expected, for the most of those who desired it, deferred the purchase till the second volume should be out, so as to have the whole at once. But the agents did not feel authorized to issue the second volume without some assurance of the sale of at least five hundred copies of it. Several attempts were made by my friends to secure the required number of subscribers by circulars, but failed. Those who had the first volume were frequently inquiring when the second would be out, assuring me that the reading of the first had whetted up their appetites for the rest of my history.

In the mean time my declining health disabled me for doing any thing at canvassing for it. My spirit sunk in despondency, so that I gave up in despair. But my youngest daughter, being encouraged by brothers Clinton, of Upper Iowa, Fullerton and

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Clough, of West Wisconsin Conferences, undertook a canvass. Brother Clough canvassed West Wisconsin, my daughter went to Wisconsin and Upper Iowa Conferences, Bishops Foster and Peck encouraged and subscribed, and brother I. E. Springer canvassed Rock River Conference. The result was seven hundred and eighty-nine copies were subscribed for, and the agents agreed to publish the present volume. My daughter, in one week, traveled about seven hundred miles, and visited and canvassed two annual conferences. Many thanks to those good brethren who assisted her in this work.

ALFRED BRUNSON,

PRAIRIE DU CHIEN, WIS., *May*, 1879.

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A

WESTERN PIONEER.

CHAPTER I.

NOTWITHSTANDING our efforts and success in the cause of temperance in the Meadville District, we found, to our sorrow and shame, that there was more unnecessary drinking of intoxicating liquors in the Church than we were aware of before presenting the pledge for signatures. My urging this upon the membership, probably in not quite as smooth, easy, soft, or milk and-water terms as did some others, begot great opposition to me in some quarters. Some professed friends of the cause in the ministry, when they discovered this, and probably from a desire to go with the current for the sake of its advantage, complained that my tongue was too much like a meat-ax—rough on the edge. I was not aware that I had said any harder things against the rum traffic than some who thus took sides against me, only I had not said it in as soft, untempered-mortar terms as they had. It was and is my manner, if I have any thing to say, to say it so as to be understood and felt. But that is not the way to be popular. Some men may talk for months and yet touch no one's feelings, and, of course, effect no change in their habits.

At one of my appointments this year—Franklin, Venango County, Penn.—I had some singular incidents

on this score, which resulted in good. In one of my visits to the place, on my way to a quarterly-meeting in another charge, a brother who kept tavern, and sold, and I presume drank, whisky, and to whom I had talked long and plainly on the subject, desired me to preach from Deut. xiv, 26: "And thou shalt bestow that money for whatsoever thy soul lusteth after: for oxen, or for sheep, or for wine, or for strong drink." Here he thought he had me, bound hand and foot, neck and heels. I accepted the challenge and fixed upon a time when to comply, and requested the attendance of all the rum-sellers, topers, and moderate drinkers in the town and surrounding country to attend. I also invited the older members of the Temperance Society of the place to be present with their record of names, for I expected to increase their number at least twenty in the course of the meeting.

This, of course, roused up the "rummies" and called them out *en masse*, with many predictions that I would get no additional signers to the pledge. It so happened that a large number of travelers, among whom were one or two Presbyterian ministers, had stopped in town for the night, and hearing what was on the *tapis*, came with the throng to hear what could be said on so difficult a text. The house, a good-sized village church, was literally crammed.

In discoursing on the text, I showed that it was addressed to those who lived at too great a distance from the place of the altar of sacrifice to carry their sacrifices, and that in such case they might sell their first fruits, tithes, etc., for money, and go with it to the place where the Lord had fixed his name and place of sacrifice, and there buy oxen, sheep, wine, or strong drink, etc., to be offered unto the Lord instead of what they sold; the wine or strong drink to be offered as a drink-offering (Lev. xxiii, 13), which was not to be

drunk, but poured out at the foot of the altar. (Lev. iv, 7; Gen. xxxv, 14.) The priests were not allowed to drink wine or strong drink (Lev. x, 9); it was an offering to God and not to the vitiated appetite of the drunkard, toper, or moderate drinker; and having the text thus out of the way, I made an onslaught upon the rum traffic and the drunkard-makers, and then requested the officers of the Temperance Society to go through the congregation and take the names of those who would volunteer to use their influence against the deadly traffic. The result was, fifty-two signed the pledge.

At another time, on my quarterly visit to Franklin, I passed on the road a wagon load of whisky on its way to that place. The driver of the team I recognized as one whom I had seen in court, where he was convicted of seduction, and was mulcted in a fine of five hundred dollars' damage, and costs of suit. His appearance was as rough as his character—savage-looking. That night, in opening the services of the quarterly-meeting, I informed the people of what I had seen on the road, and exhorted them to pray that the town might not be deluged with evil spirits; stating, further, that I had asked the Lord for twenty souls to be converted at the meeting, which I had faith to believe would be granted.

These announcements roused the ire of the rummies, and, as I was informed, the matter was discussed in all the taverns and groggeries in town, and the grave conclusion among them was that we should not get one soul converted. My expressed hope on this point was construed into a prophecy, and so much was said by the rummies in ridicule of it, that the membership trembled lest we should fail in the meeting and our cause should suffer in consequence. To keep them from despair I told them that I had never made such declara-

tions, only on strong conviction of faith that it would so result, and had never yet had a failure when I felt as I did then, nor would it be so now if they "would come up to the help of the Lord against the mighty." This encouraged the membership, who worked like men of God, and the meeting resulted in the conversion of twenty-two souls—two more than I had asked for.

At the time of this meeting a good sister, the wife of Judge M'Calment, lay sick, as was supposed, unto death. She expected to die, and was very happy. Being highly respected, all her friends who came from a distance to the meeting wished to call and see her, whom she was constantly exhorting to be faithful to God and meet her in heaven. So numerous were the visitors, one after another, that she literally talked from morning to night—or would have done so if I had not prevented it by requesting the friends not to visit her on account of her peculiar nervous condition. On my first visit to her I ascertained that the fever had subsided, but she was in a state of nervous excitement. Her physician, who was a skeptic, being present, had given her up to die, and she, expecting to be soon released from this sinful world, desired to do all the good she could before she left it; hence the exhortations. While praying with and for her, I asked the Lord, if consistent with his will, to spare her yet in life to her friends and the Church, and I felt, while praying, an impression of faith that he would do it. I so announced to her, in the hearing of all present, including the physician, but enjoined upon her to desist from talking and get some rest.

"How can I," said she, "when sinners are perishing and I shall soon be gone, so that I can exhort them no more?"

"Let others exhort them and you get some rest, and thereby prolong your life that you may warn them

when in better health than now. You are happy, I know, and I am glad to see it. In this we have another evidence of the truth and purity of our religion, in that it makes us thus happy in the full prospect of death. But we must be prudent. The fever has left you in a state of nervous prostration, and this ecstasy of joy from your happy state of mind is exhausting you. You must, therefore, be composed. I'll keep the people away from you, and to-morrow, probably, you will be just as happy as you are now, but more calm, and with proper care you will get well and do more good in the world than you could by exhausting yourself now, and possibly causing a relapse and death."

At this the doctor said I was right, that she must have rest, and she might possibly get well; and she agreed to take my advice rather than the doctor's. The result was, she got well, and so far as I know is yet living, an honor and ornament to religion. This was also called prophesying, but was more pleasing to the skeptical physician than the former one.

At still another visit to this place (Franklin) I found a good brother sick—given over by the same physician—Hon. Arnold Plummer; and while praying with and for him, the physician being present, as in the other case, I felt an impression that he would get well, and told him so as I rose from my knees. This seemed to give him some hope, and probably reflecting upon the other case and its results, which were known to him, he felt encouraged, and shortly after was a well man again. As I left the room the doctor followed me to another apartment, and said:

"I like to have you visit my patients, for you prophesy good concerning them, and the effect upon their minds is consoling and does them good."

I asked him if he thought that brother Plummer would get well.

"I think it possible, but not probable."

"Then," said I, "if he gets well, as I feel an impression that he will, you must admit that there is some efficacy in prayer."

"Yes," said he, "that may be so; but I want some credit given to the medicine and skill in its application."

"I give you credit for your skill and for the medicine; but unless God blesses it, it can not avail. I don't expect that he will recover without the use of means. I make no pretensions to working miracles. God must bless the means used, or they will do no good; and for this reason, if no other existed, a physician should be a man of faith and prayer. Great responsibilities rest upon your profession; not only the life of the body, but, in case the patient is a sinner unpardoned, the soul itself is at stake. I have known pious physicians who not only gave medicine but religious advice also, then prayed for the blessing of God upon them, and both succeeded, and body and soul were healed."

"Well, if that is the way of it, and miracles are not to be expected, I have no objections to prayer.

Here were four instances in which I declared the impressions of my mind in answer to prayer, which others called prophecies, all of which came to pass; and yet, strange as it may seem, both M'Calment (whose wife got well) and Plummer afterwards, on my visiting the place, requested me not to "prophesy," as they called it, "because the wicked made such a handle of it, and if it *should* fail it would be a great injury to our cause."

The hostility of our opponents showed itself in another way. They had a debating society, and it was proposed to debate the question whether my visits to the place were attended with more good or evil. I sent

word to them to debate it and let me know the result; if in the negative, I would preach to them on my next visit from the language of the owners of the swine into which the devils entered—"They besought him that he would depart out of their coasts." But the question was dropped.

The Pittsburg Conference met this year (1834) at Washington, Penn., where I had the sweet pleasure of meeting many of the converts that joined in the revival of 1829. From this conference I returned to the Meadville District, which was a little changed from the previous year, and things moved on as before, both in the district and the college, with, perhaps, one exception.

Soon after conference I received a letter from Dr. Steadman, who was appointed to Erie, in my district, stating that, owing to the delicate state of his wife's health, he dared not take her to the lake shore, and requested to exchange with Dr. Plimpton, who was appointed to Jamestown, in another district, and he was agreed to the change; and further, that the presiding elder of that district was willing and desired the change as an act of humanity to the afflicted lady.

I replied that at the conference of 1832 Bishop Emory said that two presiding elders, by agreement, could exchange preachers from one district to another, and that if brother Plimpton and his presiding elder were agreed to it, I should make no objection in view of the circumstances. Steadman was the more popular preacher of the two, and the Erie friends refused, at first, to receive Plimpton, thinking thereby to secure Steadman. But Steadman's wife refused to go to Erie on any terms, and he stayed with her at Jamestown. Plimpton, feeling wronged by the people's refusing to receive him, though they now consented, in his turn refused to go there, and the place had to be supplied,

which I found very difficult to be done, and the year proved to be nearly a blank to that place.

But at conference Plimpton's friends raised a storm about this change. All would have passed unnoticed if Plimpton had been received at Erie cordially, but their refusal stung him. The whole blame of the affair was laid upon me, though it did not originate with me; I only consented to the proposition out of compassion to the afflicted wife and her husband, who was deeply afflicted in her. Not a word was said to or about the other presiding elder, though, as represented to me, the proposition originated with him, or, at least, he assented to it before it was proposed to me.

Bishop Andrew, who presided at the next conference, denied that presiding elders could thus exchange preachers from one district to another; thereby conflicting with the decision of Bishop Emory. Thus bishops, as well as doctors, differ, and to follow the dictum of one is to insure the censure of the other. Since then the episcopal bench have decided that such transfers from district to district are not allowable, notwithstanding the Discipline gives the presiding elder all the powers of the bishop in his own district except that of ordination, and the bishops themselves transfer from one conference to another, and that without asking consent. These conflicting decisions of the bishops became so numerous, notwithstanding their precautions in agreeing, in bench, on all points probable to occur, that the General Conference of 1860 curtailed this power of decision to a considerable extent.

In one of my rounds, this year, I came to the village of Girard, Erie County, Penn., in which stood the shell of a Methodist church, not occupied. The village was about midway between two societies and two circuits, and the church was built, as far as it went, with a view to unite the two and make one strong appointment in-

stead of having two weak ones; and it was hoped, also, that a saving impression would be made upon the young and growing village. But it being inconvenient for the majorities of the classes to go so far to meeting, they chose to meet nearer home, and the shell was left for the birds to occupy.

The village by this time had greatly increased in population, and a few members resided there; and it occurred to me that if God would favor them with a revival in the place there was material enough to build up a new society without drawing from either of the other classes, except those who lived in the place. Having a vacant Sabbath a few weeks ahead, I appointed a five days' meeting, calling in the neighboring classes and their preachers to help in the name of the Lord. When the time arrived I found both the preachers and people ready and anxious to labor for God and the salvation of souls. The old work-bench, with a little fixing for a seat and book-board, answered for a pulpit; loose boards laid on forms, and some slabs from a neighboring saw-mill with legs put into them, constituted the seats. The villagers, thinking they had been rather neglected before, now seemed to feel some pride in having a meeting in their place, and took a deep interest in making preparations for it. They opened their doors liberally to entertain persons who came from too great a distance to go home for meals and lodging, many of whom attended from a missionary motive to aid in saving the people of the village. The general social and pecuniary character of the place was good. The citizens were generally moral, in the worldly sense of the word, though infidelity had got some foothold among them. The citizens generally attended the services, and the house—a large one for a village church—was well filled from the beginning, and as the meeting progressed finely, the house was soon

crowded at the evening services and on the Sabbath. The result was over twenty conversions in the five days, besides a general quickening of the neighboring societies.

Among the converts was a young man, a son of a Lutheran, whom his father forbid to join the Church or even to go forward to join in the singing and praying for mourners. To prevent his doing so the father attended himself and kept his son by his side, about midway of the congregation. But the son could and did pray mentally, and the power of God so rested upon him that he lost his physical strength and fell into his father's lap. At this the father turned pale, and drew to one side, so that the son lay at his length on the seat. An awfully solemn feeling pervaded the group sitting near him, all of whom understood the opposition of the father, and seemed to take it for granted that it was of God, and for his reproof.

About the same time a young woman on the other side of the house lost her strength, and lay among her female friends. It being now about the usual time of closing the meeting for the night, I mounted the stand and called the attention of the people to them, saying, "You all know that I have been here at the stand all the evening and have not been to either of those persons, and, of course, I do not and can not know how they are affected; but I have known persons under such exercise to be relaxed and as limp as a rag, their joints and limbs hanging as if merely hung together on wires; while others are so rigid and stiff in the joints that, apparently, their bones would break before the joints would bend. I have also noticed that the pulse is regular, while they but seldom draw a breath, and no natural or physical cause has been or can be given for the phenomenon. It must be attributed to supernatural influence. Now, if there are any physicians

in the house, if they please they will examine those two persons in the presence of the congregation, so that they offer no rudeness, and report the result."

It so happened that there were two physicians present, who made the examination as desired, and reported that they "found the young man with apparently no muscular connection in the joints, and that the young woman seemed to have no joints in her limbs. The pulse of both was regular and healthy, while neither of them breathed oftener than once in a minute, or nearly so; that they could discover no natural cause for such a state of the human body, and though they had not been believers in supernatural influences of the kind, they knew not what else to call it. Nor could they account for the difference in the state of the muscles in the two persons—one relaxed and the other rigid—even on that ground." They stated, further, that they were personally acquainted with both of the persons examined, and knew of no disease in either of them to produce the effects visible or to account for the difference between them.

The course I pursued in the case seemed to remove all prejudice as if self-caused, and the happy change in the lives of the two persons precluded the idea of its being the work of the devil. The minds of most, if not all, settled down under the conviction that it was the work of God, somehow mysteriously connected with the religion of Christ.

The meeting was dismissed and most of the people retired. A few of the ladies stayed with the young woman half an hour or so, when she came to herself and walked home. But the young man continued in his state much longer. The father was at a loss what to do. He could not carry him home alone, a mile and a half, and having no knowledge of such exercises, he could not tell whether his son would ever come out of

the state he was in or not, and having repulsed those that understood it, he dared not ask their counsel.

Some young gentlemen, associates of the young man, though not professors, being afraid that the father might abuse his son, knowing his opposition, and at the same time having some vague idea that he was in a trance and seeing visions of the spirit world which he would announce when he came to, stayed with him an hour at the church; but as he did not come to they carried him home, and stayed till two o'clock in the morning before he could speak. Upon their inquiry as to what he had seen, he, fearing his father, declined answering, but told his young friends he would inform them some other time. He had no particular views, however, other than are common to persons in such a state. He heard and knew all that was going on, both in the church and after leaving it, but could not speak, though he often tried to do so. The father, I believe, was so far converted as to give up his opposition and let the son take his own course, who, of course, joined the Church.

The house was soon after finished and became a a prominent appointment, and has long since been the head of a circuit and then a station.

In the course of this year the Rev. Mr. Munson, of the Presbyterian Church, challenged me to a public discussion of the peculiar doctrines of Calvinism, at his church, near Centerville, Mercer County, Penn. It seemed that some of his people, having heard the Methodists, had become doubtful of the truth of the doctrines he preached, and some few had left his ministrations and joined the Methodists. He was in hopes that a discussion would satisfy their wavering minds, and hence the challenge.

We met, agreeably to appointment, but the concourse of people was so great that we had to go into

the grove, where they had a stand and seats, which they used on Summer sacramental occasions, in commemoration of the great revival among them in 1801.

By agreement, he occupied the first three hours, from 9 to 12 o'clock; and after an hour's intermission, in which most of the people took a lunch, the time from 1 to 4 o'clock P. M. fell to me. The result was not what he hoped for, and to save his cause he deemed it necessary to publish his views; but they were so different, in many respects, from his spoken discourse, that no one who heard it could recognize it as the same, though professing to be such. This change, tacitly acknowledging his failure in his spoken discourse, probably did more to open the eyes of his own people to the untenableness of his doctrine than my spoken reply to him; for though my friends, and many of his, thought that I met and refuted all his arguments, yet his changing his ground and mode of argument was considered a virtual acknowledgment that he was beaten in the grove and had made the shift to save his sinking cause. But like a man in a quagmire, the struggle only sunk him the deeper.

My friends urged me to make a written reply to his written discourse, in doing which I referred to the change he had made, and stated that I should reply to his written discourse, having replied to his spoken one in the grove, which would account for the difference between my discourses.

Soon after the appearance of my written reply I moved to Wisconsin, but have since been informed that the reverend gentleman was soon after requested by his people to leave the pastorate he had filled for some twenty years.

In July, 1835, our Conference met in Pittsburg, and was the most trying one to me that I ever attended. In the matter of the exchange of preachers, heretofore

mentioned, I was borne down upon as if the salvation of the Church depended upon it. I had yielded to the request of others out of sheer humanity to a worthy minister. His wife was consumptive, and he, as a physician, knew that the lake winds were unfavorable to that disease, and he believed, as he assured me, that his wife could not live the year out if he went to Erie with her. The matter did not originate with me, I only assented to it, yet all the blame was laid upon me. The brother who requested to be changed, and his presiding elder who had assented to it before I did, were not called in question at all; the whole was laid on me, though I had acted under instructions from a bishop. Under these circumstances I could but think the opposition was personal.

Another contest was raised because of my opposition to the rum traffic and drinking. The Conference was annually sending out its resolutions in favor of the temperance cause, but because I had insisted upon the observance of those resolutions, some tippling members complained to some milk-and-water preachers, and here was ground for another complaint. It would not do to say, directly, that it was because I advocated temperance, but it was said, "He bears down upon the thing with a heavy hand. His words are like a sledge-hammer and his tongue shaves like a razor, only it is rough on the edge." It is true that when convinced that I am right I am in earnest, and endeavor so to speak as to be understood, and, if possible, have the sentiment advanced felt by the hearer.

Taking the two circumstances together, and, in view of the manner, time, and place of the conflict, it seemed as if the powers of darkness were let loose upon me in one tremendous tornado, and I thought seriously of locating or asking for a transfer to another Conference. I felt satisfied that it was jealousy or envy that

prompted the opposition. Had I been less successful and efficient, both on the district and in reference to the college—which had, meantime, conferred on me the honorary degree of Master of Arts—I should probably have escaped the storm.

But subsequent events satisfied me that this storm was suffered providentially, like the case of Joseph in Egypt, to accomplish another object, to wit, my removal to the far West, which proved beneficial to my family, and, as I trust, to the Church also, as the events hereinafter recorded will show. My attachments to the Pittsburg Conference were so strong that I could hardly have been induced to leave it except by some such circumstance as this. It is a mysterious Providence that turns the wrath of man to his praise, or that causes or suffers the errors of others to turn to our benefit. But so it worked in my case. The hostility of a few brethren could not have alienated my feelings from the Conference, but when the majority, with the bishop (Andrew), seemed to agree with and sustain them, I could but yield to the oppression. Notwithstanding the storm, I was elected a reserve delegate to the ensuing General Conference, and if I had remained in the Conference I should have had a seat, as one of the delegates failed to attend. A similar storm drove Wesley from Georgia home to England, which resulted in his great mission to the world.

During the preceding year I had read with deep interest the report of Lieut. Allen, who accompanied Schoolcraft in exploring and finding the head waters of the Mississippi River, and was so deeply impressed with the account he gave of the wretched state of the Indians in that region, that I felt a strong desire to see a mission established among them, to improve both their spiritual and temporal condition.

At our conference missionary meeting, of which

society I had been treasurer for ten years, I proposed a mission to that country, and that the collection to be then taken up should be in reference to it. After giving the sad picture reported by Mr. Allen, I pledged myself to find a man to go, or, if I failed, to go myself. I confess I had no idea of going myself, being confident that enough of our young men would volunteer for that service, but in the excitement of the occasion the word was out before thinking. The collection far exceeded any thing of the kind that had then ever been taken in the conference, amounting to over four hundred and fifty dollars, and four able and promising young men gave me their names to go on the mission.

Bishop Roberts, who had charge of the North-western Indian Missions that year, was present as a visitor, and had heard all the storm of hard words that bore down upon me in the conference; but, it would seem, he did not sympathize with either my accusers or with Bishop Andrew in removing me from the district, and called on me for my men. I gave him the names I had received. "These are good men," said he, "but I want you to go. We want older men in that country—men of experience and wisdom. The emigration to that country—Illinois Conference—which includes all that Indian country, is very great, and among the emigrants is a large portion of intelligence and enterprise, and we can not supply the work as it should be without making transfers. Besides, you have a large and growing family to be provided for, which, I think, will do better to grow up in that country than in this." And he further hinted that I should be better treated in the new conference than I had been here.

This brought the subject up in a new light. I was needed, in the estimation of the bishop, to supply a great demand in the growing West, where I could not only do something to save the poor Indian, but also the

white immigrant, and, in addition, place my family in a situation more to their advantage than I could hope for where I now was, in a country becoming old and a state of society settled. I consented to take an appointment that I could leave without any detriment to the work, and, if my family would consent, to go and view it, and if I liked it, move my family to it. It was also arranged that if I wrote to Bishop Andrew, at the Ohio Conference, he would send me a transfer.

I wrote immediately to my wife the state of things at the conference and the request of Bishop Roberts, giving his statements, that she and my grown-up children might have time to consider the matter before I got home. On reaching home I found them all agreed for me to visit the West, and if I thought it best, they would move to it with me.

As soon as it was known that I should take a transfer to Illinois Conference, W. Weigley, a probationer in the Pittsburg Conference, came to me and said, "If you go, I want to go too, for you are the only friend I can rely upon;" and he wished me to obtain a transfer for him with my own. In due time the mail brought us our transfers and we arranged to travel together.

While at conference in Pittsburg, in walking over the paved streets, by some means—I never really knew how—my left foot got a cant one side, and so injured the outside of my heel that I was a cripple for several months. The doctor described it as a tear of the network between the muscles. It was extremely painful, and my leg swelled to nearly double its wonted size, and was unable to bear my weight, so that I had to use crutches. As the Illinois Conference was to meet on the second day of October, in Springfield, Ill., it became necessary for me to start in that condition. Putting a pole to my buggy, we attached our two horses to

it, and started for a point one thousand miles or more to the west.

Our journey was like others of the same character We visited the Churches that fell into our route, and took up collections for the General Missionary Fund. We took the most direct route through Columbus, O.. Indianapolis, Ind., to Springfield, Ill., which we reached at night, October 2, 1835. The Fall rains were upon us, and consequently the roads were extremely bad till we reached the Grand Prairie, at Paris, Ill.

At Columbus, O., and near it, I had two brothers and two sisters—one sister I had not seen for twenty-seven years, being separated from her soon after my father's death; one brother and the other sister I had not seen in twenty-one years; the other brother I had seen two years before, after a separation of nineteen years. Our meetings were pleasant, of course, but nothing peculiar or different from that of other folks.

At Columbus I obtained a liniment, which, I understood, was discovered by accident by Mr. Jewett, which cured my lameness. Here, also, I met Nathan Emery, who was my preacher in Connecticut, and whose rough answer when I asked him for a license to preach so nearly upset me. We had not met before in twenty-four years; but our meeting was pleasant, and he gave me his pulpit.

We made it a rule, if we had to stop at places of entertainment, as well as among Methodist friends, to let our characters be known, and, if permitted, pray with and for the families with whom we stayed, and then pay our bills, if any thing was charged. The night before we reached the Grand Prairie we stopped at a house of entertainment, prayed with and for them, and paid our bills; but on getting our horses we were satisfied, from the signs about them, that after we saw them fed and had retired to rest ourselves, the provender

that we saw put before them had been removed and they left to starve the rest of the night. On this we concluded if we had to stop any more at such places we would remain *incog.*, pay our bills, and go on. But the very next night—the first on the Grand Prairie, fifteen miles out from Paris—we got handsomely come up with for trying the *incognito* scheme, which cured us for the rest of the journey.

On the Grand Prairie then, whatever it may be now, houses were like angels' visits—few and far between. Every house on the road was, from necessity, a house of entertainment, the tide of emigration was so great; and as all kinds of characters—good, bad, and indifferent—were passing on the road, every body had to be wide awake lest they should be shaved in money matters.

Seven miles out from Paris, we reined up at a cabin to stay all night, as we had traveled far enough for the day; but the landlord told us we had better go on to the next house, only eight miles, as he expected to be full and overrun—a thing which occurred every night. We took the hint and brought up at the next house about dark, and found that full and overrun too; but as we could go no farther, the landlord suffered us to stay, saying he would do the best he could. This cabin was not to exceed eighteen feet square, and there were five moving families in before us. The accommodating host gave us his bed, and himself, wife, and children, crawled into the half-story loft overhead, while the moving families occupied every foot of the lower floor, even under our bed, to spread their beds and crowd in edgewise to sleep.

Soon after all had lain down, probably supposing that we were asleep—which was impossible in such a jabbering crowd—the men on the floor commenced speculating as to who and what we were. One thought

we were land speculators, and if so, he wished the landlord had sent us on, even if we had to spend the night on the open prairie, for he had no kind feelings towards such land pirates, who hunt up and enter the best lands in the country and compel poor people to give double price for a home or go farther into the wilderness. Number two thought our visages did n't look hard and savage enough to be speculators. He thought it more likely we were doctors or merchants, seeking a location for our business. Number three disagreed with both the others, and concluded, from our countenances and retired and subdued manners, that we were preachers. He had watched us pretty closely, and thought all our movements indicated that profession.

"Well," said number one, "if I had thought that was the case we would have had a preach out of one of them. They look smart enough to preach, and here are enough of us to make a respectable congregation for this wild country. But they can't be preachers, or they would have made themselves known."

Thus we lay and took it, and felt the reproof. At length I spoke and told them who and what we were; that until that night we had invariably announced our profession and prayed with the people, if we did not preach to them; but as we had, the night previous, fallen among thieves, for whom we thought it useless to pray, we, not knowing but others were of the same class, concluded to pass on our way *incog.*, unless we ascertained the residence of some friend. But from their conversation we found all people along the road are not thieves, and we feel reproved for this attempt at being unknown, and for the future should return to our first custom. We found in the caravan some Methodists, some Baptists, and some Campbellites, all of whom would have been glad to hear preaching, if not hold a prayer-meeting also.

On entering upon the Grand Prairie, which exceeds in beauty and grandeur any thing we ever saw, old Ocean not excepted, we were so charmed as involuntarily to rise to our feet in the carriage to look over the vast sea of grass and admire its beauty. One of the sad effects from these beautiful level roads, nearly as smooth as a house floor, without stone or even pebble, was what perhaps happens to other travelers no better informed, that is, the roads being smooth and level, except at long distances a slough or brook to cross, we pushed our horses too fast and too far, and overworked them, and so had to exchange them for others and pay the difference in value. It did not occur to us that horses could tire on such roads.

On reaching Springfield we found the Conference in session, and its members gave us a cordial and hearty welcome. There were five transfers of us—four from the Pittsburg and one from the Troy Conference. Bishop Roberts, who presided, soon gave me to understand that I must take a district in connection with my Indian work, and, by planting myself on the verge of civilization, could attend to both. The Indian work was first to be explored, to see where missions could be established with prospect of success; and as there were five circuits within two hundred miles of the Indian territory, and all of them isolated from other districts, I must attend to them and explore the Indian country besides. This gave me a district extending from Rock Island to St. Anthony's Falls, five hundred miles long, including all the settlements on both sides of the Mississippi River, and about seventy miles wide. Dubuque, however, was the only settlement west of the river.

I begged to be excused from the district, reminding the bishop of the "row" at Pittsburg, preferring to attend to the Indians alone. But he thought otherwise

He regarded the Pittsburg affair as not against me, but, on the contrary, his sympathies were with me, and that was one great reason with him for insisting so hard on my transfer. The district was called Galena, that city being the central point in the lead mines, to which my traveling companion, brother Weigley, was appointed, and, of course, we could continue to travel together to that place.

Conference being over, we continued our journey towards our respective appointments. As we came north the country became more rolling, the groves of timber more frequent, the scenery more varied, less monotonous, and, of course, more beautiful, but not as majestic or ocean-like. Our route was through Peoria, then but a small village; through where Princeton now is; through the Winnebago Swamp, then a terror to all travelers, especially in times of high water; crossing Rock River at a new ferry four miles below Dixon; through Elkhorn Grove, Apple River, where Elizabeth now stands, to Galena. From Peoria to Galena—170 miles—was called, in those days, the Wilderness, an almost uninhabited region, and some frightful stories were told of it about robberies, murder, etc., but no one disturbed us. Houses and settlements were so few and far between, that one night we had to travel till midnight to reach a house to stay at, passing a twelve-mile prairie by the light of the running fires.

These fires presented a new and interesting scene to our view. The smoke from them rose a few hundred feet and formed a cloud upon which the fires shone, giving them the appearance of fire over our heads. The scene brought to mind the cloud that overspread the camp of Israel in the wilderness—"a cloud by day and a pillar of fire by night." It suggested the thought that the reflection of the glory of God which was in the Tabernacle upon the cloud was what gave it the

brightness called "a pillar of fire." It is understood that it was the cloud thus brightened by night that so enlightened the camp. In our case, between the fires on the ground and the reflection from the cloud of smoke overhead, we had it so light for miles, I could easily see to read fine print as we rode along.

At Elkhorn Grove we stopped for breakfast, before taking a twelve-mile prairie, at what we afterwards found to be a backslidden deacon's. We did not think it necessary to announce our profession for so short a stay and from not seeing any thing like religion about the premises. Being curious to know how the settlers managed to secure their lands when they came into market, all being now "squatters," we asked many questions.

The country had been surveyed into townships, but not into sections. The settlers in this grove had sectionized the township to ascertain the location of the school lands, and also the metes and bounds of their respective claims. The school land, or 16th section, lay entirely within the grove. The settlers had enacted by-laws to govern the settlement. No one was allowed to cut even an ox-gad off the school land, and no one settler was allowed to claim over forty acres of the timber in the grove, but might claim as much prairie outside as he pleased, so that he did not encroach upon older claims already marked out.

"But suppose a man moves into the settlement who will not be governed by your laws?"

"Why, first, we 'll not help him to raise a house; secondly, if he comes into our houses at meal time we 'll not ask him to eat; and, third, if he do n't take the hint and leave, we 'll tell him to go, and help him to do so."

"But suppose when the land comes into market a

man should bid upon one of your claims; how are you going to prevent him?"

"Why, it is agreed by all the settlers in the whole country to have a man present at the sale from each settlement, with our names and the number of our claims, and when the tract is announced for sale he will declare it to be a claim and the claimant will bid the government price—$1.25—and if any man bids against him he is to be knocked down and dragged out of the house."

"But if he still persists and buys your claim, what will you do?"

"Why, I 'll kill him; and, by agreement of the settlers, I am to be protected, and if tried, no settler dare, if on the jury, find a verdict against me."

We found that this was the state of feeling generally in the country among what were called "squatters" on government land, and that a man's life was in danger if he attempted to rob a settler of his hard-earned improvements. The reason for this state of feeling and these measures for self-defense was, that Government had issued what were called "floats," or floating land warrants; that is, a right to enter or bid off at a sale, such lands as the holder of one might select, to the amount called for; and land speculators—called "land sharks" or "land pirates"—had, in many instances, entered the improved farms of the squatter before he was able to do so himself; or would bid off the land, when on sale, at a price above the capacity of the squatter, though below the real value of the improvements. But the pre-emption laws subsequently passed by Congress saved the country from this dangerous state of things, and secured to the settler his rights of property in the lands he improved.

At Apple River Diggings, now Elizabeth, we found the grave of Lemuel A. Sugg, a probationer on his first

year in the Illinois Conference. I did not learn the nature of his disease, nor his age, only that he was a young man of great promise, and much beloved by the people, and died in great peace of mind, "a stranger in a strange land." This, to me, was a solemn scene. Here I was, a thousand miles from home, and though in one of the healthiest countries in the world, death had found its way here, and that among missionaries! The thought of dying so far from home and friends was solemn; but it occurred to mind that there was as short a passage from here to heaven as from any other place on earth.

Here we found a small class of warm-hearted friends, who met in a log school-house. The leader was school-teacher, and had a Sunday-school, with a few books on shelves made of clapboards split out of the sturdy oak. He kept bachelor's hall, cooked, ate, slept, taught school week-days and Sunday-school on Sundays, preached, and held prayer-meetings and class-meetings, all in the same room. Such a man might be expected to make his mark in the world; and so, two years after, we find his name—Michael Shunk—in the Minutes as an itinerant.

At this place, also, we found a small stockade, which, in the Black Hawk War, sheltered fourteen men and as many women and children from an attack of two hundred Sauks and Foxes under that chief. Mrs. Graham, one of the women, assumed command. She ordered the children to be quiet or she would kill them, for the Indians must not hear any crying to encourage them. She set the women to casting bullets, and the men to using them. It was said that the men would have yielded to the enemy but for her. She raved, tore, and even cursed and swore at the men, and threatened death to the first and every man that gave back. The Indians, some of them, knew her voice as it roared

above the rattle of muskets and rifles, and said she was a devil. After losing thirty or forty of their men, and finding that no one was hurt inside of the fort, the Indians drew off and left the place.

CHAPTER II.

WE at length arrived at Galena, where we found a small society, with a small church. This town was built more by accident than by design. The site of it is the most uncouth for a town that mortal eyes ever beheld. At a distance of three miles, or half-way to the Mississippi River, is a better site, one formerly selected by a fur trader. Here the Mississippi washes one side, while Fever River washes the other; but the town grew up where the business was.

When the lead mines were discovered, the enterprising miners from Missouri and other parts of the world sought this place to make their fortunes. There were no roads leading to it; the only means of reaching it was by the river steamers. These ascended the great river to the mouth of the Fever, since called Galena River, and then six miles up that little winding stream, often so crooked and narrow that two boats could hardly pass in low water, to the head of slack or backwater. Here a furnace was built to smelt the ore dug out of the neighboring hills, stores or shanties put up to supply the miners with provisions and other goods, and here the pig lead was shipped for St. Louis, the emporium of the West.

There were a few acres of prairie bottom just above the landing place, but being subject to inundation, no one thought of building on that. The bluffs ran nearly perpendicular in rocky cliffs about two hundred feet,

between which and the river and bottom-land was a narrow bench about wide enough for a road, but not for a street with houses or stores on either side. But here the building commenced and progressed till the town was built. The buildings on the hill-side were let into the rocks by excavation, while those on the side next to the bottom-land would merely rest their front on the road-side, depending upon a foundation raised by rocks or timbers from the bottom-land to the level of the street. This left a street only about thirty feet wide, and when the sidewalks were taken off, say six feet on both sides, only about twenty-four feet were left for teams and carriages to pass and repass in some places. At this time the heavy teams—four, five, and even six yoke of oxen to a heavy road wagon with two tons of pig-lead in it—would cut the clay to the hub in a wet time, and the difficulty of passing each other, and of turning round at the landing where they left their loads, was very great.

After ascending the hill by a rocky ravine, the road took a ridge to the north as far as forty miles, with diverging roads crossing streams and ravines to reach the different diggings and smelting furnaces which now dotted the country in different directions for fifty miles. But Galena was the emporium of the the mines, and, of course, the center of business and trade.

Having arranged matters in Galena, and brother Weigley being settled in his charge, I left my buggy-wagon, took the saddle, and on the 22d of October, 1835, entered the then Territory of Michigan, afterwards Wisconsin. The day was wet, cold, and sleety. I missed my way and wandered several miles out of it, but finally got right and reached Plattville, twenty-five miles from Galena, and stopped at Major Rountree's. His wife was a Methodist and he a friendly gentleman,

who kept open doors for ministers. His clerk, Mr. Gridley, had to help me get off my overcoat, it was so covered with ice—at least half an inch thick on my right shoulder, which had been more exposed to the storm.

From Plattville I wended my way to where Lancaster now stands, and slept in a cabin chamber with Sir Charles Murray, Queen Victoria's chamberlain, then selecting lands to enter in this country. He yet owns large tracts in Grant County, Wisconsin, but after paying taxes for thirty years it is doubtful whether his lands would sell for their cost and the interest on it. From Lancaster to Cassville, and thence to Prairie du Chien; the people were hungry for preaching, and I availed myself of every opportunity to gratify them. The preacher of the previous year had fallen into disgrace, and was indicted in court for a high crime. For a while he succeeded in deceiving me, and I aided him in getting clear of the charge; but subsequent developments convinced me of his guilt, the stain of which hung to him for life. On his death-bed he repented, and professed to obtain pardon from God.

I now felt that I was on the verge of civilization—the settlements sparse; the roads only such as nature made, very good on the open prairies, but intolerable for wheels in the ravines and on the brows of the hills leading down to them; but on horseback I could get along. If too steep to ride I got off and led, and sometimes slid down, horse and all.

Prairie du Chien is seven miles long, and from two miles wide on the south runs to a point on the north end, on which is the second oldest town in Wisconsin. It was first visited and settled by a few Canadian French about the year 1747, and soon became a trading and military post under the French, afterwards the English, and finally the Americans. When I first

reached it there were about four hundred French and half-breeds, mixed up with Indians and some of African blood, but only three American families, one Dutch, and one Irish in the place, except those in the garrison, about two hundred in all, officers and soldiers. The fur trade and supplying the garrison was the principal or only business of the place, except a little poor farming. Of the three American families two of them, named Samuel Gilbert and Ezekiel Tainter, were professors of religion. Gilbert was a Methodist in Kentucky, and Tainter a Presbyterian "down East," who afterwards became a Methodist. The other American was Judge J. H. Lockwood, who afterwards became a Churchman. Besides these, two or three discharged soldiers lived not far off.

So far as I could learn, I was the first Methodist preacher who ever set foot on the soil north and west of the Wisconsin River. I had heard of brother Gilbert, and inquired for his residence, and as he told me afterwards, himself and wife were sitting at the door, it being very pleasant, though the second day of November, and she, being very weary from a large wash that day, was saying she did not feel like waiting upon a visitor that night, not even if he was a Methodist preacher. At that instant Gilbert saw me coming up the street, and judging from my appearance that I was one, he said to his wife, "Well, there comes a Methodist preacher, any how." She sprang to her feet, and the excitement and joy of seeing once more a man of my class, banished all her weariness, and she, as well as he, received me very cordially.

I preached at night, and the next Sabbath met Rev. David Lowry, a Cumberland Presbyterian, who was teaching the Winnebago Indian school under government employ, about nine miles from the Prairie, in what is now the State of Iowa. He had gathered, of his own family and others—some Cumberlands, some

Presbyterians, some Methodists, and some Congregationalists, some ten or twelve in all—into a Church for present privileges, allowing any one to go to his or her original Church when one was organized within their reach. I had about fifty hearers in the new court-house, and had a very pleasant time with Mr. Lowry.

The season was now too far advanced to go farther into the Indian country. It was expected that Winter would set in within twenty days or soon thereafter, as was usual, and I had left appointments for quarterly-meetings on each charge in my district before going home for my family, so that from this place I turned back towards civilization.

I had been and was well pleased with the country from my first entrance upon it, and had resolved to move my family to it, and had kept them advised weekly of my impressions and whereabouts. I could not think of moving them farther than to the outer settlement of the whites until I had explored the Indian country and fixed upon a site for a mission, if it should be necessary to do so then. But I could not get a house in the place suitable for my family, either to rent or purchase. I thought it most prudent to have them near the United States fort—Crawford—as they would feel safer from Indian depredations within sight of the glorious old flag. I therefore fixed upon this place for their home, let me go where duty might call; but to do so I had to purchase some land and provide for building a house.

But lumber was twenty dollars per thousand feet as it came out of the water—good, bad, and indifferent—and mechanics' work was from two and a half to five dollars a day, and their mode of labor was only about enough to give them an appetite for their food. I therefore purchased a piece of land half a mile from the fort and in plain sight of it, and wrote to my wife,

who contracted for a keel-boat and a house to be framed—every board, window, and door to be made ready for its place, with a view to ship with my family and come round by water, as the cheapest and easiest way to this place, and when the house was up in its place the cost was only about one-third what it would have cost to have been made here. I still live in the house.

Having made all the arrangements I could this Fall, I turned back to hold my first round of quarterly-meetings as I went towards home. This took five weeks. These meetings were held—except at Galena and Dubuque log church—in log cabins, one or two being school-houses, the rest private dwellings, and we were blessed of the Lord by a quickening of the membership and the conversion of probably twenty souls at them all. In Dubuque, where H. W. Reed was the missionary, the congregation consisted of about five men to one woman, this being about the proportion of males and females then in the place.

The west side of the river, which is now the State of Iowa, where Dubuque is situated, was then, and for some time before, without any civil government. The rich lead mines in the vicinity had attracted the enterprising miners to the place before the Indian title was extinguished; and though they had been several times driven off by the military authorities, yet, as soon as the troops left, the miners would return, and were in possession when the Indians ceded the land to the United States. But the settlement was in advance of legislation or the provision for civil government for the territory on the west side of the river. .

Under these circumstances the people were obliged to fall back upon the original form of democracy, and take the government into their own hands, the people at large; so when a murder was committed, there

being no court having jurisdiction of the case, the people assembled *en masse* and appointed a judge, clerk, and sheriff; a grand jury was next empaneled, who found a bill against the accused. The culprit was then arraigned, suffered to plead "Not guilty," a petit jury was summoned and empaneled, the prisoner having able counsel and the privilege of challenging jurors to the extent allowed by the common law. After going through all the usual forms of trial, the prisoner was found guilty, was sentenced to be hung by the neck till dead, and the sentence, after a few days' respite, was executed, and the poor fellow ushered into the presence of God. It was said by those who witnessed the trial and execution that they never saw the forms of law more strictly observed than in this case.

Among other cases of homicide there was one growing out of a dispute about some diggings; but as there was some doubt which of the parties was to blame, both being armed, and the deceased in a posture to fire when he received the fatal bullet, no steps were taken to punish the killer; but a sister of the deceased took a loaded pistol in her muff, and went into a store where the killer was sitting and shot him, but not fatally. She was regarded as a brave, daring woman, and no further notice was taken of the affair.

The last of my quarterly-meetings for this round was for Rock Island, held in a private house some two miles from where the city now stands. I went to the city, then but a small village, and preached in a private room to a small congregation, but apparently with good effect.

On the 29th of December, 1835, I started on horseback for Meadville, Penn., where I had left my family The crossing of Rock River was both difficult and dangerous. A thaw had set in, the river was swollen, and

the ice rotten. The road led across the island which divides the river at its mouth into two channels. The northern one was open, the ice having gone out. The current was very strong and the water too deep to ford. The ferry-boat was not in running order, and there seemed to be no chance for crossing unless I should find one two or three miles up stream, where teams had crossed before the thaw, and where, the water having less current, the ice had not left; but then, the water having risen, the ice at each shore was loose from the banks, making it dangerous, if not impossible, to get over.

It so happened, however, that near the head of the island that divides the river I found some men with a flat-boat carrying stone across to the island to repair a mill-dam. These I induced, after much persuasion, and for a good price, to ferry me and my horse to the island. Then I had to find my way, as best I could, through thick under-brush and tangled vines, to the road which crossed the island. Having found this, I soon reached the other channel of the river, which being not deep, nor rapid, the ice still remained, but was full of thawed holes, and looked, as it really was, dangerous. There was no house in sight, nor human being to guide, and if I broke through the ice an escape with life was very uncertain. But being informed that the bottom was rock, and smooth, and that in no place would probably be deeper than to my saddle skirts if I broke through the ice, and necessity being upon me, I took a pole in one hand and the bridle in the other, and led my horse, trying the ice with my pole at almost every step, and keeping clear of every place that looked soft. In this way I finally reached the shore in safety.

There was, from this point, a trail leading south to Rushville. This trail I took, with a view of reaching that place, and thence to Springfield, and to Indianap-

olis, as those leading roads would be more likely to be bridged and ferried, where crossed by streams of water. It was twenty-four miles to the first house, on the road, after leaving Rock River, and that was at Edwards River.

On reaching this river I found it full to its banks, the ice being loose from each bank, and not deemed to be strong enough to bear my horse. Of course, there was no crossing at this place, so I returned to the house, a log cabin that I had just passed, inquired if there was any other possible way of crossing that river, and found there was none. I found also, that if across that one there were many others to cross before reaching the settlements below, many of which were even worse than Edwards River, and all without bridges or ferries. Indeed, from the time I left Springfield, Ill., in October to go north, I had seldom found a bridge, except some short one over a deep and impassable ditch, nor a ferry of any kind except over the Illinois, the Rock, the Fever River at Galena, and the Wisconsin River. All rivers, creeks, and streams of less magnitude than those ferried, had to be forded, and if swollen, swum, or one must wait for them to fall. The country being but sparsely settled there was nobody to build bridges.

On returning to the house, I made myself known, met with a kind reception, and at night had the five families, which constituted the settlement, to preach to, which was said to be the first sermon ever preached in that place. These families I found to be not only inclined to religious things, but some of them professing Christians, who regarded my misfortune, in being stopped on my way, rather as a "Godsend to them."

Finding my way, on the usually traveled road, blocked up by ice and high water, the snow now having all disappeared, and the rivers being all high, I struck out east on the dividing ridge between the Rock

and the Illinois Rivers, with a view to head the small streams that emptied into either, till I could reach the Illinois River at a crossable point. Before me lay a prairie, extending beyond the reach of the eye, with here and there a small grove of timber projecting into it. An Indian trail, over which a few whites had passed with horses, was the only road. The first house was in sight seven miles distant, but appeared to be only about one-fourth of an inch square. This first seven miles I traveled without a trail, but the plain was so level that the house was almost always in sight; from thence, a trail to the eastward was my road.

On this extended plain, which had been burned over in the previous Fall, were strewn bones, apparently of cattle, or horses, so thick as to give it a white appearance. They had been bleached by the sun, rains, snow, and fires till they were perfectly white, but showed signs of considerable decay. On inquiry, I learned that the Indian tradition was that some sixty years before, which would be about 1775, in the Spring, say in April, or beginning of May, after the grass had grown to some height, a very large herd of buffaloes were grazing on this plain when a tremendous snow-storm fell upon them, to the depth of six feet, by which the whole herd perished, and that no buffaloes had since that time ever been seen on this ground. It was the bones of this herd that now so whitened the ground.

About noon I reached a house, where I obtained a few ears of corn for my horse, and a corn dodger and a little bacon for myself, which I ate off a chest for a table. There was now more of a road, as some wheels had passed over it. Night set in before I reached a place to stop at, and in passing the point of a grove a wolf came near to me and barked like a dog, as if I was an intruder upon his rightful domain. This road led into

the timber on the head-waters of Spoon River, where the streams were small, and as these head-waters had subsided, or run down into the larger streams, they were easily forded. About ten o'clock I reached a cabin, on the bank of a little stream and in thick timber, about sixteen feet square, the inmates of which had retired to rest. They were waked by the fierce yelping of their dogs and my calling, but being accustomed to such late calls they thought it no trouble to rise. There were three beds in the one little room; also, a cooking stove, table, stools, and benches, and a trundle-bed for the children. Of course the beds were in close proximity to each other, and there was but little room for stirring around; but after seeing to my horse, and eating a rude supper, I lay down and slept soundly till morning.

The next day I continued in an easterly direction to and across the Bureau River—which had so fallen as to be fordable by dodging the piles of ice which the flood had thrown upon the banks—a little below where Princeton now stands. I reached that night the house of a Methodist, not far from the Illinois River. This brother gave a specimen of the enterprise and good fortune of some of the first settlers in this country. About three years before, and immediately after the Black Hawk War, he placed his family in one wagon, and loaded another with provisions and farming utensils, moved north one or two hundred miles and made claim to a quarter section of government land. This was in the Spring. Having four yokes of oxen, he, without stopping to build, but living in camp and sleeping in and under the wagons, commenced to break up prairie. As soon as forty acres were turned over, and before a fence rail was laid, he and his boys planted the forty acres in corn, for what was called sod corn. The average crop of this kind of corn was ten bushels to

the acre. Ten acres near his camp where the cattle had tramped down the sod, after it was turned over, averaged forty bushels to the acre. After planting, he fenced in his field, and a little more, where he turned over the sod and raised potatoes and turnips. He had about seven hundred bushels of corn, five hundred of which he sold for one dollar a bushel, with the avails of which he entered his land. In the mean time he had, by odd jobs, built a cabin house, stable, and other outbuildings.

The next Spring, or one year from the time of making his claim, he sold out for two thousand dollars, and entered a section of six hundred and forty acres not far from his first location. This section, with a running brook and several living springs on it, he fenced into one field; broke up one hundred and sixty acres of it, raised a crop, built a frame house, stable, and granary, and made some division fences, so as to have a pasture. Just before my visit, he had sold out to a German for four thousand dollars, in hard money, reserving his entire crop and stock of cattle, all worth as much more, and had entered an entire section, one eighth of it for himself and as much more for each of his seven children, on which he and they intended to make their final settlement. He had four boys, who could hold plow, or drive team, feed stock, etc., besides several hired hands. Having the means, he intended to build a comfortable dwelling, barns, granary, etc., educate his family, and as they settled in life, help each to a competent beginning.

The night I stayed with him was the last one of the year. The Dutch family who had bought the place occupied a part of the house, and just before midnight they commenced to end the old year, in German style I suppose, by shouting, stamping, and running out of doors, and discharging fire-arms. Then returning, for

a while they appeared to be drinking, smoking, and jabbering, till the hand of the clock passed the midnight point, when the scene was renewed and continued for over an hour more. There being only a thin partition between them and me, I, of course, got but little sleep during the night, for they seemed not to have retired till towards morning.

Having heard of an open place in the river, where a ferry was kept, I bent my course for it, a few miles above Hennepin; the ice was in sight above and below the ferry, but not crossable, so that this was the only crossable point within easy reach. I learned that this place seldom froze over, owing to a slight rapid or fall in the water, and, consequently it became a great thoroughfare for Winter travel.

From this I followed up the left bank of the Illinois River to the Vermilion branch of it, and thence up that to its head, at the site of the old Indian Kickapoo village. Near the head of this last stream the road crossed it. The banks were full, but as tracks were visible of some one crossing not long before, and there being no other remedy, if I went ahead, I ventured in, and soon found the water over the tops of my boots, with the old ice, over which the water had risen, giving way beneath me. But the stream was narrow, and I was soon over, but had to ride, wet and cold, till night, say two or three hours, before I reached a house at which I could change my clothes and dry myself, by which time the outer surface of my lower extremities was pretty well frozen.

The next morning, starting about sunrise, I soon disturbed, what I judged to be, two thousand prairie chickens, which had reposed upon the open prairie for the night, which flew in four flocks into a corn field, where it was their habit to depredate through the day. Allowing each bird to consume one gill of corn each

day, a farmer would lose in this way not less than thirty bushels daily. This was said to be a fair specimen of the ravages of these birds on the large prairies at this stage of the settlements, there being but a few farms in a vast extent of country.

After a ride of forty miles, without a house, rest, or food for myself or horse, I reached a house on the sight of the old Kickapoo village, and put up for the night. Here, for the first time, I noticed one of the mammoth prairie breaking plows. It was, among common plows, like an elephant among cows and oxen. The wooden mold-board was about four feet long, with a wind sufficient to turn the sod completely over; the steel share was some two and a half feet long, and would cut a width of two feet, the sod being turned flat, bottom upwards. It required from five to ten yoke of oxen to drag such a plow through the sod, the roots of the grass being very thick and tough. The share was thick, stiff, and sharp enough—kept so by filing—that if a root of a tree or bush of any size from four inches down, came in the way it was cut square off. The sod was usually cut from three to four inches deep, and being turned over smooth and even, each succeeding furrow exactly filled the space left by its predecessor, so that the whole field would be as level and smooth as before it was plowed. It usually required a year for this sod to rot sufficiently to admit of cross plowing. If turned over in May or June it rotted sooner than if done at any other time in the year. In planting sod corn, the pole of the ax was used instead of a hoe; a blow was struck in the seam between furrows, into which the seed was dropped, when a second blow would cover it.

As no weeds or grass grows upon this turned over sod, the corn gets no hoeing; the crop of course will not be large—about ten bushels on an average to

the acre—but this, with the fodder, which the leaves and stalks afford, pays well for the trouble. If other seeds, say wheat, oats, or barley, are sown, after the sod has lain from six to twelve months, it is harrowed in by a heavy harrow, requiring the breaking team to move it. Such ground is harrowed, first, lengthways of the breaking furrow, and then crossed, leaving the surface as level as, and even smoother than, before breaking.

The dividing lands between the Vermilion of the Illinois and the Vermilion of the Wabash are nearly level, having numerous small ponds or lakes in which the grass grows. Some of them have, while others have not, any apparent inlet or outlet. The road, a dim trail, wound round there so as to keep on as dry ground as possible.

After leaving my resting place, where the Indian once reposed his weary limbs after the chase, a few miles brought me to where the waters shelved off towards the Wabash. The prairie was large, and but little timber in sight, and if the snow had covered the ground I could not have seen the trail, and, being without landmarks, could hardly have kept my way. After a ride of forty miles without house, food, or rest, I reached a cabin in a grove, by a little brook. The man told me that the situation of his family was such that he feared I should be turned out before morning; but as it was dark, and the next house too distant to be reached that night he would allow me stay as long as possible, and if I had to leave, to make room for "granny," who was in waiting, he so directed me, that most likely I could reach the next house in safety. I saw to my horse; had saddle and bridle where I could lay hands on them in the dark, if necessary; had a good supper and bed; and on the first appearance of daybreak started on my journey.

About nine o'clock I reached a house where self and horse got refreshments; and this was the last we got till two o'clock next morning. About noon I reached the main fork of the Vermilion of the Wabash, at a point where three forks met, and where the road from Danville to Chicago crossed it, about ten miles from the former place. On the bank of this stream, while in sight of the house, I met two of the largest, tallest, and most savage looking prairie wolves I had ever seen. They were at least two feet high, and near four feet from the tip of the nose to the end of their tails. They were as white as sheep ordinarily are. They showed no fear, but rather a disposition to dispute the right to the road, showing their long white but savage looking teeth, and half turned to attack me. Being in no mood for a contest with them, I applied the whip and spur to my steed, who, though weary, soon left them in possession of the ground. It was this kind of wolves that attacked me the night following, while alone, in the dark.

I crossed the main fork of this stream on a bridge. But there were two more forks to cross that were swimming deep, and without bridges. I got a young man to show me some fords where the water was only up to the saddle skirts, and where I succeeded in fording without getting wet.

I was now to take a fourteen-mile prairie, without house, or road, except the remains of an old Indian trail, bearing towards Williamsport, on the Wabash. At a house on the bank of the last stream I had crossed I inquired of a woman the distance, the road, such as it was, the landmarks, etc., and learned that eighteen months before a wagon had passed that way, but none since; that a few horsemen had traveled it since the wagon, but none very lately. The course for me was about east, and the first and only timber to be seen was

that at which I was aiming, and in which was the first house I should see. When near the timber I was to strike a north and south road, and to take the south end of it, which led to the grove, and to the house.

I knew the gait of my horse, four miles an hour, and my watch said it was two o'clock, P. M. I, therefore, concluded that I could reach the timber by five o'clock, and the house before dark. But by some means I never knew how to account for, my watch had lost an hour, so that it was really three o'clock, instead of two. The woman of whom I inquired looked, and fairly said by her actions that I could not get through before dark; she probably knew the correct time. But being ignorant of this, I pressed on fearless of danger. If she had corrected me in this matter of time I should not have ventured out that night.

For about five miles the old trail in the high standing grass was sufficiently plain to follow by day-light, but not in the night. I then came to ground over which the Autumnal fires had run. I now saw plainly the tracks of the wagon wheels, though made eighteen months previous, and could also see the trail, which, from Indian travel for ages, was depressed a little below the common surface of the ground. I followed this without difficulty while I had day-light; but when night set in, it being very dark and cloudy, I could see it no more. As day-light was fading I thought I saw the timber I was aiming at, about five miles distant. Being later than I expected it to be at this point, I looked at my watch, when I discovered its loss of time. But there I was, too late to turn back as the timber ahead was nearer than that behind, so I took my course and went ahead. It soon became so dark that I could not see my horse's head, nor, of course, the timber. The thaw had softened the surface of the ground where it was burnt over so that my horse at

every step sank into it to the depth of his hoofs. This, of course, retarded my progress, from my usual gait of travel, and probably was one reason why I was belated in time.

A few nights previous, when dark set in before I reached a stopping place, I sung a hymn. This rallied the dogs whose barking told me where the house was. After traveling some time in the dark, and hoping that I had got within hearing distance of the grove, I first halloed at the top of my voice, which at that time of life was strong and shrill; and from the slight rise of ground I was upon, and a light zephyr blowing towards the grove, I could probably be heard two miles. But I got no response. I then tried the old experiment of singing, but with no better results; and being weary I ceased singing and trudged along.

After a short silence I heard wolves call their fellows a little ahead, and to the left hand, and shortly after I heard the answer a short distance behind, and also to the left hand. I knew that this was their mode of calling together when they contemplated an attack, and if I had been in the woods inhabited by the large gray wolves, I should probably have taken the hint. But, supposing them to be of the common prairie tribe, and never having heard of their attacking travelers, I had no apprehensions of a visit from them.

Soon after hearing this call and answer I came to a large granite bowlder, called in that region "a lost rock;" it being white, and on the black burnt ground, I could see it. I concluded to dismount and sit there, resting my horse, till the moon rose. But I soon felt the cold dampness rising from the soft ground, and that I should take a severe cold, and concluded that it was better to remount, even if I killed my horse, than thus to risk my own health, if not my life; so I mounted him again.

I was scarcely seated in my saddle before my horse showed signs of uneasiness, never before seen in him. He had not moved a step, but trembled all over his body and limbs, and threw up his head as if something was grasping at his throat. I plied whip and spur both; but he still refused to move, except in throwing up his head, and moved backwards, his feet sinking deeper than usual into the softened ground.

In this state of the case I concluded that there must be something under his neck, and struck my whip in that direction; whereupon he ceased throwing up his head and stepping back. But in a moment he began to show signs of an attack in the rear, by lifting his hind feet and kicking, as if bitten. This satisfied me that there were teeth of a savage character about me, and concluded they must be those of wolves.

I now leaned forward upon the neck of my horse, and straining my eyes, as I never did before nor since, I could see six or eight of the largest kind of prairie wolves I had ever seen, except in the previous day as above described. They were playing up, on both sides, as dogs do when about to attack any thing; resting upon their hind feet, while their fore ones were in the advance, as if ready to make a spring upon their intended prey. I noticed one close to my right foot, apparently aiming to grab it. But a blow from my whip made him retreat.

On making this discovery, I confess, I felt rather "streaked;" my hair seemed to stiffen on my head, and my body and limbs felt the "goose pimples" rise. My thoughts flew rapidly, as to how I should escape the danger I was in. The query rose in my mind, "am I to die here, and be devoured by wolves, and no one ever know what had become of me?" In an instant the saying of Dr. Adam Clarke came to my mind: "that a man is immortal till his work is done." And

the inquiry rose, "Is my work done?" when I felt a solemn conviction and faith that it was not; that I had yet to work for God in his vineyard, or Church. Upon this my mind became calm, and I felt assured that God would help me out of the danger somehow, but by what means I could not see or understand. I knew that it would not be by miracle, but that I must use means; or as the old heathen would say, "put shoulder to the wheel before calling upon Hercules."

I had a dirk-knife in my pocket, a present from my brother in Ohio, who said, "you may get into the woods and have some game to dress and cook, when it will be useful." I thought of getting down, and taking them by the nap of the neck as they came up, and dispatching them with the knife. But a "sober second thought" told me that my only safety was in the saddle. They might not be so accomodating as to come up one at a time, nor present their necks in a convenient position for me to seize them, and if in the bustle my horse should get away from me, I should be in a bad situation; so I concluded to stay in the saddle.

I next thought of the fact that music will charm the wild beast when nothing else will. Mr. Wesley, in his Natural Philosophy, tells of a lion that was so charmed by a German flute, as to leave his food, when hungry, and lie down by the side of his cage and listen to it. I had heard of fiddlers keeping off the wolves by their music, when attacked in the woods, and I knew a brother minister in Ohio, Rev. Lemuel Lane, who being overtaken by night in the woods where he had to camp, was attacked by these beasts, and could keep them at bay only by singing the sweet songs of Israel; whereupon I struck in where I had left off, in "the Exile of Eden."

During all this time my horse refused to move, and my thoughts, of course, flew at a rapid rate. But when

I began to sing, the wolves gave back say ten or fifteen feet, and lay down on either side of me, with their heads towards me, and between their fore feet, dog fashion, as if ready to renew the attack as soon as the charm should cease. At this my horse moved ahead without any urging. I continued the singing, not knowing whether the wolves would follow or not. But this question was soon settled. I came to a swale in the ground covered with water. This I could see by the reflection from the clouds, which, though very dark, was not as dark as the burnt prairie under me. After passing it I stopped at a proper angle to see the reflection from the clouds and looked back to see if the wolves were following, but could see none. I also listened, for if they were pursuing me I could hear their feet paddling in the water. But neither seeing nor hearing them, I concluded they had given up the chase, for which I "thanked God and took courage."

In a short time I came to the unburnt grass, and having observed in the day-time that the fires had ran with the wind, and that the prevalence of the westerly winds had not only given the grass a lean to the east, but the line between the burnt and unburnt grass run in the same direction, and as that was my course, I followed this line. In the grass the surface of the ground had not thawed as it had where it was burnt over, and, of course, it was better traveling. I, therefore, kept along just within the grass, which being lighter than the burnt ground I could see better where to go.

But I soon found another difficulty. All over these slightly rolling plains there are occasionally small ponds of water, with neither inlet or outlet, and in which a rank grass grows sometimes so thick that the running fires will cross them. Some of them cover acres and are deep, others are small and shallow.

These I could ride over—being frozen—but the others I had to go round.

I came to one of these large ponds; but as it was dark I could not see its breadth, and ventured on. The ice soon cracked, indicating some depth of water. My horse taking fright, as he was wont to do in such cases, put all his feet together and whirled round. I tried him again, and even the third time, with the same result. By this time I began to reflect that possibly this was a large and deep pond, and if so, and my horse should break through, as the grass would hold the ice together, it might be difficult if not impossible for either him or me to get to shore. So I concluded to go round. I soon found it was large, and probably deep, and felt as if providence had saved me again. After traveling perhaps forty rods, to a point where I expected to find the line again between the burnt and unburnt grass, I could find none. This showed that the pond was too large for the fires to run across, and made me feel thankful that I had gone round. But having made quite a circle, I could not tell what course to pursue. While musing upon the subject my horse, which had eaten nothing for fifteen hours, began to pick at the grass; so turning my back to the wind and mist, and spreading my umbrella to shelter myself, I gave him the rein and waited for the moon to rise.

After eating awhile he braced himself for a sleep, or rest; I soon followed in the same direction, but the reins dropping from my hand awoke me. How long I had slept I could not tell, but it must have been some time, for on opening my eyes I saw the moon was two hours high, the clouds had broken, and the lean of the grass to the east was very visible, and I moved on in that direction. In perhaps half an hour I came to the north and south road, which I was to strike; but not knowing whether I might not have

crossed it in the dark, I was not certain which was the south end of it. I took out my pocket compass, and found the needle pointed with the road, but had not light enough to see the N. on the north end of it. But my knife had been magnetized, and getting this out and opening it with my teeth, one hand being full, on applying it to the compass I soon ascertained which was the north and which was the south point of the needle, and took the south end of the road. I found that in all the turns and crooks of my travel in the dark, I had kept the cardinal points right in my head.

In what I thought was two or three miles more travel I came to a fence, and following that a mile or so further I came to a house in the grove. I think I was never so glad before or since to see a fence and a house. At the bars, or gate, a large dog met me, who, by coaxing, allowed me to approach the house. I knocked for admittance, when a female voice asked, "Who is there?" I replied, "A traveler who has been belated on the prairie, and would be glad to stay the rest of the night." "Come in," said she. On entering the house I found a large back-woods fire-place, on which was a smoldering fire that gave a dim light. But I could see enough to know that it was a comfortable place, and that the woman was not alone.

The lady informed me that her stables were full of horses and sheep, but that I could find a corn-crib in the yard, to which I could tie my horse, and feed him in an iron kettle standing by it, and that I could find corn-fodder in the field. This was the best she could do for me. I knew where the field was, having just passed it, but I knew not in what part of it the fodder was stacked, so that fodder was out of the question. But I knew that my horse would not starve on corn, and I soon had him fed.

While I was out, the lady got up and lighted the

candle, and returned to bed. By this additional light I could see in the room several good comfortable looking beds, and flattered myself that I should get some sleep yet. On inquiry for something to eat she said there was some food in the cupboard; where I found one corn dodger, as large as my two hands laid flat together, one link of sausage, and a pint of milk, all of which I soon devoured with a zest seldom before felt. I thought it one of the sweetest meals that I ever ate. This done, I put out the light, and taking the nearest empty bed was soon lost "in nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep." This was two o'clock in the morning.

The next consciousness I had was some time after sunrise, when, on opening my eyes I saw the family were up—two women, and several children—and a fine breakfast gathering on the table. On seeing me stir, the ladies had errands out of doors, and before they returned I was up, dressed, and on my knees at my private devotions. The weather had changed and was colder; the misty rain of the previous night was now falling in large flakes of snow. The clouds continued thick, heavy and dark; but I had so strained the pupils of my eyes the night before to see the wolves, that I could not bear the light, dim as it was, and was obliged to keep my eyes half closed for half the day, till the pupils of them regained their wonted position.

This circumstance, as to the human eye, was new to me. I had seen the pupil of cats' eyes enlarge and diminish, to suit the day and night, but did not know that the human eye was susceptible of such changes. I do not know nor give the philosophy of it; I only state the fact as it occurred, and leave it for the anatomists to explain.

The scenes of that awful night will never be forgotten by me. The impressions then made upon my

mind are vivid now, forty years after the event, as if it were but yesterday. I see in them the dangers attendant on human life, even when in the path of duty; and I see in them the hand of an overruling providence, and great cause for gratitude to God. Since then I have often derived great comfort when reflecting upon the evidence I then had that God will preserve a a man while he has a work for him to do, however great the danger. I do not presume on such protection when not in the path of duty. But when in that path "he gives his angels charge over us to keep us *in* our ways," not *out* of them. I see in them, also, the importance of preserving our presence of mind when exposed to fearful dangers. Had I given way to fright, become bewildered, and lost my presence of mind, I might, and probably would, have been devoured by the wild beasts of the prairie.

My natural temperament is to meet danger calmly, and I usually think more quickly and correctly at such times than at others. But the chief source of my composure was the faith I had in God; that he, having more work for me to do, would preserve me to do it, if I continued in the path of duty, which was, and still is, my fixed purpose, by the grace of God; and when he has no more for me to do, or suffer, for him and his cause, I hope and trust he will transfer me to the paradise above.

CHAPTER III.

THE house at which I stayed, after my interview with the wolves, was seven miles from Williamsport, on the Wabash River. At this port I found the river open, the ice gone, except the piles of it on the

banks, thrown up by the violence of ice and water in the break-up. The river banks were full of the flowing flood. As I reached the ferry a steamboat hove in sight, said to be from Pittsburg, Penn., bound to La Fayette, and the ferry-man refused to cross till the steamer had passed, to avoid a collision or other accident.

After crossing the Wabash, I found myself in a more densely peopled country, and I was at no loss to find hospitable friends the rest of my way towards home. The weather now changed to very cold, and all the waters that fell in the late thaw were soon congealed into ice, or run off down stream. The traveling was rough and progress slow.

I traveled on the most direct route for home, stopping at the principal towns and cities, holding missionary meetings and taking up collections, and reached home, in Meadville, Penn., early in February, 1836, having been gone about six months and traveled about three thousand miles, more than half of it in the saddle, in the dead of Winter, in all which the kind hand of God had been with me, and my health and that of my family had been precious in his sight.

On reaching home I found that my wife had contracted for a keel boat, and a house to be thirty-four by eighteen feet, two stories, with an L for kitchen and wood-shed, to be twenty-seven by twenty feet, of one story. The frame and all the lumber were to be prepared for putting together when at its place of destination.

My return from so distant a land was, to the people generally, like one from another world; and so many inquiries were made as to the country I had visited, the soil, climate, products, and inhabitants, that I had to give public lectures upon those subjects in several towns and villages.

I made all the haste I could in preparing to move,

but could not get started till in June. In my boat I had the entire frame, lumber, etc., of my house, with my own family and three others, one of which I took out as a missionary to the French population of the country, and one for a farmer in the Indian missions. The other family was that of my sister and brother-in-law, who came for settlement in the new country.

On the day and hour of our leaving Meadville several hundred people assembled on the bank of the canal to bid us good-bye and God speed. The missionary hymn was sung, prayer offered, and tears in abundance shed. We descended the canal and slack water of French Creek to Franklin, thence down the Alleghany River to Pittsburg. Here I contracted with a steamboat captain to tow my boat to St. Louis for two hundred and fifty dollars. We descended the Ohio River as rapidly as both current and steam could convey us. At Portsmouth my brother-in-law and family came on board. At Cincinnati we merely called, making no stay, and the same at Louisville. We had some trouble and got somewhat wet in running the Falls of the Ohio, but nothing serious occurred.

At St. Louis I contracted with another captain to tow my boat to Prairie du Chien for four hundred dollars, making the whole expense of towing from Pittsburg to Prairie du Chien—eighteen hundred miles—six hundred and fifty dollars; and yet, when this expense was divided between the house and the families, it proved to be the cheapest and most expeditious of any mode of conveyance *then* to be obtained, either by land or water. We reached Prairie du Chien, July 16, 1836, all in good health, except that some of the company had caught the measles on the way, which broke out soon after our landing.

Owing to the scarcity of men to hire in the country, and the high wages, I employed two young men for a

year to accompany me; and two more—one a carpenter and joiner—worked their passage. With the carpenter and two hands we put up my house, and also prepared for Winter wood, hay, etc. In the mean time, while settling my family, I attended to my district and made arrangements to go into the Indian country in the ensuing Spring. I organized a class of ten members out of those who came with me, being the first class of Methodists ever formed north and west of the Wisconsin River.

In making preparation to operate among Indians, one of the first requisites was to secure an interpreter of their language. There were men enough who could speak both the English and the Indian tongues; but they knew nothing of religion, nor could they interpret spiritual things, because they did not understand the meaning of the terms we use to convey such ideas, and, further, the Indians had no words in their language corresponding with ours on that subject. Still further, the interpreters that offered themselves demanded high wages, and, being Catholic in their religious notions, and having learned the traders' tricks and morals, which were to take every advantage of the poor Indian and all others with whom they dealt, I could not depend upon them to interpret the truths of God to the ignorant and unlearned. To convey to the Indian mind the truths of God's Word, from the want of words in their language, the teacher or interpreter had to use imagery, figures, and comparisons. To do this to good purpose he must understand and feel the idea himself; hence the necessity of a converted man for that service.

I found, in the fort, a mulatto, who was a slave to an officer from Kentucky. He was a Methodist before going into the army, had lived at Fort Snelling among the Sioux or Dacotah Indians, and had married one of their women, and was tolerably well acquainted with

their language. His master being ordered to this post brought his slave with him, but not his wife. This was the best chance I could discover to obtain an interpreter. But he was a slave, and the price demanded for his redemption was twelve hundred dollars, and for any other purpose two thousand dollars. But I had no money of my own, nor any from the missionary society appropriated to that use.

In this state of things, I wrote to the *Western Christian Advocate* and stated the case, observing: "Here I am between the living God and a dead heathen race, whom I can not approach for the want of an interpreter. But God, in his providence, has provided one if the money to purchase his freedom could be had. Will not the friends of freedom and of the poor Indian raise the amount, separately from the missionary collections?" This, it seems, moved the heart and soul of the people. The Book Agents at Cincinnati, the Rev. Messrs. Wright and Swormstedt, offered to receive donations for this object, and in a short time Brother Wright wrote to me that money was coming in like a shower, and authorized me to draw on him for the twelve hundred dollars, that, though it was not all in then, it would be before the draft could reach him. He said that our people from the country, who came there to market, would hurry up to the Book Room to deposit their mites before the fund should be full, as they were anxious to have a share in this noble act of beneficence. I accordingly drew on him, and received the free papers of the interpreter.

I have been thus particular in the detail of this affair, because, in after years, an enemy reported that I had misapplied *missionary* money in purchasing the freedom of this man; while the truth is, not a cent of missionary money was paid for him; nor did a cent of the money pass through my hands. It was raised espe

cially for this purpose and paid to the book agents at Cincinnati, on whom I drew for it, as above stated.

Fourteen years after this occurrence, and after the slander had been, as I thought, sufficiently refuted, at our annual conference for 1851, just before the election of delegates to the General Conference of 1852, this slander was revived and whispered round among the preachers and defeated my election by three votes. But afterwards the brother who circulated the report, becoming acquainted with the interpreter in Minnesota, and learning from him the facts in the case, feeling that he had done me great injustice, wrote to me to make amends, but it was too late; the mischief had been done and my defeat accomplished. True, it is some consolation to know that a mistaken and misled brother is corrected of his error; but, after all, if a fatal blow is given, the penitence of the man who gave it does not heal the wound nor restore the life.

The enemy who first started the slander was then a local preacher of some pretensions, but because I would not let him rule me, and through me rule the Church, he sought revenge in this way. He afterwards, through the influence of his father and his brother, who were of respectable standing, got into the itinerancy, but, continuing in his evil and untruthful course, he made trouble wherever he went, and finally left the country in disgrace and went to the Methodist Episcopal Church South, in the State of Missouri, where he soon disgraced himself with them. The last I heard of him was that he had become an officer of some rank in the Rebel army. He has since died in poverty and want.

In the Fall of 1836 I went to Rushville, Ill., to conference, over three hundred miles. Here it so happened that "Uncle Peter Cartwright," who had long had the cognomen of "king" in the conference, and myself differed in opinion on the expediency of some measures

that came before the conference; and, as preachers are wont to do in such cases, we debated the questions, in which he found himself to be second best. But with those who favored his views and gladly followed his leadership, it was thought very strange that any one should have the temerity to call in question the positions taken by their "king." But none seemed to feel it more sensibly than the "king" himself, who said to me: "Some of the boys,"—his friends, of course,—"thought we were like two bulls who had locked horns, on a strife for the mastery."

I told him if that was the case I should hold up; that he might continue to reign in peace, as I had not come among them for such a purpose, nor should I contend with him. If they could live under his views of things, I could; and as I anticipated a division of the conference before many years, when we should, if living, be separated, I should not contend with him about his measures, though I thought Methodism a unit, and that a transfer from one conference to another did not necessarily bind us to desist from free discussion. But I deemed it prudent, at least, being a stranger among them, to leave their "king" in the full exercise of his prerogatives, and raised no more debates with him, though urged to do so by a strong and intelligent minority.

From my daring to question some of the notions and, as I thought, whims of their king, some of his liege friends gave me the appellation of "king" also, and as late as 1860, at the General Conference at Buffalo, one of them, then a delegate, called me "King Alfred," as he was wont to do when we were in the Illinois Conference together.

Being returned to the district now reduced by some of the Southern appointments being attached to another, I made for home as fast as possible, the whole distance

being through a sparely settled country, having long rides between houses or stopping places, and few, very few, houses to lodge in except cabins crowded with inmates.

On the 22d of October we met a fierce snow-storm at Prophetstown, on Rock River, and the next morning the snow on land and the ice on the water was about three inches deep, making it bad wheeling. But during that day the weather moderated, and before reaching home the snow had disappeared, and we had a pleasant Indian Summer, which extended to about the 20th of November, when Winter usually sets in. The cold increased moderately, with occasional snows (but no rain) until the middle of February, when it began to moderate. Often by the 20th of March the ground was clear of snow and frost, and the sand flowers appeared and we commenced plowing. The wild violets soon followed, and were succeeded by a variety of flowers, one kind after another, till the frost set in, in the Fall.

In attending to my quarterly-meetings to the south of my residence, I traveled in the saddle from the want of roads suitable for wheels. In a few instances I traveled on the ice on the river, in a temporary sleigh or jumper, taking my saddle with me, so that if the ice and snow gave way I could leave the sleigh and mount the saddle, having but little harness to incumber me.

The Spring of 1837 was unusually late. In the first week of March we had a heavy fall of rain, followed with a heavy snow. This raised all the streams too high to ford, and there being no bridges in the country, all travel on the usual routes was cut off. This storm came when I was at Mineral Point, and housed me up for two days. I then had to take a ridge leading from that place to Dodgeville, and to the military road which runs on the dividing ground between the waters of the

Wisconsin and Rock and other rivers emptying into the Mississippi further south. This road was made in 1834 by soldiers, from Prairie du Chien to Fort Winnebago, where Portage City now stands, and from thence to Fort Howard, at Green Bay. The snow had drifted into the swales and low grounds where it detained the water, both of which were from three to five feet deep, with the crust frozen. These swales or ravines, of course, were impassable, and the only mode of travel was to head them, by winding with the ridge, on the highest ground. A hard day's travel, without food or rest for myself or beast, brought me to a small cabin fifteen miles from my starting place. The next day I made the nearest house on my route, which was fifteen miles further. The next house was thirty miles, and, of course, I had to take an early start. It was some time after dark when I came to the place. I was now twelve miles from home, having the Wisconsin River to cross on the ice at some risk; but I succeeded the day following in reaching home.

During the Winter I had made the necessary preparations to enter the Indian country early in the Spring. But steamers could not, usually, ascend the river higher than Lake Pepin before the month of May; consequently none attempted it earlier than that month. Boats of that description, in those times, never ascended the river above or even to Prairie du Chien, except to convey supplies to the army. Owing to this, all traders and others who desired to ascend the river, had to take advantage of such times and trips to do so, or move against the current in a slow way in Mackinaw boats or canoes.

I got all things ready for the first steamboat bound upward. I had David King for a teacher, with a farmer and his family, my interpreter, and a hired man as fellow voyagers. On the 19th of May, 1837, we took

passage on a new steamer from Pittsburg, loaded with supplies for Fort Snelling and the traders in that region; also supplies for one or two missionary establishments of other denominations. To add to the rest was a pleasure party from Pittsburg, who fiddled, danced, and played cards to their hearts' content—if the heart could ever be contented with such frivolity. On the day we started the snow fell about three inches deep, but without frost, and many trees were in bloom. The snow, of course, soon disappeared, and I have never seen snow at so late a date here since.

As a matter of course, to all who were making their first trip up this river, every point named in Indian legend, mentioned by Snelling and other travelers, was a place of interest. There being no wood yards to supply boats depending on steam for its locomotion with so necessary an article, the boat had to stop frequently, while the men chopped the needed supply. This gave the passengers some time to climb the hills and view the most charming landscapes ever seen by mortal eye.

The first point of interest was the battle-field at Bad Ax, where Black Hawk and his Indian followers received their last and final defeat, some five years previously. There were men on board who were in the fight, and took pride in explaining the whole operation. The trees along the river bank bore the marks of the ax, where the Winnebagoes, after the war, had cut out the bullets which lodged in them during the battle.

The next point of interest was La Crosse Prairie, where the city of that name now stands. This Prairie is some eight miles long by three wide. The front of it, next to the river, is considerably higher than the plain in the rear, extending to the bluffs; and this front is composed of a fine sand, which, when dry, is moved by the winds into hillocks. It was said that this Prairie was the general resort of the Indians of the surround-

ing country for their annual ball play. This was a gambling game, in which they often staked all they had, and one-half of them, of course, lost their stake, and if not fortunate in another contest, left the scene of their folly "poor and pennyless."

The game was played with a ball, thrown by a stick some four feet in length, the outer end of which was brought round into a ring, say six inches in diameter, to which is attached a bag of net-work made of strong thongs of some kind of skin. The parties start at a center post. The ball is thrown into the air as perpendicularly as possible, and when it comes down each party strives to catch it in the bag at the end of their stick and throw it as far as possible against the opposite party. This ball is caught up and thrown so back and forth, and the victors are those who drive it eventually and effectually by the center post on to the side of their opponents. It is a very exciting sport, and many a one gets an unlucky blow, sometimes from friends and sometimes from foes; but as no one is supposed to design it, no offense is given or insult imagined.

At the outlet of Trempeleau River, which swells into a cove or little lake, near where Trempeleau City now stands, the boat stopped to land Mr. Gavan, a Swiss Presbyterian missionary, who had a station at the head of the cove, on the Prairie, with his year's supplies. While unloading, some of us climbed up the almost perpendicular hill to its sharp ridge top, from which we could see back of it a beautiful prairie, extending, we judged, about eight miles each way. This bluff is an isolated ridge, disconnected from the other river hills, and is probably three miles long, three hundred feet high, and from a base ranging from twenty rods to half a mile, terminating in sharp ridges and perpendicular cliffs. The river washes its western base, while east of it lies the beautiful prairie, near the eastern part of

which is now the site of Galesville, the seat of Galesville University.

In ascending this bluff some persons found a yellow rattlesnake about four feet long, having fourteen rattles on its tail, indicating as many years of age. Not liking the idea of climbing so steep a hill and among such inhabitants, which might strike with their fangs into the face of the climber, he was killed, the alarm given, and all retreated to the boat as a place of more safety. The deck passengers were soon after alarmed by the appearance, among them, of a water snake some six feet long, which was supposed to have crawled aboard at one of our landings. He also was dispatched and thrown overboard.

The greatest curiosity at this point was the mountain that gave name to the river which comes in behind it. This mountain, so-called, is not over two hundred and fifty or three hundred feet high, a natural mound with a sharp apex, the whole covered with timber and loose rocks, much of the timber being evergreens. It is of a conical shape, nearly round, isolated from the other river hills, and is surrounded by water and low wet bottoms, which are inundated in high water. The Indians gave it a name, the English of which is, "The mountain that stands in the water," which, Frenchified, is Mont Trempealeau. But what gives this little isolated mountain its greatest notoriety is the fact that it was reputed to be an extensive rattlesnake den. These reptiles had been seen swimming to it in the Fall, for Winter quarters, and from it in the Spring when in quest of food. The extent of their numbers was not known, but tradition or superstition, or both, made them "legion." And an Indian or French voyager would no more think of landing there, except in Winter, and hardly then, than of going into a furnace. Their numbers must have been greatly diminished since the

whites have settled the country, and may soon be entirely exterminated, as has been the case with many other dens of them.

As we ascended the river, a few miles farther all the passengers were called to see the "rock village." This is a series of rocks, resembling houses that stand on the apex of a ridge that abuts on the river, with a valley on either side, and is probably four hundred and fifty feet high. The top of this ridge seemed to have no width, as the rocks can be seen from both sides, above and below.

A short distance farther and we came to the famous Wabasha Indian village of the Sioux tribe. It stood on a low plain, subject to inundation, and is now the site of the flourishing city of Winona. On the back part of this beautiful prairie stands the half of a sugar-loaf mound, possibly, one hundred and fifty feet high, having the appearance of a cone split into two parts, being perpendicular on the river, or east side. Half-way up Lake Pepin, on the south-west side of it, is another half of a mound very nearly resembling this on Wabasha Prairie. The Indian tradition is, that the Great Spirit sent a great earthquake, and rent the mound at Lake Pepin, and then sent a great flood which took one-half of it down to Wabasha Prairie and, turning it round, left it at that place, in its present position.

Another noted point in those days was the "grand encampment." This is a sandy point, on the right bank of the river, opposite the mouth of the Le Bœuf River, and about three miles below the present city of Wabasha. It is said to have taken its name from the following circumstance: In the early days of Indian trade on this river, Prairie du Chien was the principal depot for the upper Mississippi and its branches. Between this place and the grand encamp-

ment were hostile bands of the natives who robbed and killed small traders. I suppose these robbers to be the ones with whom Carver had his difficulties when he ascended the river in 1767. To guard against these robbers all the outfits left the depot in a fleet, encamping at this point, and after taking their last feast and frolic together for the season, separated, the first boat leaving the fleet at the mouth of the Chippewa. In May or June all these boats and canoes came in with the fruits of their wintering posts. If any of them got there before the rest, they remained till the others came. It was said that some of the first arrivals would be in camp one or two weeks before the last boat came. When all were in, they descended the river in a fleet, the force of which was too strong for the marauders to attack. In those days the goods for the trade came from Montreal, up the lakes to Green Bay, thence up the Fox River to the portage, where Portage City now stands, and thence down the Wisconsin to this depot. The furs obtained were conveyed to Montreal by the same route.

On reaching Lake Pepin all eyes were agog at the beautiful sheet of water spread out before us. Usually boats with pleasure parties on board make a short stop for the passengers to gather carnelians, agates, and other valuable stones, with which the beach was strewed. But the chief object of admiration was the "Lover's Leap" or "Maiden's Rock," rendered famous by Major Snelling's account of a suicide committed here. The bluff is about four hundred feet high, the base of it being washed by the lake. About one hundred and fifty feet from the top it is perpendicular, the remainder an inclined plane of loose rock and earth at an angle of forty-five degrees. Off this, it was said, an Indian maiden threw herself, because her father refused to let her marry the man she loved, and sought to compel her to accept the hand of a man she did not

love. But after all, there are grave reasons to doubt the truth of the story.

This lake is about thirty miles in length, and from one to five broad, lying in the form of a crescent. It it but an expansion of the river, without islands. It is without perceptible current, and is said to average thirty feet in depth, and abounds in fish, some of them quite large for an inland water. It is the first part of the river to be closed by ice in the Fall, and the last to open in the Spring, owing to the stillness of the water. Six miles above the lake brought us to Red Wing, then an Indian village and site of a Swiss mission, now the city of that name. Mr. Denton, a Swiss Presbyterian, and colleague of Mr. Gavan at Trempeleau, was located here, and the boat stopped to land his supplies.

The mission house was at the foot of a hill running some three or four miles down the river, a singular formation of nature, being one continuous narrow ridge, nearly perpendicular on both sides. At the west or upper end is a cliff of perpendicular rocks, which, from its shape and size, is called "the barn rock." It may be seen from some distance up the river, and was in those days a landmark for the voyagers. This rock was noted as a rattlesnake's den, and the last one to be found in ascending the river. Mr. Denton built here, I think, in 1834, but discovered no snakes. In the Spring of 1835 he found them quite numerous, as they were leaving the den for their Summer's jaunt, and killed twenty-four of them. In the Fall he saw none, as they returned to Winter quarters. But in the Spring of 1836 he killed fourteen more, and in 1837, at my first visit to him, he had killed but four, concluding that they were nearly extinct; and probably for many years they have entirely disappeared from that locality.

After passing the lake in ascending the river there is an evident change both in the form of the river and the hills bordering upon each bank of it. From the mouth of the Ohio to the lake, owing to the innumerable islands, one can scarcely perceive the diminution of the river in ascending it, though many large streams empty into the main river, but less depth of water is found, as we ascend. Above the lake islands almost cease to exist, the river becomes perceptibly narrower, and the alluvial banks higher in low water. The hills, also, almost disappear, or slope back so gently from the river as not to be seen from the water.

On reaching Fort Snelling, we landed, and spread our tents on the bottom-land below the fort. My first business was to report to Colonel Davenport, the commanding officer, showing my authority from General Cass, then Secretary of War, at Washington, to establish a mission, and enjoining the officers of the army to protect and assist us, as far as consistent with their own peculiar duties, in our benevolent designs. This, of course, would have opened the way if it had been closed. But we found the officers, and Major Taliaferro, the Indian agent, very favorably disposed towards our objects, as also towards other missions, three of the American Board and the two Swiss already mentioned being within their jurisdiction.

We were now three hundred miles into the Indian country, and that far from the outside white settlement and beyond civilization, except what was in the army, the Indian agency, the missions, and the fur traders. Civil laws and government were not known. The whole country was under the government and control of the military authorities. Colonel Davenport and after him Major Plimpton were as patriarchs, governors, and magistrates, as well as commandants. If all military governments were of the same mild, just, and paternal

character, there would never be just cause for revolutions in any country. I speak of the thing as I found it. But in after years there was cause of complaint from different management.

At this time, and until the Indian title was extinguished from the country on the east side of the river, which occurred the year following, the military kept whisky out of the country. But as soon as the treaty took effect that class of traders, cut-throats, and speculators who usually rush into new ceded countries first, became a public nuisance, and supplied with whisky not only the Indians, which eventually broke up the missions, but also the soldiers, many of whom, being old topers, soon became very troublesome.

To guard against this, a military reserve was established, of some eight miles square, over which the military were to have entire control. This was done by order of the government, on the representation made of the state of things by the officers; and to prevent having whisky brought within this reserve, all white settlers were ordered off. As to the whisky sellers, this was well enough. But there were others, who never dealt in the article. If a discrimination had been made, as it evidently could have been done, several honest people would have been spared. But the officers made no exceptions, and probably it would have made trouble if they had, for the rumsellers had their friends in Congress, and would have complained of partiality, keeping the facts of their nefarious traffic out of sight. As it was, all white settlers had to leave the reserve, and the removed parties said that the officers did it so that they could pre-empt the site at Cold Spring, a mile above the fort, a good landing and the supposed head of navigation. The consequence was, that the removed rumsellers built their shanties just outside of the reserve, which has grown into the great

city of St. Paul, and Cold Spring is a deserted place. If the officers had any speculation in view, which is doubtful, they never realized any thing from it.

Before the Indians ceded their lands to the government the whole country was under the laws of Congress governing the army and regulating the Indian trade. Whisky, being contraband, if brought into the country, could be and was disposed of in a summary way. A bullet or an ax would perforate the cask, and its contents would soon be on the ground or in the water. But officers and Indian agents were much annoyed by civil suits brought to obtain damages for such losses; there always being lawyers degraded enough in principle to advocate such a cause. I am not aware that a verdict or judgment was ever obtained, or paid if obtained, by an officer or agent; but as government never paid the expense of defense, though bound by law and right to do so, the officers became weary of such expenses, and let the thing slide into the civilians' hands. The civil officers and courts deeming it to be bad policy, or the losing of valuable votes in times of elections to enforce the laws against whisky, never did so, to any effect, and the flood-gates were opened to the serpent, until murders and other crimes so multiplied as to alarm the public for its safety. Still nothing was done sufficiently effective to restrain the evil till the poor Indians, wasted and demoralized, were removed to a distant land.

At the time of our arrival at the fort, and for a year or more afterwards, the laws of the general government against whisky were enforced to a great extent, and the traffic prevented. All civil and social intercourse among the whites not of the army was regulated by the commandant. If a man owed an honest debt and refused to pay it, the commandant, after hearing the case, and being satisfied of its justice, ordered the

goods, chattels, moneys, and credits of the delinquent to be applied to discharge the demand, and the delinquent ordered to leave the country. The same course was pursued in case of torts or wrong doing, to person or property, unless good pledges were made of better conduct in future. In some few instances, the refractory, refusing to leave, were put under guard till an opportunity occurred to send them down the river. Under this kind of government the people were in peace and harmony.

The chief of Little Crow's band, six miles below the fort, having expressed a desire for us to establish a mission in his village, we obtained a Mackinaw boat from the quartermaster, and descended the river to that place. Little Crow himself was absent, but had left orders with his second in command to receive us and furnish us with a bark house, or tepe, for our accommodation. This he did with great pomp and dignity.

We were now in the latter end of May, and the first thing to be done, on week-days, was to get some seeds into the soil. A piece of ground was assigned us for a garden; but we had neither team nor plow, and, being among Indians, had to do as Indians do, dig up the soil with spade and hoe. But we soon succeeded in getting a respectable garden planted, and then commenced cutting logs for a house. This had to be done in true primitive style. There was no lumber to be had in the country, and for flooring, doors, window and door casings, we split out and hewed puncheons. We had with us some sash and glass and nails and some carpenters' tools, so that in a short time we had our cabin up and moved into it. In the mean time we held religious meetings on the Sabbaths, and occasionally on week evenings, and brother King commenced the study of the language, preparatory to teaching.

The family being comfortably settled, I took my hired man, in a dug-out or canoe, and started for home, to visit the other parts of my district. We took six days' provision, expecting to be at least five days in descending the river, and to guard against delays from storms or accident, had one day's store to go and come on. On reaching Lake Pepin a heavy head-wind forbade our attempting to traverse it by daylight, as the winds almost constantly blow up stream each day. At night the winds lull, which is the only time for canoes to pass this water. An old voyager said that he had passed this lake in a canoe as many as fifty times, and never but once in the day-time, on account of the wind. Even steamboats, loaded with the guards nearly to the water, dare not venture it in a heavy swell, lest the guards should be broken up and the boat fill and sink. We left the mission on Monday morning to be sure and get home before Sunday, but such were the delays from head-winds and other causes that we had to run all night Saturday to reach home on Sunday morning.

We ran many risks, but, profiting by what I learned when a boy, about the management of a boat, we succeeded in getting out of the lake, and in passing certain bends in the river where, the wind having a long sweep, the waves ran high. We took advantage of the delays while coasting the lake shore, and gathered about a peck of fine carnelians and agates. At the grand encampment, where we stopped for breakfast, it being a bleak sandy point, we hoped to be relieved from the mosquitoes; but we were mistaken. We built a circle of fires and got within it; but the little blood-suckers, disregarding the smoke, would light upon our food while passing it from the plate to the mouth, and how many of them we ate we never knew, but some of them must have shared that fate.

It was a custom of voyagers, which we adopted, to

start from camp at the dawn of day, and stop at a suitable place, when hungry, and get breakfast. At one such place, in gathering an armful of dry wood, I came across a large rattlesnake; he was crossing my path, and might have bitten me before I saw him, but fortunately he did not. I, however, dispatched him and sent him down stream. The same day, by mistake, we took a wrong channel, one that wasted itself in the extensive bottoms, and finally ran out into a kind of lake, covered with timber; the current hardly moved, and we were at a loss to know which way to turn to reach the main channel of the river. In this lake we saw a snake about six feet long, making for our canoe. His appearance was that of a rattlesnake, spotted body, with black neck and tail, but we could see no rattles. This kind are called "bull snakes." My man proposed a fight with his snakeship with his paddle. But it occurred to me that prudence was the better part of valor in such a case; for, if he should prove to be a rattler, and should dodge the paddle and gain a place in the canoe, among our baggage, he would be an ugly customer to get rid of; so I turned the canoe from him, and after a while found our way into the main river again.

In attempting to run during the last night, as before stated, so as to get home before the Sabbath, we took a wrong channel again, and spent some hours in a narrow passage near the Iowa shore. In this, from the noise on shore and among the trees, I was apprehensive of a boarding from some wild beast. I heard steps, stamps, and the cracking of dry brush and other noises, indicating the close proximity of an animal of some weight. As panthers were known to be in the country, and the noises were like those said to be made by that animal before making a leap on its prey, the channel having widened, I steered the canoe far enough off to avoid such an event. But whatever it was it followed

us some distance, with the same menacing noises. It was too dark to see an animal in the brush fifty feet from us; but on reaching a distance of fifty or one hundred yards from shore we heard no more of it.

In July, 1837, George Copway, John Johnson, and Peter Marksman, three native Chippewas, who had been converted in Upper Canada, under the labors of Peter Jones and William Case, when quite young, and had been employed by Rev. John Clark, my predecessor in charge of the Chippewa Indian missions, on the head waters of the Chippewa and St. Croix Rivers, came from Lac Courteriele, or Ottawa Lake, to me, to be sent to school, for which provision had been made at the previous conference. But it being some two or three months yet before our Illinois Conference met, I took them with me to the Sioux mission, both to help us in our building, and to show the Sioux the improvement Christianity would make in Indians.

While at the mission this time we cut logs and built a school-house and an addition to the dwelling-house. These Chippewas could handle an ax with skill, and could carry up the corners of a log house in raising equal to white men. As they were doing this, one day, the Sioux, standing by and looking on, without knowing how or offering to help, and feeling a little chagrined that Chippewas, their long and natural enemies, *nationally*, should be so far in advance of themselves in point of civilization, one of them called out to my interpreter, "Jim, them ain't Ojibbewas, they are Frenchmen; Ojibbewas can't work so."

"Yes, they are Ojibbewas; and their advance in the arts of civilization shows the good effects of Christianity, and also what *you* can soon do if you will receive and practice what we teach you," was the answer.

"Then," said the Sioux, "we'll learn too, for we don't want the Ojibbewas to beat *us*."

Early in September of this year (1837) Governor Dodge, of Wisconsin, as Commissioner of the United States, made a treaty with the Chippewas, or Ojibbewas, at Fort Snelling, for the purchase of part of their country which lay south of the 46° of north latitude, and east of the Mississippi River, in which he succeeded.

As the line between the Sioux and Chippewas, though settled and fixed by the general government, was in an unsettled state between those tribes, this treaty, by which the latter ceded to the government all the country in dispute, settled, forever, this bone of contention between the tribes. If no others had existed, a permanent peace between them might have been established; but, unfortunately, others existed and made future trouble.

I attended this treaty with my Chippewas, and introduced them to the governor and other governmental officials, as specimens of our missionary efforts among the aborigines. These officials expressed themselves as highly pleased with the appearance of the young men, and being the first fruits of missionary labor among Indians that they had ever seen, they confessed that their doubts as to the possibility of Christianizing and civilizing the natives were greatly removed. They also availed themselves of the services of my boys in interpreting and in obtaining a description of the ceded country.

The Presbyterian missionaries, all of whom were present, also admired my boys. After catechising them as to their religious experience and attainments, they took occasion to address the Sioux, setting forth the advantages that Christianity and civilization would afford them, endeavoring to excite the ambition of the Sioux to emulate, and, if possible, exceed the Chippewas in this matter.

Our Chippewas found among the traders, who always

attend and control the Indians in their treaties, and among the natives, many old acquaintances, and some praying ones, and availed themselves of the opportunity of preaching and holding prayer-meetings, repeating the teachings of former days in favor of religion and learning. Indeed, taken altogether, this treaty ground afforded the best opportunity I had yet had for teaching the Indians, in general and impressive terms, the benefits of Christianity, for here were living specimens before them of what Christianity would do for them.

The whites, also, who had doubted the practicability of Christianizing and civilizing Indians were much shaken in those doubts; for here were men before them who were taken wild, from the smoky wigwam, now "clothed and in their right minds;" their skins almost as white as the whitest, and quite as white as some of dark complexions. Their speaking and interpretations indicated creditable talents and intelligence, and to add to the moral effect, there were respectable traders from the Chippewa country who indorsed the good characters and conduct of our native converts. Governor Dodge, especially, expressed his high satisfaction in seeing and conversing with them, saying, "they are the first fruits of Christian missions that he had ever seen among the aborigines."

At this treaty there was, also, a Chippewa interpreter, Stephen Bungo, who was also pious, and did the principal interpreting for that tribe; the government interpreter, a thick-mouthed, stammering Irishman, not being able to speak intelligibly in either language. Bungo's father was an African and a slave, who was brought from the West Indies in the latter part of the eighteenth century, by a British officer to the head of Lake Superior, Fond-du-lac, in the service of the old North-west Fur trade. He soon learned the

Chippewa language, from contact with the natives, and as soon as they understood that he was a slave, they informed him that he was a free man in their country, for they allowed of no slavery among them. Upon this the slave at once assumed his freedom and married a squaw, the Indians protecting him now as a brother. From this marriage came a large family, several of whom obtained education to some extent, and one of them, George Bungo, became first a clerk and then a trader. He was one of the strongest men I ever saw. He loaded himself, at the foot of the Porcupine Mountain, at the mouth of Montreal River, with a pack of goods, and then bags of bullets, till the whole load amounted to eight hundred and twenty pounds, and carried them one thousand paces, up the side of the mountain, and won a bet. Stephen was religious, and inclined to the missions, and the next year I employed him as interpreter among the Chippewas. He spoke both languages with fluency and correctness.

The object of gathering both Sioux and Chippewas at this time and place was not only to treat with the Chippewas for their lands, but also to have the two tribes make a treaty of peace, and prevent, if possible, further wars and bloodshed between them. At first, some whites were fearful of the consequences of bringing thousands of these tribes, who were natural enemies, together at one and the same place. The garrison was put in a state of defense, and also ready to interfere, in case of an outbreak. Artillery was placed on the top of the magazine which overlooked the plain upon which the treaties were held, and the infantry were kept in a state of readiness to move at a moment's warning. But no trouble occurred; and to show their good will towards each other, the two tribes, or the most expert of their young

men, on both sides, had a game of ball upon the plain, and all went off peaceably, though several on both sides received the usual accidental knocks from their ball sticks.

At this treaty I had one of the best opportunities of my life to study human nature. It was here in all its stages, from the pure child of nature, to that of the highest state of civilized culture. The whites showed their skill in making a good bargain with the ignorant Indian. The traders who usually control the Indians in their treaties were on the alert to get as good a price out of the government for the Indian lands as possible, but always having an eye to the payment of their claims against the Indians, some of which, it was said by those who were presumed to know, had been paid two or three times already.

The commissioner stated to the Chippewas that their great father, the President of the United States, wished to purchase their right of occupancy to their lands lying south of the forty-sixth degree of latitude, stating the point at which it would leave the Mississippi, and the points it would strike in running east of the river, and wished to know if they would sell, and what was their price.

The Indians, as is their custom, after stating in general terms their great love for their great father, and their willingness to gratify his wishes, must, of course, council together, before they could give their final answer. This council was held at night, their traders being present and telling them what to do. The traders advised them to sell, of course, that being their only chance to get their pay from them. Then each trader presents his claim, some honest, and some dishonest; the whole is added together, with a wide margin for additions, and the Indians are told to ask so much for their lands, with so much in goods,

so much in cash, and so much to be paid to their traders for their old debts. If an Indian objects to the amount of debts to be paid, he is told to pay it, or they will leave the country, and they shall have no trade, and especially no more credits. After disputation over the amount, the Indians not knowing what else to do, yield to the proposition, and the next day their answer is given. The amounts are usually cut down more or less, for the commissioner's credit at the seat of government depends greatly upon his good bargains with the poor natives. When all these preliminaries are settled, the treaty is made out and signed.

In the treaty between the two tribes, the commissioner first stated to the two bodies when together the wishes of their great father to have all his children live in peace with each other. He set forth the horrors of war and bloodshed, and reminded them of their friends and relatives who had fallen in battle; the distress that had fallen upon each party, and that all this might be avoided if they would live in peace, and cultivate friendship.

Then the Indians, each tribe by itself, held a night's council, and determined what answer to give. In such councils they smoke and talk. It being for the interest of the traders, as well as their personal safety, to have the Indians hunting and trapping instead of fighting, they advise peace. They do this, furthermore, to keep in the good graces of the government, on whom they depend for their license to trade. It is notorious that all traders, in politics, favor the "powers that be," and change as they change in politics. In these private councils, when the final answer is agreed upon, the best speakers are selected to give it. Each is assigned his particular part, leaving him to express it in his own way, so that he keeps within his instructions. When assembled to give their answer, each speaker

takes his turn, and not until all have spoken is the whole answer given.

In this treaty the speakers of the different tribes took part alternately. Each speaker recounted the wrongs and grievances his tribe had endured and suffered from the other, how brave their men were, and how ready to avenge the wrongs they had received. To one unacquainted with their *modus operandi*, there would be no prospect of peace, but a perpetual war until one or the other, or both were exterminated. But after recounting their wrongs and sufferings, from the other, each speaker closed by saying they were ready and willing to bury the hatchet, since their great father wished them to do so. And, finally, when all had spoken the chiefs and head men of both tribes came forward and signed the treaty, which had been prepared by the commissioner.

I had often heard *civilized* speakers preface their remarks with assurances of honor, honesty, truthfulness, etc., and supposed it one of the arts of a civilized demagogue when he intended to declare what he knew to be false. But at this treaty I found that the children of nature did the same thing. After a few speeches, if an Indian orator prefaced his speech with a declaration that *he* was not double-tongued, but truthful; that *he* spoke straight forward, etc., I expected to hear some of the most extravagant falsehoods that his tongue could utter. But when the speaker commenced without this preface, I expected to hear something candid and truthful. Human nature is much the same, whether in a barbarous or a civilized State, until it is sanctified by the grace of God.

CHAPTER IV.

THESE treaties being over, and the Indians of both tribes having dispersed, I prepared to go to Conference, at Jacksonville, Illinois, which was to meet in October, 1837. I took with me the three Chippewa Indian boys, Copway, Johnson, and Marksman, in a bark canoe. We intended to descend the Mississippi to the mouth of the Illinois, and up that river to Beardstown, and then take the stage, if we could not find a private conveyance, to Jacksonville. But the water being low, and the winds mostly from the south, we made but slow progress. In one or perhaps two instances night overtook us at points where we found friends on the river bank with whom we lodged, but otherwise we camped on the islands or river beach in true voyager style.

On reaching Burlington, Iowa, however, we found our time too limited to go any farther in that way. So we sold out canoe, sail, tent, camp equipage, etc., and hired a hack to convey us across the country, to our place of destination. I lodged at a good brother's with my Indians, one of whom shared my bed. After conference, they went to the school which had been provided for them.

At this conference an incident occurred of the most painful character, and which has ever been a source of regret to me, though I acted only in common with the Conference. A prominent member of the Conference, and who had been a presiding elder, was invited on Sunday night, at church, by a woman, to go home with her and spend the night, as his lodging-place was a little out of town. She was a member, but her hus-

band was not, though he was friendly, and the preacher having often lodged with the family, was well acquainted with them. It was for this reason she invited him, as she alleged. But she accused him to her husband, when he came home, of an attempt to seduce her. It turned out that after reaching the house he asked her to step one side, the house being full, or nearly so, that he wished to ask of her some little favor of necessary mending, which must be done, if at all, after he had retired. But she took it in the light of impurity, and resented it. He attempted to explain, but neither she nor her husband would hear a word of explanation, and he left the house and went to another. The husband's wrath was excited, as might be expected, if he believed his wife, and he sallied out and gathered perhaps a hundred men, who sympathized with the supposed injured man, and they arrested the preacher and imprisoned him in a tavern, keeping up their courage and the excitement by the free use of the usual stimulants to be found at such a place. As far as the thing was known the town was in a high state of excitement, and various propositions were made for lynching the supposed culprit; so much so that he was seriously apprehensive for his life. A few of the preachers hearing of the affair interceded, and afforded him some relief and probably prevented more desperate measures by proposing to the mob to await the action of the Conference the next day.

The next morning, on the opening of the conference, about two hundred men, said to be all armed with revolvers or other pistols in their pockets, came into the conference room in a body, bringing the accused for trial. It was said that if the Conference did not promptly expel him we should be driven out of town; and if he denied the charge he should be shot down like a dog. In a few minutes the charges and specifications

were drawn up by the secretary of the Conference, and on being read to him he pleaded guilty, and *nem. con.*, the vote was taken and he was expelled. The mob—for I can call it nothing else—then retired, and the accused was escorted out of town towards his home.

The threats of taking his life, if he denied the charge, though known to him, were not known to the Conference generally, if at all, till after all the proceedings were over, nor that we should be driven out of town if we did not expel him. I knew nothing of either till afterwards. His coming into conference, as he did, and acknowledging the truth of the charge, excited the indignation of the conference, that a minister, and an old one at that, should abuse the confidence reposed in him as such, and be guilty of such a crime.

But after reflection, and hearing of the threats made use of, I regretted, as did others, that we had acted at all under the circumstances. A confession of guilt, under such duress, could not be received in a civil criminal court, and should not have been received by us. And the idea of a court sitting in judgment and deciding a case in accordance with the wishes and demands of two hundred—more or less—armed men in the room is too shocking to be tolerated. I confess, that if I had known of the threats made on his life, and on the Conference, I should not have voted for his expulsion from the Church, nor have favored any action in the matter at that time and place, nor would I, if accused, have confessed to a lie, life or death.

But the sequel of the woman's life, as I have been informed, changed the face of the whole affair. Not a great while after her husband obtained a divorce from her on account of infidelity to him, and this gave rise to a strong presumption that her accusation against the preacher was based upon the same ground as was that of Potiphar's wife against Joseph. The minister was

restored to the ministry and to the confidence of those who knew him. But, being old, he did not re-enter the traveling connection, and remained in the local ranks.

At this conference I was relieved from all the white settlements in my district, and left to the Indian work entirely. The Indian district was extended north and east, so as to include missions that had been under the charge of Rev. John Clark, which extended my field of labor to Lake Superior. Our strength at the Sioux mission was increased by the addition of T. W. Pope and James G. Whitford, as preachers and teachers, and of a family to farm and keep house. Provision was made for teams, wagon, plows, and other farming utensils, with a view to raise the most of our own provision, as well as to introduce farming among the natives by plowing for them.

Brother Pope was authorized to purchase the teams, wagon, etc., and proceed to the mission, while I went below to purchase our supplies. I intended to procure these supplies at St. Louis, Mo., but Bishop Soule and Brother Wright, book agent at Cincinnati, thought I could purchase in the latter place enough cheaper to pay the expense and delay of going there. This would have been the case if there had been the same stage of water in the Ohio that there was in the Mississippi. As it was, my going to the Queen City proved unfortunate; for the low stage of the water in the Ohio caused considerable delay. This prevented my reaching home till the middle of November, when steamers refused to go any higher up the river "for love or money," from fear of being caught in the ice. Brothers Pope and Whitford had been up to the mission with the cattle, wagon, and farming tools. Hiram Delap, farmer, and the families of Pope and Delap, had also gone up. Pope and Whitford came down to meet me at Prairie du Chien and help up with the supplies.

Owing to the refusal of the steamer to go any farther, we were compelled to make other provision to get the supplies up to the mission. I found here Mr. Baker, a trader, who lived near Fort Snelling, and a Mr. Smith, who wished to go up to the Pineries. Both these gentlemen offered to share in the expense of paying an extra price to the steamer if she would go; but the owners refusing on any consideration, as the next and only remaining mode of conveyance, I procured a Mackinaw boat from the quartermaster of the garrison — Fort Crawford—by the aid of a letter of instructions to that effect that I had received from General Cass, Secretary of War, and hired six voyagers to work it, at high prices, Mr. Baker and Mr. Smith sharing the expenses.

We fitted up a temporary roof over a part of the boat, with a small stove and sleeping room for five of us. We took a tent for the voyagers, and loaded the vessel with supplies for the families at the mission to last till Spring, or at least till the ice on the river would admit of travel upon it, when there was always more or less of hauling done every Winter.

On the 15th of November, 1837, when we expected the river to close within from ten or twenty days, we started on our upward trip. The ice was beginning to form along shore, flurries of snow were occasionally falling, and the water froze on the oars while rowing, on the poles when poling, and on the cordel rope when we used that for towing. In the mornings we sometimes found two or three inches of snow on us, with thin drifting ice in the river, while the bayous or still waters were covered with ice.

When the first Sabbath came the question of traveling or resting came up. I had but one-half of the control of the boat; the voyagers must be paid whether they worked or played—the latter of which they were sure to do if not at work—but Messrs. Baker and Smith

agreed to waive these considerations if I thought it best to rest on that holy day. But there was a still higher consideration, the families at the mission had not provisions to last till Spring, nor were any to be obtained in that country, and they must greatly suffer, if not perish, if we did not reach them with the supplies. Accordingly, we all concluded that if an ox or an ass was ever in the ditch on the Sabbath day, when labor was necessary, it was the case with us, and so we pushed on, as a single day's delay might close the river.

On the eleventh day, just at night, having worked two Sabbaths, we reached the outlet of Lake Pepin. The wind had fallen into a calm, the ice was rapidly forming, and to appearance the lake would close that night, as it always closes before the river above or below does. We therefore agreed to give the men an extra day's pay if they would row through the lake that night. We stopped on shore and got our suppers, and then pushed forward.

We went on finely till we passed the Maiden Rock and Point La Sob, say half-way, when we met ice too thick to work the boat through. We backed out from the first attempt and coasted along in the dark to the eastern shore, but finding no opening we camped and waited for daylight. When that came I ascended the hill with a pocket spy-glass and could see no opening, but all closed to the head of the lake. As the voyagers and Mr. Baker, who were acquainted with the seasons of the country, concluded that the lake had closed for the Winter, and that the river above and below it would soon do the same, the best we could do was to return to Rocks, the nearest trading post, three miles below the lake, where Wabasha City now stands, and leave the provisions to be hauled up to the mission, about one hundred miles, as soon as the ice should bridge the river and lake.

The return and unloading occupied the twelfth day, and on the thirteenth day I started with the boat and voyagers down the river, amid floating ice and snow, leaving Pope, Whitford, Baker, and Smith to journey on foot to the places of their destinations. Before night the weather yielded to the sun, the ice began to flake off the oars, and the next day the ice in the river entirely disappeared. I now regretted that we had not waited. But the men and every body in the country said it was a very uncommon occurrence, and not to be relied upon, for a thaw, that late in November, after the ice had begun to form, and no human sagacity could have foreseen it. When I met Mr. Baker the next Spring he remarked that if we had lain by on those two Sabbaths the lake would have been clear of ice, and we could have got up to the mission and back to Prairie du Chien with the boat before the river closed. This was the last of my Sabbath traveling, let the apparent necessity be what it would, when I had control, and the responsibility rested on me. I reached home in two days, descending with a light boat and with the current a distance that required eleven days to ascend against the current with a loaded one. Within another week the river closed for the Winter.

I spent the Winter in missionary labors at home and in the new settlements that were springing up within reach. In the Winter of 1836–7 we had a gracious revival at Prairie du Chien, in which about twenty souls were converted, and in the course of this Winter, 1837–8, another revival crowned our efforts under the blessing of God. There was also good done in other places, and classes were formed, to which the regular circuit preachers extended their attentions.

Early in May, 1838, I took the first steamer bound up the river and visited the Sioux mission, taking with me the balance of the supplies on hand. I found all

well. They had got up the provisions left at Rocks in January, by horse-trains, on the ice. They had wintered comfortably as could be expected under such circumstances. The cattle had wintered well on rushes and wild grass, which, though Winter-killed, yet, in this region, possesses great nutriment. The team and breaking plow were soon put in operation, and the Indians, when they saw the sod turned over in wide strips or furrows, could hardly contain themselves for joy and gladness. They shouted, clapped their hands, jumped, and rejoiced. Near one hundred acres were thus broken up for them, which they divided off in family lots, on which they raised a fine crop of corn and vegetables of various kinds. We also broke up a piece for our own use, on which we also had a fine crop for sod ground. The school was in successful operation under the care of Brother King, the teacher; but the migratory habits of the Indians was a drawback upon it, the children were so often away from the village on hunting and fishing expeditions with their parents. The children showed a capacity for learning when they could be kept at school.

We knew that we must not discipline the children if refractory and disobedient. But, to avoid any collision with them on this score, we requested the chiefs to take this into their hands, showing them the necessity of such a course for the advancement of their children in learning. They seemed to feel honored and proud of the arrangement, and took the matter of discipline into their own hands, and used their power, when necessary, to good purpose.

But now another question arose, as to whether the children should be educated in the English language or have their native tongue reduced to system, and books be printed in it out of which to teach them. The Presbyterian missionaries had adopted the latter plan while

we had adopted the former. I deemed it best for us all to have one or the other system in all the missions, because the migratory habits of the bands would frequently change the residence of the children, when what they had learned in one language would be lost if taught in another. But with me the chief thing was the use of education to them. Their business transactions must be mainly with the whites. There were no books or literature in their mother tongue, and but little, if any, could ever be expected; while, if they learned to speak, read, and write the English language, they would be prepared for intercourse with the whites, and the whole literature of the whites would be open and accessible to them. I addressed the Secretary of War, who then had control of Indian affairs upon the subject, giving my views, and he issued an order that in all missions and government schools among the Indians the English language should be taught.

On my arrival at the mission I found the Indians in a high state of excitement, as war had broken out between them and the Chippewas, notwithstanding the treaty of the previous year. Though the women and children would be left to plant and attend school, the men, or all that were able to bear arms, were for war, and in hot pursuit of their enemies.

In April previous, Hole-in-the-day, a powerful Chippewa chief, with eight others, including his son, about nine years old, while on a hunting excursion, came upon a lodge of Sioux, seventeen in number, men, women, and children; and the two tribes having agreed to be at peace with each other, the Chippewas were kindly received, fed, and lodged. But the Chippewa chief planned for their destruction. Each Chippewa had his victim assigned to him, and some of them had two. Even the nine-year-old boy was appointed to and did kill a girl about his own age or a little older. At a

given signal the Chippewas rose in the night, and each performed his assigned task till all but two lay dead. One of these escaped to tell his friends, but the other, a woman, was taken prisoner. Fifteen were killed.

I was told afterwards that when this chief was planning the affair he asked his little son if he was afraid, saying, "If you are, I will whip you." But the boy denied all fear, and as he lay down to sleep by the side of his victim, at the given signal, he plunged his knife into her heart, at the same moment the others did so to their victims. The boy, having killed an enemy, was entitled to wear a feather or quill in his hair, which I saw in it, while he strutted round in all the dignity of a *brave*, and was admitted to a seat in their councils, according to their laws and usage.

I had made arrangements to visit the Chippewas higher up on the river, and also on the St. Croix. But this war very nearly defeated the design. Not being able to obtain a *bark* canoe among the Sioux we were obliged to go in a *dug-out* or log one. I had with me three white men and my half-African interpreter, who, being acquainted with the river, was our pilot. On the 27th of June, 1838, we reached the Falls of St. Anthony, and got our dug-out hauled round the falls. I went up with the first load of our baggage, provisions, etc., and stayed with it while the team returned with the men to haul round the canoe. While thus waiting I picked and ate a fine lot of large ripe strawberries, and saw in the garden at the government mill corn in the tassel and potatoes in bloom. The sun was extremely hot, said to be 100° above zero at the fort in the shade. To ward off his rays I spread an umbrella over my head. This I laid down on its top, while open, for a moment, when a flaw of wind took it and it was soon afloat on the river, staff upwards, and away it went over the falls, like a boat with a mast but no sail.

The water at these falls I judged to descend at least one hundred feet in the space of a mile. There was first an inclined plane of smooth or nearly smooth rock for thirty or forty rods, then a perpendicular leap of perhaps twenty feet, then another inclined plane of broken rocks, over which the water went foaming for a mile or more. When Schoolcraft first visited this fall in (I think) 1816, he fixed or estimated the perpendicular fall at sixteen feet. But now it was from twenty to thirty feet. There was an island some twenty rods below the perpendicular shute of perhaps an acre, which has since, I believe, entirely disappeared in the *debris*. It seemed that the water's freezing in the seams of the rock, near the edge, broke off large pieces every Winter, and the Spring floods would sweep them away, breaking them into smaller pieces, thus increasing the perpendicular fall and extending the inclined plane below it. There are now dams across the entire river on both sides of the island, which extends from the perpendicular fall to a mile or so above it. But from what has occurred since these falls were first seen by white men it is not impossible, but that the whole rock may break off in piecemeal and the falls become but a rapid in the river, for just above the ledge of rock which causes the fall the water is deep.

Our first night above the falls we spent on the east bank of the river, just below the mouth of Rum River, on a prairie. We spread our cloth tent, ate our suppers, and lay down upon the ground, with a mat under us, and fell asleep. But we were awakened by the most terrific thunder-storm I ever witnessed. For some time before I got fairly awake, the peals of thunder were mingled with dreams. When awake I could hardly distinguish between the peals, their succession was so rapid. In the mean time the rain fell in torrents. The flashes of lightning were so great and so quick in suc-

cession, that it was almost light enough in the tent to read by it. Of course, we were pretty thoroughly wet.

In this storm I realized the truth of what a letter writer said of the West: "I was born in Virginia and educated in Connecticut, where I saw no difference in the thunder and lightning, but now I am here on the bank of the largest river in the world, on the richest soil in the world, the biggest prairies in the world, and we have the loudest thunder and the most vivid lightning in the world, and it seems as if nature has made every thing here upon the largest scale in the world." It may now be added that this valley has afforded some of the greatest men in the world—Clay, Jackson, Benton, Cass, Douglas, and head and shoulders above all other statesmen, Abraham Lincoln; Grant, Sherman, Sheridan, Thomas, and others, the greatest generals in the world; to which might be added a host of the greatest preachers, to say nothing of the unequaled enterprise and growth of States and cities, commerce and trade, in the world.

Our thin cloth tent was all the shelter we had, through which the large drops of rain spattered so thick as to create a little shower inside, while the water ran off its sides in streams. The ring of one peal of thunder had not ceased roaring through the clouded heavens, before another followed it; and from the noises we judged that the lightning struck in several places near to us; but He who rode upon the wings of the wind preserved us from harm.

In ascending the river we passed a succession of rapids and islands, before we came to the great Sauk Rapids, which should be dignified by the name of Falls, as deservedly as the Falls of the Ohio. In ascending this fall we had some trouble and ran some risk of a total wreck. We had no team to haul our dug-out round it. The canoe was too heavy to carry, as we do

the bark canoes; our only remedy was to cordel by ropes. In this we succeeded well and safely, having one man in each end of the canoe, with poles to guide, while three of us pulled at the rope, till we came to a large granite bowlder which projected into the wild and rapid current, forming a point. In attempting to double this, our canoe filled with water, and to avoid the loss of all, we let her drop back into the eddy below the rock, and unloaded. Tent, provisions, blankets, guns, and all were wet. We bailed out the water, and with the canoe empty we succeeded in getting her round the little cape, and portaging the lading a few rods we reloaded and finally gained smoother water, and a better camping ground, when we stopped to dry our loading.

As night-fall was approaching, we saw a deer come into the water on the opposite or west shore to feed on a water weed of which deer are very fond. This herbage grows in shoal water, in little coves, between points which project into the river. My interpreter being a hunter, knew how to catch him. The guns were cleaned and loaded, and three of the men started up stream in the canoe to a point out of sight of the deer, then crossed over to the other shore, and let the canoe drift with the current. One man lay low in the stern, with a paddle to keep the canoe straight, the other two lay with their guns pointed from the bow. As the canoe came round the point, perhaps three or four rods from the game, no life or motion being seen, the deer raised his head to look, but before he could determine whether it was a mere log drifting, or a thing of life, the two guns were fired. The deer made a leap on shore and fell dead, but was soon lifted on board, and brought to camp.

In our situation every article of food was of importance, and the greatest economy was required to make

it go as far as possible. To save the whole of the deer meat, we lay by a day to jerk it, as well as to dry our wet baggage. It being night before our game was dressed, we threw a rope over the limb of a tree, and hoisted the carcass up so high that the wolves could not reach it; and early in the morning made a frame-work of sticks, under which we built a fire, and over which we spread the meat in slices about half an inch thick. We had not salt enough to corn it, so dried it in its fresh state. It had to be frequently turned till it became thoroughly dried. The bones and parts that could not be dried were boiled, and we feasted on these fragments while jerking the rest. This jerked meat could be eaten without further cooking, and was sweet and delicious, without bread or salt or vegetables—the smoke that it had imbibed giving it a pleasant flavor—or it could be boiled and made into a rich soup. We caught three deer and some smaller game on this trip, going and coming, which aided our larder very much.

Between Sauk Rapids and Little Falls the Sabbath intervened. We were now between the two warlike tribes, and it was reported before we left Fort Snelling that seven hundred Sioux were about starting on the war-path towards the Chippewas, and we knew not but we should be between the two fires; yet the lesson I had learned the previous year, as well as my own inclination, determined us to not strike our tent on that holy day. I preached to my four companions, and we had a prayer-meeting, in which all participated. We were thus refreshed in spirit, as well as in body, and on Monday morning resumed our toil with renewed vigor.

At Little Falls we took the eastern channel to avoid the breakers between the island and the rock which projected from the west shore to within thirty feet of the island, leaving the main channel not over thirty feet wide, through which the most of the water rushed with

great violence. But the water was so low, and the rocks so thick in this eastern shute that we had to wade, and lift the canoe over the shallow places.

About five miles above the fall we came to the Chippewa camp, which was on an island to guard against a surprise from the Sioux. The village was on the main-land, but was deserted at night for this camp, for safety. We here found the Chippewa Sub-Indian agent in council with the Indians, to recover the woman that was taken prisoner in April previous, by Hole-in-the-day. That chief, with a large number of his braves, had been convened for that purpose.

On our arrival, which was in the midst of their deliberations, all further business was suspended, till after the ceremony of shaking hands, and their inquiries for the news from below were answered. They were anxious to know whether the Sioux were coming up in force against them. I found that the agent, to induce them to give up the prisoner, had told them that the Sioux were coming against them in strong force, and had greatly exaggerated their strength, and he wished me to corroborate his story. It would have been *policy* to have done so. But *policy*, with me, must yield to truth. All I could tell them was, that the Sioux were in a state of great excitement, and were threatening what they would do; that I had heard that seven hundred of them were coming to fight; but I had seen none of them, and whether they would come or not I could not tell, as I was in no way connected with the affair. With this they resumed their deliberations in reference to the prisoner.

I was anxious to see the great and murderous chief, who was pointed out to me, lying on a pile of brush in the center of the circle formed by the council. He was the dirtiest of the whole group. His long black hair hung down over his back and shoulders, and

looked as if it had never felt the weight of a comb. His brow was knit, his lips compressed, his eyes dark and piercing, his face dirty and partially besmeared with charcoal, and his whole appearance was unlike the brave, daring, dare-devil, blood-thirsty warrior his character indicated. But when roused the lion or tiger showed itself to the terror of his braves or other beholders.

It seemed that previous to our arrival the braves in the council had consented to release the prisoner provided the chief was agreed to it; but he had refused up to this time, and all were waiting for his consent. Silence reigned for some time. All eyes were turned towards him rather imploringly. At length he rose up slowly, but majestically, and moved up to the agent and shook his hand, then shook the hands of all the whites present, as is their custom; the whites occupying one side of the circle, and the Indians the other, while the women and children were outside of the ring.

On thus rising and shaking hands he threw back his blanket from off his right arm and shoulder, and, shaking himself, he assumed a fierce, quick, and tremulous motion. His brow looked as if a thunder gust had fallen upon it, his eyes flashed like lightning, his head moved with such rapidity that his long hair seemed to snap like whips. He reminded me of Hercules, of whom it was said that every hair of his head was a serpent, and every serpent was hissing. In this plight and with these gestures he stepped back so as to have ample room for his motions, and raising his right arm—now naked—said, addressing the agent:

"My father, I do not keep this prisoner out of any ill will towards you, nor from ill will to my great father, the President, nor from ill will towards these men," gracefully waving his hands towards the whites who were present, "nor from ill will to these men,"

waving his hand towards his braves, "*but I hate the Sioux.* They have killed my relatives and I 'll have revenge. You call me chief, and so I am; not only by office, but by nature, and I challenge any of these men," again waving his hand gracefully towards his braves, "to dispute my right to the office. And if I am chief, then my word is law; otherwise you might as well put this medal"—exhibiting a silver medal suspended upon his bosom, and so hid under his blanket as not to be seen before—"upon an old woman," and he sat down again upon his pile of brush.

Silence now reigned again till it became painful; no one daring to answer him. But suddenly, as if impelled by some unseen hand, he sprang to his feet, and, approaching the agent, said: "My father, for your sake, and the sake of my great father, I 'll give up the prisoner and go with her myself to Fort Snelling and deliver her to the commanding officer."

But this kind of consent was but little better than a refusal to give up the prisoner; for all knew that if he should show himself at the fort the Sioux, at the risk of a war with the whites, would kill him if it were possible. His braves knew this, and they declared to a man that if he went they would go too, and share with him in the danger and the fight if one occurred. Such a movement would most probably lead to a bloody battle at or near the fort, which it was the object of government to avert. We all, therefore, urged him not to go, to which, after long hesitation, he finally agreed, and the prisoner went down with the agent, who delivered her to the Sioux.

In a week or ten days, however, this daring chief, with five chosen men as daring as himself, went down to the fort, and reported themselves to Major Plimpton, the commandant. They took lodgings at Quenn's, the Chippewa interpreter, at Cold Spring, or Baker's trad-

ing post, near a mile from the fort. The Sioux, getting wind of his whereabouts, two of their daring braves secreted themselves in the bushes near the house, and seeing a Red River half-breed at the door, and supposing him to be their great enemy, fired at and wounded him in the leg. The report of the guns and the fall of their friend gave notice of the presence of hostile Sioux, and the Chippewas were in an instant out of doors with their loaded guns, and, seeing the two Sioux running from their hiding-place, judged them to be the aggressors, and as quick as thought leveled and fired, killing one and taking off the cheek and jawbone of the other, of which wound he died in a few days.

The reports of the guns drew the attention of an officer who happened to be near. He ran and gave the alarm at the fort, and a body of troops were soon upon the ground to suppress further fighting. They took Hole-in-the-day and his men into the fort for protection. This the Sioux disliked, and demanded that their enemies should not be thus protected, within their own country, within which the fort stood, but should be thrust out so that they might wreak their vengeance upon them, and threatened the fort and all in it, with all the whites in the country, with immediate destruction if their demands were not complied with.

But the major refused a compliance, and advised the Sioux to keep the peace or they would bring down the whole power of the nation upon them and be exterminated themselves. In the mean time cannon were mounted on the top of the magazine—a strong stone-built structure—which overlooked the walls of the fort and had an extensive range over the adjacent level plain. The Chippewas were kept a few days, till the Sioux had retired, when they were supplied with provision and set over the river in the night, and told to escape to their homes, which they did in safety.

But the war was not ended. A large body of Chippewas from the St. Croix and Mill Lac regions came near the fort, not knowing of the recent troubles. And, being warned off by officers from the fort, started for their homes; those from Mill Lac by the way of Rum River, and those from the St. Croix by way of that river. Those on Rum River, not apprehending any danger, left their women and children with their old men to pursue their journey, while every man capable of hunting was out in pursuit of game for food. But the Sioux, learning of their whereabouts, pursued them in strong force, and overtaking the helpless ones killed and scalped a large number (report said two hundred) before their protectors could be rallied to their defense; which being done the Sioux retreated.

In the mean time the St. Croix company were pursued by another party, including a part of the band at our mission, who attacked the Chippewas in the night at or near the head of the lake, where Still-water now stands, and killed and scalped a number, losing some of their own men. With the Chippewas, at this time, was William Akin, an old trader, who was said to be slightly wounded in the fight.

While at the Chippewa camp, near Crow Wing, after the matter of the prisoner had been settled, I had an interview with the chiefs and head men, who expressed a wish to have a mission and school established among them, and indicated the site. But the war was so occupying their attention now that they could not attend to it, and desired me to return after their troubles were over. The site indicated was a little below the camp, and above Little Falls, which we examined on our return, and at which a mission was afterwards established, and where Allen Huddleson, the missionary, died and was buried.

We returned to the Sioux mission before the pris-

oner came down, and, of course, before Hole-in-the-day made his visit to the fort, to which I have alluded. Wishing to visit Lac Courteriel, where Copway, Johnson, and Marksman had a mission, and at which they left some mission property when they came down to me the year before, and see what could be done for the Chippewas in that region, I procured a bark canoe, and with Bungo, interpreter, a Red River half-breed whom I hired for the purpose, Randolph and Whitford, we descended the Mississippi to the mouth of Lake St. Croix, and up that lake and river.

It was now August, and what was very uncommon indeed, what I have seen but this once in over forty years' residence in the country, a very high flood had occurred in the country at this time in the year. which overflowed the islands and bottom lands and swept out all the stagnant waters from the sloughs, bayous, and little lakes with which these river bottoms abound, and rendered the water in the river fairly black, and when turned up by the paddles had the color of lye from ashes, and sent forth a stench that rendered it quite unfit for drinking or cooking. This compelled us to seek for springs along the shore to satiate our thirsts and to cook with. But not knowing of their location we found but few, and that only from signs seen at a distance. The consequence was, we were compelled to drink and use this stinking water, for which I afterwards suffered a long sickness, as the sequel will show. The birds and fish we caught for food had the flavor of the water, and the air we breathed was heavily charged with the same disagreeable odor. The leaves of the trees along shore had a somber appearance, the whole strongly reminding me of the *dead sea.*

On reaching the head of the lake, twenty-five miles from the mouth, where the river empties into it by several mouths, we saw that the islands had been once

covered with a thick growth of young timber, but which was now dead—probably the effect of high waters—and the tops and limbs mostly broken off and lying in the greatest confusion imaginable. This reminded me of the fabled river Styx. But when we reached the dalles, a short distance below the falls, things looked more dismal and forbidding. The channel was compressed into, perhaps, one hundred and fifty feet, and from the motion of the water we knew it must be deep. The perpendicular cliffs rose from one hundred to two hundred feet, with apparent columns and palisades. These were colored, yellow, red, and black, from the action of water upon the mineral, probably iron, in the rocks, and the colors were so intermingled as to look like columns of fire rising through clouds of smoke. The channel is crooked, making a short turn, looking as if the hills closed round and over the water, the latter coming from some dismal cavern under them. To add to the gloom, the white froth which came from the foaming falls in bodies as large as swans, came dancing along upon the tossing waves, while the roar of the falls was deafening. Altogether, if I had been given to superstition, I should have thought that we were in the suburbs of Tartarus. Our little frail bark was tossed about on the bobbling billows like an egg-shell, and as we sank into the troughs of the waves suddenly from the quick motion of the water, a kind of faintness struck the heart, while every countenance, at least of us who were never there before, had a pallid appearance.

A short turn in the river, just below the lower fall, afterwards called Taylor's Falls, brought us to the place for portaging this fall. Our voyagers knowing their business, one at each end of the canoe, sprang on to the rocks and held it from being broken by the tossing waves, while the rest of us got out and un-

loaded, when the canoe was lifted out of the water and carried over the rocks to the place of re-shipment. From this portage the great falls, all in a foam, were in view probably a mile above. We were soon re-loaded, and stemming the strong current made our way to the foot of them. Here we found thirty or forty men preparing to build a mamoth saw-mill. They had put up some cabins to live in. It being Saturday, towards night, we camped for the Sabbath, and the next day I preached the first sermon ever preached at these falls. The people seemed glad to be reminded of the Sabbath and its institutions, and gathered into an unfinished building. It had no floor, but the sleepers were in and served for seats.

On Monday morning we portaged over the great falls, and continued a series of portages over smaller falls for several miles before we reached an even and steady current. On Wednesday, a few miles below the mouth of Snake River, we saw a bark canoe with a white man and an Indian in it coming down to meet us, and rounded to just above us and held on to the brush awaiting us. It proved to be Mr. Seymour, the Presbyterian missionary, on the Snake River branch of the St. Croix at Pekegama. He had learned from some Indian runner that a missionary was ascending the river, and he jumped into his canoe with his young Indian helper and came down to meet us.

I inquired how he got the news of our coming. He said an Indian had seen us somewhere below, and learning our business had *run* through the country by the shortest routes, as was their custom, to carry the news. I learned afterwards that by such means news usually spread through the Indian country from one village or camp to another, new runners starting as soon as informed, with about as much rapidity as news by the old stage mails spread among the whites in civ-

ilized lands. After the usual salutations and inquiries for the news from the land of civilization we started up stream together, and a few hours brought us to the mouth of Snake River, where we camped for the night, as our friend would go no farther up the main river, which was our course, while his mission was sixteen miles up the Snake River.

We found here F. Steel, Esq., with twenty-five or thirty men, in a log shanty, getting out timber for the great mill that was being built at the Falls of the St. Croix. Finding so many white men in the wilderness distant from sanctuary privileges, I offered to preach to them. This met with a cordial reception from Mr. Steel, who had all things put in as good order for the purpose, after supper, as the circumstances of the case would admit of, and they listened with attention to the first sermon ever preached at that point.

There was a converted Indian and his wife at Pekegama who, hearing of our coming, also came down to this point to meet us, and camped at our fire and attended the meeting, though they did not understand our language. After meeting we held a prayer-meeting at our camp-fire, this Indian and my interpreter praying in Chippewa, while myself, Whitford, and Randolph prayed in English. We sang some hymns that had been translated into Chippewa; they in Chippewa and we in English in the same tune.

In ascending the river from this point we made a mistake and ascended Kittle River some ten miles, where we found an Indian and his son, a boy perhaps twelve years old. They had killed a deer and were cooking a part of it for their dinner. Being set right we returned to the main river, and here we also caught a deer. We saw him swimming the river, and being able to paddle the canoe faster than he could swim, we soon overhauled him and the bowman took him by the

ears and held him under water till he drowned, and towing him to shore we camped and jerked the meat. These occasional captures greatly assisted our larder.

After toiling several days, sometimes with the paddles, sometimes with poles, and sometimes wading and lifting the canoe over the rocks on the rapids, we reached a point where we could portage four miles and reach Yellow Lake, a tributary of the St. Croix, and save about twenty miles of canoeing over various rapids. I had made an estimate of the rise, in ascending the river, of every fall and rapid, also of the smoother current, and at this point we were two hundred and fifty feet above the Mississippi at the mouth of St. Croix, and, from what I could learn of the river, above us, to the portage over to Lake Superior, I judged there was a further ascent of at least one hundred feet to that portage, which would make the divide between the lake and Mississippi probably three hundred and fifty feet above the latter, and also above the former, the two being nearly on a level at Fort Snelling.

We made the portage to Yellow Lake, which seemed to be near if not on the summit between the two great waters. Here was a trading post. The trader had gone to Lake Superior to make his annual returns and obtain his Winter's outfit, but left a half-breed with his family to keep the establishment. We camped here for the night, being placed in a room by ourselves. The only food the housekeeper had to offer us was a few small potatoes and a little fish taken out of the lake.

We intended to cross Yellow Lake and portage over into Lac Courteriel, the place I wished to visit, and another day would have brought us there. But in the night the trader's dogs got into our room and devoured the most of our provisions, leaving us but a little flour. He had none to replace it, and there was none to be bought within three or four hundred miles, and our

own mission supplies were nearly that distance from us by the river route.

Under these circumstances we saw no hope of reaching our place of destination, and returning to our base of supplies, and therefore were obliged to turn back. We learned, also, that the Indians of the Courteriel band were away from home on a hunting and fishing excursion, so that if we had gone on we should not have seen them.

In our return voyage we descended the outlet of Yellow Lake into the St. Croix, making the twenty miles' circuit over considerable rapids rather than carry our canoe and baggage over the four miles' portage, performing the distance in about the same time and much easier. On reaching Snake River and informing Mr. Steel of our misfortune in losing our provisions, he kindly gave us a shoulder of bacon, which enabled us, with but little fasting, to reach our Sioux mission. It is rather a serious affair to be two or three hundred miles in a wilderness and be out of provisions.

CHAPTER V.

IN our voyage up and down the St. Croix we met a number of Chippewa Indians, to whom we opened our mission. But the darkness of their minds seemed to exclude from their understanding its nature and import. They had some vague idea that a mission was to teach people, especially the young, to read, and both young and old the arts of civilization, from what they had seen of the missions of the American Board existing among them. But of spiritual things they had neither ideas, nor words to express them; so that the

missionary could reach their minds only by imagery, figures, and comparisons, which required time for them to understand.

They had some vague idea of a Supreme Being, from tradition, and that in some way he controlled the world and the affairs of men. They seemed to have some sense of responsibility, and thought that if they displeased the Great Spirit he would inflict punishment upon them. They had some knowledge of the mediation of sacrifices to appease him and obtain his favor, as in offering tobacco or other trifles; but they had no idea of a mediator between God and man, nor of a Savior who died for a sinful world. Such a thing as repentance of sin before God, or of faith in Christ, whereby to obtain pardon, they neither understood nor had they words in their language by which we could convey to their minds any idea of it. They seemed to believe that the missionary, as God's messenger, had influence with the Great Spirit who had sent him, but only applied such influence to material matters, as the following will show:

In the preceding year, as we have seen, the Chippewas had ceded to government a large tract of their land, and they expected a payment in June or July, that being the usual time of paying Indians on this frontier. They were so improvident as to think that their payments, annually, of some eight or ten dollars a head in money, clothing, and provisions would feed and clothe them the year round, and they had neglected their usual hunting, and had few or no furs to sell to the traders. They had also omitted their sugar making and planting their gardens, and had nothing to eat. Their last resort in such a strait—fishing—was impeded by the high waters, so uncommon at this season, and they came to the grave conclusion that the Great Spirit was angry with them for selling their

lands, and had sent this great flood and *drowned* all the fish.

In this state of things a chief, whom I met on the St. Croix, after listening to me as I expounded my mission and "the story of the cross," turned to me and said; "You are a great man" (a common mode of address when they want a favor); "you have access to, and influence with, the Great Spirit, and, of course, you must have influence with our great father at Washington. And now I want you to write to him to send us our pay for these lands we sold him last year, for we are starving." But, after all, while in camp and council with this chief and his band, some one of them stole a large knife from us. I raised a fuss with them, but the knife was not produced nor returned.

On our return, while on Lake St. Croix, we met a canoe, upward bound, with half-breeds and half-civilized men on board, who informed us of Hole in-the-day's adventure in coming to the fort, and of the subsequent battles; the one on that lake having occurred within sight of where we were. We further learned that the Red River half-breed, who was shot at Quinn's for Hole-in-the day, was a relative, perhaps cousin, of my half-breed Chippewa voyager. This, of course, deeply affected him, even to tears; and as we were then within the Sioux country, he had some fears for his own safety. I assured him of his safety while with me and in my employ, and he seemed to rely entirely on me thereafter for protection.

On reaching the Sioux mission I found things far worse than when we left. The Sioux, as a whole, were in a high state of excitement. While Hole-in-the-day was protected from their wrath and revenge in the garrison, which was seven miles from the mission by land, they were so exasperated that a large portion of them determined to destroy the fort and all the whites, sol-

diers, traders, and missionaries in the country. The plan for burning the fort was to crawl up near the walls in the night, affix some spunkwood to the points of arrows, leaving just enough of the point out to stick and hold the arrow to the shingles of the roofs of the barracks, ignite the spunk with flint and steel, and then shoot the arrows over the walls, giving them such a curve as to let them fall points down, and bring the ignited spunk in contact with the shingle, and wait the action of the wind to kindle the fire. The plan, however feasible in appearance, could not have succeeded; for, first the heavy dews on the roofs would have prevented their igniting from so small a spark, and, second, the sentinels, one or more of them, must have seen the sparks in their flight and given an alarm; and every officer and soldier would have been on the roofs, in short order, with water to extinguish the fire if it should kindle. But some one informed the officers of the plan of attack, and in a day all the brush within bow-shot reach, and even rifle reach, was cut off close to the ground and carried away, so that no Indian or any other person could get near enough to throw the arrow without being in range of the rifle by day and patrols by night. The artillery on the magazine, which overlooked the plain, was loaded, and men with lighted matches kept by it, while scouts patrolled the country continually for some distance; so the plan was abandoned.

In the mean time our missionaries had become so alarmed for their personal safety that the night before I arrived they had got into our large bark canoe that would carry several tons, with provisions, and what beds and clothing they could gather up in their hurry, and were about to start down the river, not expecting me back for weeks; nor should I have been there if the dogs had not eaten up our provisions.

But Little Crow, the head chief, got wind of the movement and peremptorily ordered them back to the house, assuring them that no one should be hurt, that he could and would protect them. And not daring to displease him they returned to the house with their effects. The chief then put a guard of armed men around the house, and put his son and his wife in the house to sleep. The guard had orders to shoot down, at sight, any and every man, red or white, that attempted to molest the missionaries. Once in about fifteen minutes, all night, the outside sentinels would tap on the window and tell the young chief that all was well. This young chief who succeeded his father in the chieftainship, I suppose to be the same Little Crow that, in 1862, raised such a terrible war in Minnesota, and was finally killed himself the year following.

The missionaries, of course, slept but little, if any, between their anxiety and the reports of the guards. The next day it was but little better, for constant rumors came to their ears of the murderous intent of some of the tribe. But they finally were assured that a majority of the bands were for peace and would protect the whites, and especially the missionaries, their own chief, Little Crow, being at the head of the peace party. This somewhat allayed their fears, but did not entirely remove them, as the wicked or war party might do mischief before the others could be rallied to prevent them.

It was about the middle of the afternoon of that fearful day that I, with my company, arrived at the mission. A gladder set of faces I never saw, and a good degree of confidence seemed to cheer their hearts. I had with me my interpreter and my half-breed voyager, both of whom were Chippewas, who were so excited with fear as to be whiter than usual, and the whole band of Sioux were preparing for a war-dance

over the Chippewa scalps they had taken but a short time previous at the head of St. Croix Lake. This added to the anxiety of my men, and they would have left and gone to the fort for protection if they could have got there. But I told the Sioux and their chief that those were *my* men; that they had not been in the war nor had taken any part in it, and they must not be hurt or they would hurt me; and they agreed not to hurt them.

When we were all together and consulting what to do, I suggested the policy of arming ourselves for defense; and if we *had* to die to sell our lives as dear to them as possible. But not one of them would agree to fight, saying it was of no use, we were so few and they so many; that if they were determined to make a clean sweep of all the whites in the country our feeble resistance could not prevent it. I argued that if that was their determination they could do no more if we did resist; and, "as fortune favors the brave," possibly a bold, determined resistance might save some of us if not all. But I saw that it would be useless for me to attempt it alone. I then told them that our only other resort was to commend ourselves to God in prayer, and as our faith should be, so it would turn out with us. To this they were all agreed.

So, as we were about to retire to rest, the family being all present, I read an appropriate psalm and prayed for our protection and preservation, in which I felt unusual faith, and in which all the company seemed to participate. I rose from my knees feeling assured that no harm would befall us, and told them all to be composed and feel safe in the hands of God.

I then retired with my voyaging company to the school-house, where we spread our blankets on the puncheon floor, much harder than the ground on which we had been accustomed to sleep for weeks. We had

no weapon of defense, nor did we even pull in the latch-string, though the whole band were engaged in their war-dance within ten rods of us. After seeing the others lying down I went out to see the dance and reconnoiter as to the signs; but, seeing no indications of war on us, I retired and slept soundly and safely notwithstanding the noise from their shouts and drumming over the scalps they had taken.

In the morning I went up to the fort with my half-breeds, who stayed near it for safety. I saw and reported to Major Plimpton my voyage up the St. Croix, and what I had heard of the designs of the Sioux or some of them; but he had heard of their plans and had prepared for defense, as before stated, and he asured me that he felt noways alarmed in any event, that he had learned that a majority of the Sioux were for peace with the whites, and he felt confident that their counsels would prevail.

I remained at the mission till things became settled and all agitation had ceased. The considerate part of the Sioux, at the head of whom was our own chief, Little Crow, prevailed in their councils, and the whole excitement finally subsided and all felt safe again. But Hiram Delap and family, who went to the mission to conduct the farming operations, deemed it best for them to retire. Taking them and their goods into our large bark canoe, deemed capable of carrying from three to five tons, with Randolph we descended the river, and in five days reached home. But my face was so marred from mosquito bites, and so sun burnt and weather-beaten, and, withal, my clothes were so mangled and dirty that my wife did not know me at a few rods' distance. When I told her that I had been in close contact with the Indians, she, knowing their habits, declared that I should not come near her till I was cleaned up; so she brought out some clean clothes,

provided me a tub of water in the wood-shed, and I underwent a thorough scrubbing from head to foot, my infected garments being hung upon the garden fence till they could be put into hot suds, which was done the next day.

This state of things among the Indians was very detrimental to our operations among them, yet we were not without some fruit. Jacob Fallstrum was converted, which led to the conversion of his family and their education, and they are yet doing good in Minnesota. Fallstrum himself became a local preacher, and was employed as a missionary among the Chippewas, whose language he spoke with ease.

The history of Fallstrum is worthy of record, and is one of those facts of history which exceed romance in interest. He was born in Sweden, and when nine years old he left his home as cabin-boy on a ship owned and commanded by his uncle. They were wrecked on the coast of England and lost every thing, barely escaping with their lives. He, with his uncle, reached London, where he lost sight of him and never saw him again. Whether he was murdered or seized by a merciless press-gang, or left him in despair to his fate, he never knew.

In this plight he was wandering in the streets of London, "poor and pennyless," not able to speak English and knowing nothing of a Swedish consul to whom to apply for relief and to be sent home, having depended entirely upon his uncle who had so strangely disappeared, when he fell in with Lord Selkirk, who was then raising men to go to his settlement on North Red River, by way of Hudson's Bay. Selkirk, who spoke Swedish, talked kindly to him, fed him, and promised to do well by him if he would go with him, gained his confidence, and not knowing what else to do he agreed to accompany him to that distant land.

On reaching the settlement on Red River he was put into the fur trade as a voyager and assistant of a clerk in an outpost. He soon learned the Chippewa and some other Indian languages, and when he became of age he drew wages and became a sub-trader. As all traders deemed it necessary to form a connection with the Indians to secure their trade and protection by taking a "wife of the daughters of the land," he did the same, and took a sister of Bungo, my Chippewa interpreter, who was half-African and half-Indian, of whose father I have already spoken.

After Fallstrum married—which it seems he did in good faith—not as some traders, only for the time being, he worked his way into the Leech Lake country, and from thence down the Mississippi till he reached Fort Snelling, near which he made a small farm. Here I found him in the Spring of 1838. He at once received us and the word of life, and embraced the Savior. He had with him a Swedish Testament, which he brought from home and saved from the shipwreck, it being in his pocket. Though he now spoke both English and Chippewa, he could read neither, and all his reading was in this Testament, that being the only book he had in that language, making it his constant companion through all his voyaging, traveling, trading, and farming. Yet he had not experienced a change of heart till we explained its importance to him. The conversion of this family and their subsequent respectability and usefulness, as the fruit of our missionary operations in that country, was worth all its cost.

While at the Sioux mission I occasionally visited a mission of the American Board, then under the care of Mr. Stevens, situated at Lake Harriet, eight miles from Fort Snelling. As I was going to it one very calm morning, when the lake was perfectly smooth, I saw an illustration of two questions in philosophy in a

clearer light than ever before or since. One was in the expansion of water by freezing, and its resistless force. The lake is oval, nearly round, one or two miles long, and with even circular shores. When frozen over, the ice so expanded as to force trees out of the frozen ground by the roots; and at the east end the ice had crowded the sand and gravel into a ridge ten feet high and several rods wide.

The other phenomenon was a miniature gulf stream. The waters of Lake Calhoun emptied into Lake Harriet through the sand and gravel bank just named. The stream was about one rod wide and four inches deep. It run over a smooth sand bottom and fell perhaps a foot in two rods. As the lake was perfectly smooth I could distinctly see the little current rippling the surface of the lake for two hundred yards, and, from appearance, it forced the water through the lake to its outlet. Upon the same principle the vast body of water thrown into the Gulf of Mexico from the Mississippi can produce the gulf stream in the ocean. The current caused by the trade-winds through the Caribbean Sea may, and no doubt does, join this stream between the Balize and the Island of Cuba, and that island giving it a turn it takes the ocean in the direction of Newfoundland, and being turned by the banks of that island towards the Canaries and the equator, it naturally turns towards the Caribbean Sea and the gulf, its starting point. Who has not seen a small stream of water let into the side of a pail, a tub, or small pond which formed a current in a circle? And so, probably, it is with the current formed by the discharge of the waters of the Mississippi into the Atlantic Ocean. If it were not for that stream causing a vacuum in the waters of the gulf, it is not at all probable that the waters of the Caribbean Sea would rush in that direction. But the stream being started at the mouth of the Mississippi,

forming a vacuum, the waters from behind it naturally rush in to fill it up, and, like the stream let into the tub, they form a circle.

In the Fall of 1838 Conference met at Upper Alton, Ill., some six hundred miles from home by the river. Never having taken my wife with me to conference, and being able to go and come by steamboats, I ventured for once to do so. We left home on a small steamer bound to Galena, spending a sleepless night, being annoyed by bed-bugs, and took passage in the *Missouri Fulton*, which was bound for St. Louis. We were here joined by the Revs. B. Weed and H. W. Reed and a brother Johnson, who passed for a minister with the boat's crew, making four of us of that class. We soon found other professors on board, who naturally, or from a gracious influence, associated with us. There were also three river blacklegs who followed the river with a view to *skin* green ones by gambling. We left Galena near night on Friday and soon saw the blacklegs at their business. But there being but three of them, they could not form a quartet for a table, so, to help them, a rum-seller, who was going below for his Winter supplies of poison, sat down with them, just for amusement, of course. But no one seemed disposed to be skinned by these sharpers.

In the mean time I sought an interview with the captain, and inquired if we had not the same rights to enjoy ourselves, in *our* way, as they had, the boat being a common thoroughfare? "Yes," said he; "you may sing, pray, and preach just as much as you please, and I wish you could drive those fellows off the boat; they are only a pest and a curse, running the river to gamble and rob folks."

With this license we went into the ladies' cabin, the doors being open, and commenced singing. This drew all the passengers, except the aforenamed quartet to

our end of the cabin, and the guilty four being left alone in their shame, soon left the table for the deck. We continued singing and religious conversation till bed-time, when we had a season of prayer and retired to our berths.

The next day, Saturday, after breakfast, they drew out a table and their cards and tried again to draw some green one into their snare, but failed, while we kept the ladies' cabin lively with singing and religious conversation, and kept the greatest portion of the passengers, and occasionally the captain, with us. Thus spending the day and evening we kept the blacklegs at bay.

On Sunday morning I asked the captain if he ever allowed preaching on board. "Yes," said he. "And if one of you will preach I will have the cabin put in order for it." Accordingly at eleven o'clock the dinner bell was rung and the passengers from both the deck and cabin came together, with some of the officers and crew, and brother Weed, whose voice was strong enough to be heard over the noise of the boat's machinery, took the stand and preached. The gamblers appeared to be taken by surprise, and backed out as if frightened, and no cards appeared on that holy day.

On Monday the gamblers made a faint attempt to play, but still failing, abandoned it as a hopeless task, and at night, at Hannibal, they left the boat, disappointed and chagrined.

On Tuesday morning I heard an engineer inquire of the mate of the boat for the "b'hoys." "They went ashore last night, at Hannibal, and I should n't wonder if all the passengers would leave. There is so much ——— Methodist preaching and singing aboard, it 's enough to sink the boat."

About noon we reached Alton and got off to go to the upper town to conference. In less than an hour

after, the boat struck a snag and sunk with two thousand pigs of lead, without preacher or preaching on board to do it.

In those days boats were not so fast as they are now, and the water being low and the rapids at Rock Island and Des Moines having to be passed by daylight, our progress was slow compared with the speed of later days. Having no control over the boat, and there being then but few of them on the river, we were compelled to go when one could be had, and to travel on the Sabbath or not reach conference in time. But we made the best of it we could. We checked the gamblers and drove them from the boat, and kept the passengers and crew in mind of the holy day and its obligations.

At this conference Bishop Soule presided, as he did at our former one. Here I met with Jason Lee, who had just returned from Oregon. He having received a letter from me from Fort Snelling, by the Red River mail, which was sent to Vancouver by the Hudson's Bay company, first sought me and happened to meet me at the door of the church in which the conference was in session. It was a perfect and unexpected surprise, and after a few words I led him into conference and introduced him to the bishop and conference, all of whom were as much surprised at his presence as myself. But what seemed to strike them as a singular if not a remarkable coincidence was, that my field of labor was the entire outpost towards the Rocky Mountains, while his was the next to me on the west of those mountains, and now we met in Alton.

There was a camp-meeting in a grove near the town, at which regular preaching was kept up day and night. But such was the attraction of the conference while in session, that in the forenoon that class of the membership who are the most needed and useful at a

camp-meeting were spectators at conference. The consequence was but little good was done except at night and on Sunday, and not then as much as would have been if the business of conference had not so engrossed the attention of the preachers. The result strengthened my doubts of the propriety of having a camp-meeting thus connected with a session of the conference. A camp-meeting to be useful should have the undivided attention of both preachers and people, which can not be done when the two are thus connected.

There was nothing of special interest more than the ordinary conference business at this session. Being returned to the Indian district, I went to St. Louis for supplies and left for home as soon as possible. The only boat I could find bound up the river as far as Fort Snelling was the *Gypsy*, a small stern-wheeler, which would probably be the last boat to ascend so far for the season. On this boat and a large barge in tow were loaded the supplies for the garrison, the sutlers, the traders, and the missionaries, and also the Indian annuities of that region. As the water was quite low our progress was very slow. The first two weeks were occupied in reaching Prairie du Chien, six hundred miles, and the next two weeks in reaching the fort, three hundred miles more, on account of the low water and the heavy load.

Among the passengers were Dr. Emerson and his wife, having with them their servants, Dred Scott and his family, who belonged to this lady. On the upward trip one of Dred's children, a girl, was born. The notoriety of Dred, growing out of the famous Dred Scott decision of Judge Taney in after years, gives the fact of my thus being a fellow passenger with him at that time an interest to *me*, at least, that it would not have otherwise had.

I left my wife and family supplies at home and took

our large bark canoe in tow, which I left with the supplies at the mission, and returned home sick of a fever, the result of my Summer's campaign. I had spent the entire Summer on the river and its branches, had from necessity drunk mostly of the river water, had slept mostly on the ground and inhaled the malaria incident to the river bottoms, had been bit and poisoned by mosquitoes, the clouds of which were sometimes so thick as to intercept the rays of the sun or cause them to give but a dim light. The high waters of July and August, heretofore described, which washed out the stagnant pools and bayous of the river, had so impregnated the water with sediment as to mark the trees all the way to St. Louis, and I suppose below also, so as to show the height of the water. From this circumstance sickness prevailed on the river, of which I had a large share, having a run of bilious fever which confined me at home during the Winter and ended in the Spring with the ague. This attack produced such a general debility as to render me unable to preach at all for a year or to do effective service in the itinerancy for twelve years. The ague I cured by taking a cobweb pill about the size of an ordinary pill just one hour before the time for the shake to come on; but the debilitated state of my body continued till nature could, by slow degrees, recuperate.

I had often thought of the difference between *doing* the will of God and *suffering* his will. But I now had the trial, and found it easier *to do* than to *suffer* that will. I found it a greater trial *not* to be able to preach than it was to preach when able to do so, and that it required more grace to sustain me under suffering than in doing the will of God.

But to add to my sufferings and sorrows, the tongue of slander assailed me, to which I replied in two letters printed in the *Western Christian Advocate*. They are

here inserted to show the nature of the charges and my reply:

UPPER MISSISSIPPI MISSIONS.

DEAR BROTHER ELLIOTT:—One would suppose that in the life of a missionary to the heathen there was enough of suffering, toil and privation in being separated from the circle of friends, the privileges of religious and civilized society, and being subjected to the dangers of savage warfare, without being subject to the *tongue of slander* among those from whom we should look for prayers, counsel, and support. But it seems to be the hard fate of me and my associates in "this labor of love," not only to be subject to the former, but the latter also. A few days since, "rumor, with her thousand tongues," brought to my ears, and from such a source as leaves no room to doubt the fact, that reports are in circulation in Illinois—and how much farther I know not—derogatory to my character as a missionary, those under my direction, and the cause of missions in general.

1. It is reported that I am a *speculator*; that I am making a *fortune*; have built a *palace* of a house; and as they know nothing of my private affairs, have "*guessed* some how as if" I must have done it by using the missionary moneys with which I was intrusted, etc. To those who have known me as you have for the last nineteen years such *surmises* would not be credited, without even my denial; and with most or all who know me by character, probably a flat, unequivocal denial of the whole charge would be sufficient. But to make certainty, if possible, more clear, I will state in the fear of God, *that I never bought and sold a piece of land, or cattle, horses, or any thing of the kind, with a view to speculation or making money, in my life.* I own but one hundred and thirty-five acres of land in the world. I bought a farm on this prairie, as a matter of *economy*, when I came here in 1835, because I saw the expense of living was such, that my family must help themselves, or suffer, because I could not support them *here* on the ordinary allowance of a missionary. It was then the *outpost* of civilization, and as far as I could possibly take them, until I had reconnoitered the Indian country. Land was then cheap, and I got one hundred and sixty acres for six hundred dollars; paid about one-half, and was credited for the remainder. When I reached this place with my family in 1836, I found the speculator here, and land had greatly risen in value; and as my expenses in moving had greatly exceeded my expectations, I was *obliged* to

sell nearly half of my farm to meet them. Since then I have bought forty acres of Congress land, which, put with my farm on this prairie, amounts to about one hundred and thirty-five acres. As to my *palace* of a house, it is only eighteen feet by thirty-four, with a kitchen and a wood-shed twenty by twenty-seven feet. This must be a monster of a house for a family of eight or ten persons. And what is more of it, this famous house, like the farm, is yet *unfinished*. When I purchased I had no knowledge of what was coming *here* two or three years *after;* and consequently could not foretell the rise of land. That which I sold from *necessity*, yielded me eight hundred dollars, or five hundred dollars more than it cost. But the man who *now* owns it has, I am told, refused eight thousand dollars for it. This I have lost by being obliged to sell it. My *fortune*, as some are pleased to call it, has entirely grown out of the rise of land *here* since I purchased, with which I had nothing to do, only that I *happened* to come here in "the right time of the tide of fortune." To meet my expenses, in these purchases and in building, I had five hundred dollars of my own to start with, the remains of my last farm in Ohio; I got five hundred dollars for land, as above stated, and my son has earned, with his compass, about thirty-five hundred. But with all this I have not been able to inclose my farm, or finish my house. These are the naked facts, from which men of reason and sheer justice may judge of the case.

2. The report alleges *that but little is doing* by the missionaries at the mission. But by whom was this report put in circulation? Why, as near as I can learn, by those who were dismissed from the mission because they *would* not work, or by those who left the mission, because as *they* said, they *could not* endure the fatigue and labor required of them. I know or have heard of none others who have thus charged us The facts of the case are, no missionaries on this frontier work with their own hands as we do; nor have any of them performed the same amount of work with the same means. The truth of this may be seen in the fact that we have dismissed *two* because they *would* not work as the rest of us did, and two have left because *they* said they *could not* work as we do, and two more say they *must* leave for the same reason.

3. It is alleged that *no souls* have been converted. But do the people suppose that we can go among mere heathen, learn their language, and convert them from the religion in which they were raised, with the same rapidity that we convert people of our own *language* and religious opinions? It seems they do. But

they suppose so from the want of reflection and better information. How many times have we preached to whites, who called themselves *Christians*, and understood our language for years without a conversion? And is it strange that *heathen* do not give up heathenism and embrace Christianity sooner than nominal Christians do themselves? In many missions to heathen ten years have elapsed before they saw one soul converted. But to show that we should not be discouraged, in such cases, whole nations have been converted in a short time after a break was made. This was the case in the isles of the Pacific Ocean. I believe some who went to our missions thought they were going into a *revival*, and would have nothing to do but pray for mourners, and shout with converts; and when they found *heathen* to work with retired disappointed. A. Brunson.

UPPER MISSISSIPPI MISSIONS.

The Difficulties and Trials of a Missionary Life.

Dear Brother Elliott:—I addressed a few lines to you a few days since, refuting certain false and injurious reports in circulation, in reference to our missions; but as my paper was rather too limited to say all I wished, or all that seems necessary to put matters and things right before *our* public, I beg leave to add a few remarks more.

I address *you*, because with you I have enjoyed the pleasure and profit of nineteen or twenty years personal and intimate acquaintance. With you I have traveled, preached, prayed, conversed, and endured the toils of the itinerant life; with you I have met the combined enemy of our Israel on the camp ground, quarterly meetings, the district, and station, and also in the press; and when "certain lewd fellows of the baser sort" have assailed us in our devotions, you have sustained me, when at the head of "the forlorn hope," to meet and conquer them in "the war of words," and secure peace to the encampment; and having witnessed the difficulties with which I have had to grapple, to sustain a large family on the pittance of a Methodist preacher, and the manner in which I have devoted soul and body to the work of saving souls, you are prepared to judge of the *motives* which have actuated me, and to do me justice in the premises.

One objection which I have heard urged against Indian missions, is, that they are *expensive*. Those who urge it seem to have formed their ideas of expense from the expense of a *circuit*

preacher; but they lose sight of the vast difference in the situation and circumstances of the two classes of people preached to. If I go on a mission to *white* people, professing to believe in the Christian religion, who understand my language, and have houses in which to lodge me, and plenty of food for me and my horse, and all this free of charge, my expenses of course are but small. But if I go on a mission to *heathen*, it is quite otherwise.

1. They have a religion of their own, to which they are as strongly attached as I am to mine: nor will they yield to abandon theirs, and embrace mine, until they are convinced of the propriety of it by force of truth. But in attempting to lay the truth before them, I find myself at bay in the onset, for they do *not understand a word I say.* I then get an *interpreter;* but this adds to the expense, in fact it doubles it, for instead of *one* man to support, we now have *two.* But I soon find a defect in the intrepreter—he is incapable of communicating my ideas in a clear and profitable manner. No man can be found of this class among our Indians, whose language is unwritten, who understands the aboriginal tongue, unless he was born or raised from infancy among them—in which case he has *no education;* and if so, he is deficient in the English—he is therefore defective, as an interpreter. But should a possible case occur, of an interpreter understanding perfectly both languages, yet there is not in the Indian tongues words suited to express the ideas of *our* religion correctly. Their words and ideas on religious subjects were formed in accordance to *their own* religion. What, then, is to be done? Why, if the interpreter is not a good *English* scholar, so as to understand the idiom of language, and thus be able to *coin* words suited to the ideas to be conveyed, or to adopt a suitable imagery to explain the words already in use, then I must learn the language myself, so as to do these things. But how long will it take me? A student in college will do well to become master of a foreign language in *four* years, if he attends to other studies in the mean time. But in this he has books and able teachers to instruct him. Not so with me. The language I am to learn is not *written.* I have no *learned* man to instruct me. I must learn it by hearing and speaking it, and by writing as I go along. To know the different tenses of verbs, the different numbers, persons, and cases of nouns, I must hear them spoken in them all, and that repeatedly, and then use my judgment as to their different terminations. But all this must be done before I can preach to this people with the same advantage with which I could do it to a community of infidels, speaking

my own language, on the first day of my arrival among them. These difficulties are not lessened by being within three hundred or five hundred miles of civilization. They are equally hard to overcome, whether west of the Rocky Mountains, in Africa, or the East Indies.

2. But *expenses* stand in our way in all this. These heathen have not houses in which we can live, nor food on which we can subsist, and that free of expense, or at a trifling cost. They are, themselves, without houses or competent food, and one part of our benevolent designs among them is to teach them the arts of civilization. We must then build houses to live in, and make a farm to raise food, until which we must have supplies from "the land of plenty," if that be one thousand miles from us. But whom have we to build? We can not *hire* a man on this frontier. The Indians do not know how to work, and if they did, they have a foolish prejudice, of which they must be cured to be civilized, that it is derogatory to the dignity of a *man* to work; and when cured of this prejudice, having been so treated by the traders, they think they must have a high price for all they do. I have, then, no help but my interpreter and one farmer to do all this work. But how can I build houses, and make farms, and at the same time study and systematize the language, teach school, and visit and preach to other bands? If I were on a circuit, at home, would it be expected of me to travel and preach, meet class, study, write, visit the sick, etc., and yet build my own house, make and cultivate a farm for my own support, and the support of twenty, thirty or forty children in school? If not, why do some of our people expect a missionary to heathen to do it?

3. Another item of expense is *provision*. There is none to be had in the country to which I go as a missionary, except it be taken there from a thousand miles' distance. The people to whom we are sent are not Christians—they know nothing of the doctrine, that "the laborer is worthy of his meat;" and if they did, they have it not to give. They are in a state of starvation themselves, and one object of our mission is to teach them to cultivate the soil, and thus save themselves and families from starvation. The consequence is, instead of being fed *by them*, we are often obliged to feed them, or see them perish at our door. And do our people wish us to teach the heathen the excellences of Christianity by letting them starve at our door? We hope not. But they are *sick*—they call on us for medicine. And as they depend on daily

hunting or digging of roots for daily food, they have nothing laid by for a sick day; and, consequently, when sick, we must not only give them medicine, but food also, or see them suffer. Nor have we, as we should have, a house or hospital to put them in.

4. The article of *clothing* is another item of expense. When I am on a circuit, and just ride from appointment to appointment, my clothes have but little wear and tear, and occasionally a friend gives me a coat, pants, hat, boots, shirts, etc.; and perhaps half or two thirds of my clothing comes in this way. But not so on a heathen mission. I must chop, plow, hoe, roll logs, voyage, wade in the water, hunt some food, get up and drive cattle, all which calls me through the brush, and tears and wears out my clothes; but I have no friends at hand to give me others. I must buy them, and that at the dearest rate, and often then have to send a thousand or fifteen hundred miles for them. But the people to whom I am sent are not only poor and hungry, but they are naked. Their women, when they become mothers, have not wherewith to clothe their offspring. They lie upon the ground, perhaps a skin or two of some kind under them. The storms beat through their frail lodges upon them, they take cold, fevers commence, they have no food, medicine, and often not a whole blanket for the mother and child. Can we, as Christians, see such things, and not feel our compassion moved? We can not. What shall we do? We have a few articles of clothing furnished by some benevolent societies for the *schools*, but nothing for adults. If we give them any thing, therefore, it is at our own expense. Instead, therefore, of receiving presents from our friends of this kind, we are obliged to give to those we have come to befriend. But for these *extra* expenses *not one cent* has ever yet been appropriated or allowed; and yet some of our people seem to think our missions cost too much!

5. We go among heathen to make them better. We take their poor, naked, and starving children into our houses. We put them through a course of soap and water, and comb and shears upon their heads. We throw away their pieces of blanket or skins, with which they were clad, because they are covered with vermin, and then clothe them in such as is furnished us for the purpose; but except a few articles of bedding which have accompanied the clothing, we have no beds or blankets for them, except at *our own expense*.

6. To teach and lodge these children we must have a schoolroom, and house room. But who must do the work? We can not

hire it done. We must, therefore, do it ourselves. But when doing this, who is to work the farm, and raise bread and potatoes for these starving children to eat? Who is to teach the school, study the language, etc.?

7. But again. The missionary's wife is no abler to work than other women. She has one or two children of her own—she has her husband, the interpreter, and school-teacher, and farmer, perhaps, to cook, wash, and mend for; and in addition to these, twelve, twenty, and thirty children of the heathen tribe. What woman can do this? And yet we have not a girl, or female assistant on this frontier, nor has one offered to come to our assistance, nor do I know of one to be hired at any price. We design, it is true, to teach the boys and girls to work; but this one woman has all this care and drudgery upon her, before *they are* taught, which is not a work to be done in a minute or a day.

8. If I were on a circuit or in a station my wife would be allowed her one hundred dollars per annum, and her food or table expenses. But then she would be permitted to earn something with her needle, or otherwise, to aid in supporting the family; and many of our preachers know full well that without such aid from their wives, they would be *minus* many dollars at the end of the year. But not so on a mission among heathen. The woman is allowed her one hundred dollars for clothing, and her food; but her time is devoted to the hard drudgery of the kitchen, instead of earning something for herself; and, moreover, instead of enjoying the blessings of female society, she is doomed to be months, if not years, without seeing the face of a white woman.

9. If I were on a circuit or station, and had to build a house, I could probably obtain lumber of different kinds. But on our mission nothing of the kind can be had. We therefore have to hew logs for the frame, and chink and daub the crevices for siding. We rive and shave out shingles, and split lathing from logs, and by planing and shaving them, get them straight enough to lay shingles on. For floors, we split logs into slabs or puncheons, and hew them with a broad-ax; and for doors and windows, we have to split logs, hew, shave, and plane the pieces into boards. Were we in a civilized land, our neighbors would help us raise the house; but among heathen, who know not how to do it, we can have no such aid, until we teach them, which will not be done before our first buildings are erected.

10. The above picture of our affairs is but the plain and simple truth; and yet it seems that some of our friends think these

missions too expensive for the amount of good done in them! In reference to this, I have taken some pains to compare our own with other missions, both as to conversions and pecuniary expenses. I know that *comparisons* sometimes appear invidious. But in such a case as this, I know not how otherwise to do ourselves justice. In this district, the entire amount of appropriations this year is less than three thousand dollars; and, as we have *five* missionaries, besides assistants, it gives less than six hundred dollars to a missionary. It must be remembered, however, that this six hundred dollars per missionary, includes the pay and subsistence of assistants, women and children also. Last year, the expense was something more, because we had to purchase teams, wagons, and some farming utensils. This year we have twelve grown persons connected with the mission district, and of course three thousand dollars, divided among twelve persons, would give to each two hundred and fifty dollars apiece; and this must cover all expenses of salary, board, children, and all other incidental expenses. Is this extravagance?

The Wesleyan Methodist Missionary Society, England, had, last year, 314 missionaries, mostly in heathen lands, though a portion of them are in civilized countries; and their expenses amounted to $131,275, or $1,373 per missionary. They had 295 teachers or assistants which, added to the missionaries, makes in all 609: and to divide the whole expense, by this number, would give to each person employed $678.50. These proportions are more than double the proportion of expense of our missions. In the Sault de Ste. Marie and Green Bay mission, for 1836, there were, I think, *three* missionaries, besides assistants. In this mission, as in other foreign missions, an account of expenses was kept as they occurred, and drafts made on the treasury to cover them, and in this way the expenses, as reported in the missionary report for 1836, amounted to $3,619, or $1,206 per missionary, including his family and assistants. This again is double the amount of our expenses. In the same report, I find the expense of *two* missionaries, for South America, amounted to $2,900, or $1,450 per missionary. It is not long since I saw a statement of the expenses of the missions of the American Board, which ranged, like some of these cases, about double the expense of ours in this district; but as the paper is mislaid, I can not give particulars. In 1836, the expenses of the Liberia mission is reported at $7,553. In this mission were *two* white men, nine colored, and four schoolteachers, making fifteen in all; and to divide the whole expense

equally among them, would give $503.50 to each, which is nearly double the expense per head of our missions divided in the same way.

From this, I hope our friends will see that the missions, in this district, have been comparatively cheap. But has it, in reality, been the better way? I fear not. We all felt the necessity of economy. But not having the means to hire, we were obliged to work ourselves; and as one consequence, our healths have suffered; and as another, we have not been able to learn the language as fast as others who have worked less. Our Presbyterian brethren, who have been but one or two years longer among the Sioux than we have, have not worked as we have, but they have become able to preach in the language, and God has converted about fifteen souls at Dr. Williamson's station, and they have commenced translating the Scriptures, having several other books now being published. Now, as the amount of good done is estimated by the number of souls converted, these brethren, by having the means furnished them to hire their work done, and applying themselves to the language, have been able to preach, and do more good in this way than we have. It is true, we have done far more than they in the way of *farming*. Our Indians have been able to plant and raise more corn than theirs; but I confess I now see that, in studying economy, we have been like the Indian shingle tree, "so straight, that we leaned a little t' other way."

But after all this, to be accused, or even suspected, of wasting the charities of the good and benevolent, is a grievous affliction to our feelings. If souls have not yet been converted, other missions—and the Oregon among them—have been longer established without this kind of fruit; but I trust our labor has not been in vain. We, who have been on the spot and seen the changes already effected, see great cause of encouragement. The foundation is laying deep and wide for future improvement. We have had several conversions among the soldiers in the garrison, citizens of the country, and one half-breed Chippewa; so that God has not left us without cheering hope of more extensive revivals.

As to myself, my dear brother, my constitution, which you used to call "old ironsides," is completely prostrated; and I shall be compelled to ask for a superannuated relation at our next conference, unless a very great change takes place for the better, should I live so long. But live or die, I hope these missions will not be cramped in their operations, by being too much limited in their means of support. Respectfully, A. Brunson.

Prairie du Chien, Feb. 17, 1839.

After these letters appeared in print I received a letter of thanks from Dr. N. Bangs, then Secretary of the Missionary Society, for them. He said they were timely and needed to enlighten the Church as to the nature of our missionary work.

CHAPTER VI.

IN the missionary work I saw plainly the spirit which, according to prophecy, will prevail in the millennium of the Church when "the watchmen shall see eye to eye." I frequently met with missionaries of other denominations, all of whom were of Calvinistic creeds, but who showed a catholic Christian spirit. The question of disputed doctrines was never raised. The heathen to whom we ministered never knew from us the differences between denominations. A missionary to them was the messenger of God; and so far as I could learn the Calvinists never taught their disciples the peculiar doctrines of their creed. Christ, as a savior, to whom all might come and be saved, and repentance and faith as the conditions of salvation, were the burden of all our preaching, exhortations, hymns, and conversations. I could but think that the missionary spirit, the measures to sustain it, and those measures the means instituted of God, were to bring in the millennium. This spirit prevails not only among missionaries in heathen lands, but also among the most enlightened in Christendom, as we often see at missionary anniversaries, when men of different creeds participate in the exercises. But even the less enlightened, when among heathens, are more catholic than in civilized life.

I saw this clearly in one case. Mr. S., a missionary of the American Board, received me very cordially at his mission and seemed to breathe a catholic spirit. But being dismissed, and the mission abandoned from the want of success, he settled near me as a pastor and organized a Church. Here he manifested a very different spirit from what he did when we were both among the Indians. His selfishness, exclusiveness, and apparent bigotry were so conspicuous that the contrast was very manifest, and in a short time he had to seek a call in another place.

In the Fall of 1839 our conference met at Bloomington, Ill., over three hundred miles by land. Brother B. Weed took me into his carriage and conveyed me to its place of meeting, and brought me back, at least to and from Plattville, his residence, to which and from which I traveled in the stage. At this conference I settled up and resigned all care of the missions. I had not been able to visit the mission through the season. All I could do was by writing. Brother Pope's health had failed, and he left the mission this Fall also. Being unable to preach I asked for and received a superannuated relation to the conference, which continued for eleven years before I could take work again as an effective man. For one year I did try to preach.

This was the most painful event of my life. I had brooked great difficulties and trials. I had met storms of the elements and of the human passions in endeavoring to *do* the will of God, which had been my lot through life. But to *suffer* his will and have my mouth closed from preaching—a work the most agreeable to my feelings and affording me more spiritual comfort than any thing else in life—required more grace and patience than I had ever before been called to exercise. But so it was, and I was compelled to submit and trust in God.

What rendered it more afflictive, to be so situated at that particular time, was the fact that it was a time of general bankruptcy in the country, produced by the famous specie circular of 1836, of General Jackson, then President of the United States. Real estate was worth but little, and no sale at any price. Business of all kinds was prostrate. Though provisions were very cheap it was hard to buy them when one had nothing to buy with. My health was too poor to work on my farm or at my trade. I had neither money nor skill for merchandising. All I could expect from the conference would be less than one hundred dollars per annum.

Under these circumstances, and being obliged to do something to subsist my large family, I consented to the solicitations of my neighbors to take a civil office, believing that was as harmless as any other secular business. Accordingly I was commissioned by the governor a Justice of the Peace. Having read law, as before stated, to obtain a knowledge of jurisprudence to apply it to ecclesiastical matters, this office required a review of that reading as well as further progress in it.

It was not long before I was applied to for counsel in suits in court. Stating to the judge what I had read and what for, as well as my present circumstances, he gave me license and admitted me to the bar as an attorney and counselor at law. This was in the Fall of 1840.

While thus employed I made it a rule to take the management of no cause over which I could not pray and ask for God's blessing. The consequence was I had to refuse some cases that promised large fees, but it left me with a good conscience. I might have been and possibly was misled and deceived by some clients as to the facts and merits of their case, and may have thus prosecuted or defended causes that were bad. But I

never discovered such deception except in one case, and my client and his cause I then abandoned in open court and left him to the consequences of a forgery—the State-prison.

I was not always successful (though quite generally so), because my clients did not always furnish the proper and promised evidence, or because of some technical quirks which show "the glorious uncertainty of law." Nor did I receive the compensation that some of the profession did, because I could not in conscience charge as they did, and from the further reason that, as I "preached for nothing and kept myself," some people thought I ought to practice law upon the same principles. Hence they would call on me for advice and other services, and merely thank me, while other lawyers would have exacted fees perhaps before saying or doing any thing for them.

In ten years' practice in the district and supreme courts of the territory (Wisconsin) I made but three arguments of an hour in length, or with the same energy that I would preach a sermon. I could not feel the same interest nor throw my whole soul into the subject when arguing for dollars and cents as I could and did when pleading for God with sinners to save their souls. The principal business in court was done in writing in preparing or defending a suit, making up what is called the pleadings. This was not as hard, of course, on the throat and lungs as preaching.

One of the cases in which I argued an hour or more was defending an Indian chief who had killed a white man, in which I thought, and the jury thought and so decided, he was justifiable. The white man had in a drunken row fired his gun twice at the Indian and wounded him, and got another gun for the third shot, when the Indian, in self-defense, shot down his assailant.

In the Fall of 1840, for a new thing in the territory, the governor, to gratify the numerous Eastern people then settled in it, proclaimed and recommended a day of thanksgiving, to be observed in the territory. There were two other preachers in the town besides myself, both in good health, but being Western men who had never witnessed such an occasion, nor heard a thanksgiving sermon, they knew not how to begin or end the religious service. They accordingly insisted that I should preach, after a year's silence, to which I consented and made the effort in form, but without much energy or power, from the want of physical strength. Having begun, I found that I could preach moderately once a week, and continued to do so, finding that moderate exercise tended to increase my strength.

In the Fall of this year (1840) I was elected to the House of Representatives of the territory for two years. This led to my first visit to Madison, our seat of government. The place was then small and the vice and wickedness of the territory seemed to be concentrated at this one spot. While the legislature was in session gambling, dancing, and profanity ran rampant. Besides this there was a great gathering of sharpers trying to skin "Uncle Sam;" and if they failed in this to skin somebody else. A strong and controlling influence pervaded the assembly to get all that was possible out of the general government, which paid the expenses of the territorial government. I tried hard to check this extravagance, arguing that when we became a State we, the people, would have to foot the bills ourselves. But I was so far in the minority that nothing of the kind could be done. The plea was, get it out of Uncle Sam while we can and let the State take care of itself. One mode of this peculating was by appointing as many officers and clerks to the two houses as there were in Congress. This provided places for political friends

who had favored and perhaps secured the elections of the squandering majority.

But amidst all this corruption I found a dozen or twenty who feared God; and among them eight or ten Methodists, whom I persuaded to meet in class every Sabbath morning. A sufficient number of nominal believers in Christianity were brought together to form a respectable congregation on the Sabbath morning and evening, to whom I generally preached once in the day, while the chaplain filled the other appointment. We also gathered quite a respectable choir of singers. Our place of worship was the Representatives' Hall, which was then the only public hall in the town. On one occasion the Methodists held a quarterly-meeting in the capitol, and the presiding elder not being present, and the circuit preacher not being in orders, I administered the holy sacrament of the Lord's-supper, in which Presbyterians, Congregationalists, Episcopalians, and, I think, one or two Baptists communed with us. On the whole, citizens told us that our religious efforts had a salutary influence upon both citizens, members of the assembly, and visitors, so that less wickedness was manifest than was usual on former occasions of the kind.

In this relation I took another lesson in the study of human nature. I saw men take a solemn oath to support the constitution and the laws of the United States and the territory, and then deliberately adopt or attempt to have adopted measures of self-interest, the direct tendency of which was to contravene what they had sworn to support. As I have already said, economy was discarded on the ground that the national government had to foot the bills. In vain it was urged that the precedents we set would be apt to be followed when we became a State, when heavy taxes would become necessary to meet the expense. They even

carried "the stealings" so far as to order more stationery than was needed for the use of the assembly, and then, at the close of the session, appropriate the surplus to the members, and had it distributed and laid upon the desks of members. If any hesitated about taking it, they were told that if they did not take it the others would, for a clean sweep should be made. Some of this controlling majority had seen Congress in session, and claimed that they only followed the example there set in these matters. Policy, without regard to moral integrity, was considered the standard of political morals. Under such rulers it is no wonder that "the land mourneth."

During the remainder of this year nothing occurred in my history, out of the ordinary course of secular business, not necessary to be recorded. Up to this time political parties had not been known. But the presidential contest, which resulted in the election of General Harrison to the Presidency of the United States, in 1840, had a tendency to draw the line of demarkation between Whigs and Democrats. The latter very unexpectedly proved to be in the majority, in consequence of which, being a Whig in politics, I had to retire from offices in the gift of the people.

In the Fall of 1841 I returned to Madison, the seat of our territorial government, for the second session of my term as a Representative, but found my seat was contested by a man who professed to be a Democrat. Enough ballots cast for me were thrown out by a party vote, on frivolous grounds, to leave me in the minority by a few votes. I was accordingly ousted from my seat just before the close of the session. The contestant was evidently insane then, and this success seemed to increase it, so that in a short time afterwards he shot and killed a neighbor of his, a far better man than himself. He has since been confined in the lunatic asylum,

not being convicted of murder, because of his insanity. This ended my legislative career.

On my way home I stopped at Plattville to see my sister, the wife of Rev. B. Weed, who was sick, and who died in a few days. Brother Weed was then presiding elder of Iowa District and away from home. She died as she had lived for over thirty years, in the peace and favor of God.

The General Conference of 1840 had set off the Rock River Conference from the Illinois, and my residence being within the geographical limits of the new conference, I fell within it without a transfer. I was not able to attend the Conference at its first session, which was at Mount Morris. But in 1842 Brother Weed took me again in his carriage to Chicago, where the Rock River Conference held its session August 24th. At this conference Bishop Roberts presided. It was the last time we met in this world. We wept and took an affectionate leave, expecting our next meeting would be in the Paradise of God.

He said that he was urged to write something of his life before he died, and believing that event not far distant, he was employing his leisure hours in that work. But he could not find among his papers the dream of Thomas M'Lelland, which induced him to yield to the call of God to the ministry, and knowing that I had furnished a copy of it to the *Methodist Magazine* about the year 1820 or 1821, which he had lost, he wished me to send him a copy, at his residence in Indiana, which I did. This dream may be found in Elliott's Life of the Bishop, page 92, etc. This great and good man died in the following March without finishing his biography.

Chicago in those days was a small concern compared with its present gigantic size. We had but one church, a small wooden one, on the site of the present Clark

Street Church. And yet, being the first church organization in the place, we, as a Church, had held our relative position with other churches down to this time; but we have not done so since, owing in a great measure to the great influx of foreign population; but probably in a greater measure to the spirit among Methodists in growing cities, to be like the more fashionable Churches, seeking popularity by a conformity to the world. In such cases the churches must be splendid, and what would build two or three must be put into one; the preaching must be of a character not to offend the learned and wealthy, nor mortify their pride, but have in it more of science than of Gospel; the singing must be done by proxy, having a choir or quartet, who introduce new tunes so often that the congregation can not learn or sing them, and to aid in the performance, not worship, an organ or some other non-sentient instrument making a loud and senseless noise must be had in a prominent position. Instead of the congregations singing the praise of God, "with the spirit and with the understanding also," the hired choir or quartet will *perform* a piece of music. It is no wonder that Methodism in cities and populous towns has not kept pace, relatively, with other denominations as it has in country and rural places where none of these effusions of pride are indulged in, but where the preaching is done in the spirit and in power, and the people, and *all* the people, praise God with the whole heart. It is to be ardently desired that our people in cities as well as the country will inquire for the old paths.

In October, 1842, I received a commission from the Secretary of War, to whose department Indian affairs then belonged, as sub-Indian agent for the Chippewas of the Lapointe agency, Lake Superior. This was conferred upon me unsolicited through the recommendation of the governor of the territory, James D. Doty.

The seat of the agency was, by the route I had to travel, about four hundred miles from home, through an unbroken wilderness. As Winter was at hand, I made ready as soon as possible and took the last steamer that ascended the river for that season for the mouth of the Chippewa River, which is at the outlet of Lake Pepin. Here I joined a company of lumbermen bound to the Chippewa Falls, with their Winter's supplies of provisions and goods, including, of course, a large stock of whisky.

This company took their goods in two small keel-boats, to be pushed by poles, or cordeled by ropes—mostly the former—seventy-five miles up that stream. The Winter was now setting in, being late in November. The first night our camp was exposed to the cold blasts of a north wind, and not having good tents, nor enough of blankets, sleeping upon the frozen ground proved to be rather hard fare; but similar lodging, after a little use, became more agreeable.

As soon as we entered the Chippewa River we began to meet floating ice, and before night the second day one of the boats was so cut at the bows, by the ice, as to let in water. This required a change in the loading, further aft, so as to raise the bow a little higher out of water, thus giving the ice a new place to operate upon. On the second night, when only about twenty miles up the Chippewa, at the mouth of the Menonomee, the ice closed in upon us, and we could go no farther with the boats. Here we pitched our tents and waited till men could go by land to the Falls, forty-five miles—though fifty-five by water—and then go to the rush bottoms and gather up the cattle, and come for us with sleds, the snow being about a foot deep. It was about eight days before the teams came.

The snow fell after we had pitched our tents, and contributed to our comfort by embanking round them;

and the fall of the snow was to our advantage also, in making sledding instead of wheeling.. While waiting I occasionally took a gun and wandered through the woods in quest of game; but though I saw hundreds of tracks, both of elk and deer, I did not get sight of one of the animals. We caught some fish, and some ducks and geese, which agreeably alternated with the salt pork. We had no vegetables, and our bread was such cakes as we could make of flour and water, with a little salt.

When the teams came they were soon loaded and started for the mills. There was no road, except the track the teams had made coming down, but this, in the open prairie, was filled by the drifting snow. We were four days in making the forty-five miles; but once at the mills, we fared better, as they had vegetables, venison, and the means for making good bread. This forty-five miles afforded me the poorest and coldest camping I had on the whole route to Lake Superior and back, for the reason that we were not so well prepared for it as we were on the rest of the route.

These mills were then operated by Messrs. Warren and Brunett. I had voyaged with Mr. Brunett, but now I went with Mr. Warren five miles north of the mills to his residence. He was a blacksmith for the Chippewas within my agency, having comfortable buildings, shop, barn, etc. I was now within the limits of my agency, though one hundred and fifty miles from its office. Here I had to remain three weeks for the ice to become good for voyaging with trains, when Mr. Warren conveyed me to Lapointe.

The news of my arrival soon spread to a great distance among the Indians, and several of the chiefs came to see me, and gave me very long talks to send to their great father, the President of the United States, touching their affairs. Feeling an interest in their

welfare, and wishing to accomodate them, and withal, not understanding the *modus operandi* of agents in such matters, I wrote out their talks in full and sent them to the department; but received for my pains a notice that so much writing was not necessary.

In former intercourse with Indians I had learned that it was necessary for an agent, a missionary, or even a trader or visitor among them, to have some surgical instruments, and especially such as are used for pulling teeth, and had supplied myself with this kind. Both Indians and white men, in the lumber business, came from ten to twenty miles to me to pull their decayed and aching teeth. As "practice makes perfect," I soon became an adept at the business, and received many thanks, but no pay.

The Indians are in the habit of naming, not only their own children, but even strangers, agents, etc., as expressive of character; so they called me the *White Rabbit.* I asked for the reason of this. The answer was, "your head is white, and your appearance as innocent and harmless as the rabbit."

Mr. Warren had been a trader twenty-five years, and like most others of that class, had taken "a wife of the daughters of the land." She was seven-eighths Indian, the daughter of a half-breed sub-trader, and a head man in his tribe. She was an excellent cook, and a neat housekeeper, though she could not speak a word of English.

While waiting for the ice to become good, Mr. Warren prepared a horse, and a dog train *La glease*, which were unlike any thing I had ever seen or heard of in civilized life. The one for the horse was eighteen feet long and two feet wide. It was made of two oak boards, each, one foot wide and less than half an inch thick, got out by splitting a clear, straight-rifted log of sufficient size, and then hewing and planing with

the grain of the wood to the required thickness. When the boards were prepared, they were laid side by side and cross-pieces, two inches square attached by screws to the inner side, thus holding them together. The forward end was curved up, like a sled runner, by means of a frame four feet long, fastened on the inner side. To the outside of this frame were attached the shafts by which the horse was to haul and guide the train.

The cross-pieces were about three feet apart; each one had a horizontal half inch hole in each end through which cod line cordage was run from end to end of the train on both sides, to which to lash the loading. The train was loaded by first laying on it deer skins with the hair on, the head towards the forward end of the train, and the others lapped on like shingle. The loading was placed upon these skins, and then the skins drawn up over it, and the whole lashed on by the same kind of cordage, passing zigzag across it and under the horizontal cords. The load, when lashed, is about fifteen or eighteen inches high, rounded on the top and covered with the skins, the hair of which runs back so as to glide along through brush and snow without friction.

This train slid along with ease over glare ice, or hard crusted snow on its broad bottom, leaving scarcely a mark. In soft snow it sunk in about six inches, but moved easily. The train is very limber and passes among trees or over logs or gullies more like a snake than any thing else I could think of; and when riding on it, holding on to the cordage, I thought of riding on a snake's back, twisting and squirming round the trees. The shafts being attached to the outside of the train, if they would pass between trees, the train would.

The dog train was made like the other, only being

half the length and breadth, of one board, and without shafts. When going down hill a man behind with a pole tied to the hind end held it back from running on to the dogs. Two, three, four, or more dogs, harnessed and disciplined, geared like a Dutch team, one after the other, are attached to it, and are governed by the word of mouth without lines.

Feed for the horse was hay and oats. The number of days that would be required to go and come was computed, and the feed for each night was packed by itself, and all lashed on to the train. One of these parcels was hid, in deposit, at each night's camp, to be used on our return, thus lightening the load to the amount of two packages each night, one eaten and the other deposited.

The feed for the dogs consisted of dried fish or flesh of some other kind. About two pounds were given to each dog at night, when unharnessed, after eating which the dogs lay down by the camp fire and lay till morning without tying. They were only fed at night. In the morning they were reharnessed, and without food, traveled till night. They needed no tying to keep them from leaving. But it was not so with the horse; he was tied to the body of a pine or some evergreen tree under which there would be no snow, or if there was snow, it was scraped away. The ground would be covered with twigs of evergreen for his bed; he was blanketed and, if possible, his place was near enough to the fire for him to feel its effects.

As night approached we selected a camping ground in an evergreen thicket, where no wind could be felt, and where dead standing timber could be found of which to make our fires. The dry standing timber was selected for fires because it would ignite and burn more freely than green, or that which though dead was on the ground, and consequently damp.

Our company consisted of Mr. Warren and myself and six voyagers, two of whom worked their passage to get through to the lake. The first day of our journey, having a late start, we only gained ten miles to a half-breed Frenchman's who had a full-blooded Indian wife. She gave us one of the best suppers and breakfasts that I ever ate, consisting of venison, short-cake, coffee, and huckleberry pudding, with vegetables, etc. But sleeping on a puncheon floor was rather harder than on the ground, with twigs of evergreen under me. After this day we made on an average about thirty miles a day, finding but one other house or cabin to sleep in, till we reached Lapointe.

When the camp ground was selected some cleared away the snow which was nearly two feet deep, to do which we carried a wooden shovel along with us; some felled the dry timber and cut it into lengths of eight or ten feet; while another felled an evergreen for the outer twigs. By the time the snow was out of the way on a plat say eighteen feet by twelve, the fire-wood began to come in, and I had gathered dry twigs from the under limbs of the pines, which ignite very easily, and also some dry bark from the fire-wood. Lighting a match and a piece of paper, or the inner flake of birch bark, we soon had a blazing fire and, being protected from the wind by the thick timber, the smoke and sparks ascended as straight as if in a chimney.

To kindle the fire two sticks six inches thick were placed on the ground as a substitute for andirons on which the fire-wood was laid. The fire was in the middle of the cleared spot, leaving room for men to lie between the fire and the snow bank some three feet high at our heads. The ground was strewed with the evergreen twigs, where we slept, over this rush mats were spread, and on the side of the fire occupied

by Mr. Warren and myself, we had a buffalo robe and blanket under us on the mat, and a robe and blanket over us; and having our fur caps on our heads next the snow and our feet near enough to feel the fire, we slept very comfortably. The voyagers, on the opposite side of the fire, had only their blankets, and lay on the mats. But having provided plenty of wood, they kept up the fires all night, and slept comfortably, they said. We had with us an Indian of eighteen or twenty years, very much civilized by living with Mr. Warren, though he spoke no English. He watched the process of lighting the match which, not having seen the like before, much amused as well as surprised him. After witnessing the process two or three times he exclaimed, "*Munitoo ish.*" I inquired for the English of the expression, noticing his surprise, and was told that in English it was, "*The devil is in it;*" meaning the little sticks that ignited so readily from being drawn between the folds of a piece of sand-paper, which was then used for friction matches.

In addition to the trains, horse, and three dogs, we had eight pairs of snow-shoes; one of them intended for me, but which I could not manage. These were to travel over the lands that intervened between the water-courses, on which we traveled when to be had; and in making portages round the falls of the rivers. These shoes became more or less wet from use in the snow, and were set up in the snow bank which surrounded our camping place, to dry. Also the men wet their moccasins, socks, and footings, to dry which some large brush or small trees, with plenty of limbs, were cut and stuck into the ground, it not being frozen under the snow. After supper each man stripped his feet and hung their covering on those little limbs to dry. The snow-shoes being fancifully decorated with fancy colored strings, tassels, and

fringes, when set up around us, had a resemblance of soldiers in uniform, while the foot appendages on the limbs of the little trees had something of the appearance of some strange fruit. On observing these things, new to me, I said to my friend, our camp would be a great addition to a city museum.

After supper every man in camp took a smoke at the pipe. To lengthen out the tobacco the voyagers procured a bush, resembling a red or grayish willow, the bark of which was carefully cleaned of rind, and scraped off and dried, called "kinnikinic." This was mixed with the tobacco and smoked. All being weary, we were soon asleep.

At five o'clock A. M., all were roused up, breakfast prepared and eaten, the horse fed and harnessed, and as soon as there was light enough to see where to go, we started on our way. While we traveled on the rivers, and camped on its banks, we had no trouble in procuring water by cutting a hole through the ice, for which purpose we had a tool called an ice cutter. This tool was a large, thick chisel, having a socket handle into which a pole six or eight feet long was fastened with rivets, and with it ice could be cut away faster than with an ax, when only a hole to dip out of was wanted, and the hole could be cut square through the ice without splashing the water to freeze on the one cutting, as when done with an ax. But one night, when making a ten-mile portage between water-courses, we had to camp on a ridge where no water could be found. There being plenty of snow, however, our cooking kettles were soon over the fire, filled with snow and replenished, till they were full of water.

While traveling on the ice a man with the ice-cutter in his hand kept ahead of the horse a few rods, to pick out the way. If he had any doubts of its safety he would throw the cutter ahead, point foremost, the

length of its pole, and if it went through, he would motion for the horse to stop till he found better ice. These voyagers could generally tell from sight whether the ice was safe for ten rods ahead. And so well did they guide that our horse broke through but twice going and coming, and then in such shallow water that he sprang out without any difficulty; the train being too long to fall into a hole of the size would slide over it.

The route we traveled was up the Chippewa River, and the outlet of Lac Courteriel to that lake, across that we portaged ten miles to the St. Croix River, or rather, the Sturgeon branch of it, thence we went by short portages and along a chain of small lakes, and another ten-mile portage over the high lands which divide the waters of the Mississippi and Lake Superior, to the Mavaise or Bad River. Thence our way led us through a huge white cedar swamp to the head of the bay lying south of Lapointe, and across that Bay to the island Magdalene.

We left Mr. Warren's, now the site of Chippewa City, December 26, 1842, and, as before stated, made but ten miles the first day. I had prepared myself for cold weather, and a continued ride, but preferring to foot it, part of the time at least, rather than ride what so much resembled a big snake, I soon found that my over clothing was a burden, and put first one and then another garment upon the train. This ten miles was enough for the first day, and made in less than half of it. I became very weary, and learned a good lesson about voyaging and how to do it to the best advantage.

At day-break the next morning we were again on our way. From the previous day's lesson, I prepared myself to carry a less burden; so I put my cloak, dress coat, leggings, and boots into the loading, having only a loose overcoat on; on my feet I had too pairs of socks,

moccasins, and buffalo over-shoes. With these on I was warm enough, and sometimes too warm while on foot. When tired I would ride awhile and then foot it again.

On the Courteriel River we found open places and passed some dangerous ones. Some portions of that river pass through swamps that are springy and never freeze. At such places we had to take the land. On the fourth day out we reached the trading post at Lac Courteriel, kept by a Frenchman, who had an Indian wife; but our fare was not like that at the other trader's. I slept on a bed of blankets, but the hard boards under me were not as soft as the boughs of the pine and hemlock on the ground.

Lac Courteriel is nine miles long and three wide, the outlet of which affords one of the best mill powers I ever saw; the fall is not great, but a short dam would give enough of fall. A short distance below were two more lakes, only smaller, surrounded almost by impassable swamps. The land along the main lake, say thirty feet high, is level, and a beautiful site for a town.

After crossing this lake lengthwise we made a ten-mile portage to reach Sturgeon River, a branch of the St. Croix, above Pekigama. This river had to be bridged, it not being frozen on account of its rapid current. But as it was narrow, two trees were felled reaching across it; the limbs of these were lopped down across each other and covered with brush; over this the horse-train was hauled by hand, and the dogs were helped across with their train, while the young Indian rode the horse across at a ford.

On this long portage the snow was nearly two feet deep, and as I could not use the snow-shoes provided for me, I had to ride on the train. The path was but an Indian trail, very narrow, and the trees and brush rubbed so hard against the sides of the train that I

could not have my feet hanging by its side; therefore, I had to sit on the rounded top of the load and hold my feet straight before me; and to keep from rolling off in its constant twisting round and between the trees, I had to hold on to the cording with one hand while I held the reins in the other. Six men on snow-shoes were before me, who tramped the snow about six inches, making a path in which the horse and train followed. The snow-shoes packed the snow so that the train slid along easily. The dog train was behind with one man to attend it.

The pine and other evergreen bushes were covered from top to bottom with snow. Every time the train touched one the snow fell in bushels upon it and upon me, and myself and train were soon covered with it. It was useless to brush it off, for the next moment another avalanche would come down upon us.

At length, on the seventh day, we reached the head of the bay, fifteen miles south of Lapointe, about noon. Expecting to reach the fort—as the trading post is called—that night, after dinner we left all our provisions and cooking implements, hid in a *cache*, to be taken up on our return, and took to the ice on the bay. But to our sad surprise and disappointment we found that water stood on the ice in places under the snow into which the train sunk, and its bottom would soon become covered with ice and cause it to drag so heavily that the horse could not move it, and we had to turn it up and break off the ice; but so much ice still adhered as to make it heavy to drag. This had to be repeated several times in the course of the afternoon. Our progress was so much impeded by this means that, when night came, instead of being in comfortable quarters, we were six miles from the fort with an arm of the lake between us and the island over which we dared not pass in the night.

In this state of things we had to camp as best we could, and the only chance we found along the rock-bound coast was a ravine or chasm in the rocks not wide enough nor smooth enough for us all to lie down as usual. But the worst of it was, we had nothing for ourselves, horse, or dogs to eat, and yet, before night set in to hide it, we were in sight of the fort, where there was plenty. We got up a fire, but being open to the lake winds, the cold blasts of it raked down upon us heavily. We each wrapped up as well as we could, and lay down between the rocks, and while the fire was good we suffered but little. But towards morning the fire got low and I awoke half-frozen and roused up the men who in the dark, by the sense of feeling, found a dry stub of a tree and soon replenished the fire, and we watched the remainder of the night.

When daylight appeared we saw men on the ice between us and the fort after their fishing-nets. To them we steered our course, but found the lake was open between them and the fort, and we must go round three or four miles to get good ice. But to get round we must go three miles back or go across ice that had made the night before, which was about three inches thick. As we had no time to spare, Mr. Warren directed the men what course to take, with the ice-cutter in hand. Setting out in an Indian lope, the speed of which is equal to that of a trotting horse, they went ten or twelve rods ahead. Mr. Warren stood up to guide the horse, with whip in hand, while I took a seat on the hind end of the train, far enough from the horse, if he went down, to save myself. The water under us was known to be one hundred and twenty-five feet deep, and the ice being clear we could see through it. As the horse went upon a quick trot, a crack in the ice on each side, and about four feet from the train, kept pace with us. I think we traveled a full mile over this thin

ice before we came to that which was thicker and firmer, when we turned towards the fort. About eleven o'clock, A. M., January 3, 1843, we reached the fort, and I took lodgings with Dr. Borup, the factor of the American Fur Company, at his request. Mrs. Borup, a quarter-Indian, and one of the most accomplished ladies I ever met with, soon had us a good breakfast of beef-steak, coffee, etc., which relished well after our fast of twenty-four hours. The thermometer that morning was 3° below zero, which on that island was equal to 20° in the interior of the country, the coldest it had then been for that Winter.

The hospitality of fur traders to all strangers and travelers is worthy of special notice. It is characteristic of them. In all my intercourse with them, both as a missionary and agent, I found this to be their invariable custom, and that, too, without any compensation, which they always refused.

The band of Chippewas who resided on this, Magdalene Island, claim to be the original stock from which all the other bands on the south of Lake Superior have gone forth, now numbering about fifty, having in them all about six thousand souls. On my arrival, Buffalo, the chief of this band, now an old man, with his braves called upon me and must have a council. To accommodate us in this, Dr. Borup had a large room in a store-house prepared, where the council was held.

The first thing they demanded was my commission, to know my authority. But as soon as they saw the great seal dangling to the ribbon attached to it, they were satisfied without hearing it read. I had a long talk with them; heard all their wants and wishes, and in turn urged upon them the necessity of their adopting civilized habits, assuring them that if they would work as farmers and mechanics, as white men do, they could live as well and enjoy all the blessings and priv-

ileges incident to civilization; and that, as their agent, I should endeavor to inculcate these principles among them and do all I could to assist and encourage them in such employments. I assured them that work was honorable, as they could see in the position occupied by the whites; and it would contribute to their comfort and happiness, as they could also see that the whites who worked were more comfortable and happy than they were in their present habits.

This address so satisfied Buffalo, though now fifty years of age, that he soon after took a contract to cut cord-wood for the fur company. This he did not only for the profit to himself, but to encourage his men to go and do likewise.

I soon learned that the eldest son of this chief, who was heir apparent to the chiefship, had, previous to this, adopted civilized habits; had built himself a comfortable cabin house, both he and his wife dressing and living like the whites, and perhaps half of the band had done the same. And before a year rolled round, by and with the consent of all the chiefs in council, a new band was organized of this class with this young chief at their head, and were called the "Pantaloon Band," all of whom, men and women, dressed and worked like the whites.

CHAPTER VII.

IN about two weeks I had done all the business of the agency that could be done before the payment came off, and there being no post office by which to make my returns to the department nearer than that at home, I joined Mr. Warren in his return trip and

started for home. The incidents of the return trip were similar to those of the outward one. I need, therefore, to mention only those that were new, one or two of which were of a dangerous character.

On leaving the fort and in crossing the bay we found our path crossed by a crack in the ice, over which foot-men could step only with a long stride. But how to get the horse and dogs over this dangerous chasm, where the water was over one hundred feet deep, was a question of some importance. To go round it would require some hours' travel, and if, in attempting to cross it we should lose our horse, our journey would be at an end. But Mr. Warren had seen dangerous scenes in these wild regions before, and being of a sanguine and persevering temperament, he resolved to try the nighest way. He sent the men to pick out the narrowest place in the chasm, which was not less than two feet, and to stand there as a guide and to be on hand if the horse should fall into the water. Mounting the train, standing, so that he could see where to go, while I sat on the hinder end of it, he started the horse on a trot at the top of his speed. In crossing the chasm the horse stepped one forefoot into it and fell upon his breast on the opposite side; but such was the force with which he was moving, and that of the train behind him, that he slid entirely over the dangerous place, and, springing to his feet, went on as if nothing had been in the way.

At another time, on one of the small lakes at Courteriel, there being a slight thaw, we found ourselves among air-holes and on rotting ice, from the rise of spring water from below, where the water was supposed to be twenty or thirty feet deep. Had we broken through in this place, the horse, if not some of us men, must have perished. The shores of this lake were nothing but quagmires; but as a good Providence had

directed, one spot was frozen over so as to bear the horse, and Mr. Warren's quick eye seeing this, guided the horse to this frozen place, and we reached firm ground in safety. After a portage of a few miles, we took the ice again

But before reaching the mouth of Courteriel River, where it empties into the Chippewa, we came to another of these springy places, and finding it impossible to pass by our upward track, we had to get off on to the land again. In this case there was, if possible, more danger than in the other. Just as the horse reached the miry shore he went down, but by the assistance of all hands he succeeded in getting out among fallen timber, mostly of pines which had been killed by the fires, and had fallen in all imaginable criss-cross directions. Through this timber and over these logs, some of them as high as the horse could jump, we had to cut our way for a mile or more, before we could take the ice again.

Hitherto we had used no tent, nor had any other covering than the tree-tops and the starry heavens. But Mr. Warren, seeing the prospect of rain, had taken on board an oil-cloth, used by the traders to cover their goods when voyaging; and when it rained on us, one night, we cut poles and made a frame over which this cloth was spread, making a shed roof, open to the fire. This protected us from the rain.

The next day the water stood on the ice under the snow, in places, ankle deep. Soon after starting I accidentally slipped into some water which wet my feet, moccasins, and overshoes to the ankles. In riding upon the train with feet thus wet, I soon found myself too cold to endure it, and had to travel on foot to keep warm. But I was unable to keep up with the company, and so had to follow alone. I came up at noon, soon after the fire was kindled, but had not time

to dry or change my foot dress, and, therefore, continued on foot till night. When I reached camp I was very tired, having, as Mr. Warren estimated, traveled forty miles on foot. We were on the river, and the descent aided me in my progress, or I could not have made the distance. The next morning my feet were dry, but my limbs and whole body were too sore and weary to think of footing it, and the water on the ice having frozen solid, I took a seat on the train, where I remained through the day's travel.

In such voyages, and among such people, incidents occur which are new to civilization. One such was as follows: We found occasionally on the ice the bones of a deer which had been but recently picked by the wolves. These bones, if they contained marrow, were picked up by the voyagers, and at night were roasted by the fire till the marrow was cooked, when they were broken and the marrow eaten. At first, my feelings revolted at the sight. But they said the wolves, teeth had not reached the marrow, and the frost had prevented it from spoiling, and affirmed that it was sweet and good. Upon this I was induced to make the trial and found it was so. I was told that it was the invariable custom of Indians and voyagers to gather all such bones in Winter and roast them and eat the marrow.

I said in a former chapter that on our outward trip we deposited oats and hay for the horse, for a night, at such points as we expected to reach each day on our return trip. All of these we found safe except in one instance. In this case a family of migrating Indians had found it, and had used the hay for their beds, and had attempted to boil the oats for food; but, as the oats would not become soft enough to eat, they got angry, and scattered them on the ground, but had not yet used up the bag they were in.

The track we had made in the snow over the land portages, facilitated our return voyage and, having less loading, we traveled faster than when going out. So, on reaching a place of deposit, we took the horse feed on to the train to the camping ground. In the case just mentioned, of the loss of the feed, we had half of the afternoon yet before us, but not enough time to reach the next place of deposit. It was a question of some moment what we should do for the horse. But a rush bottom which lay a few miles below us was thought of, and we hurried off to that, where we let the horse feed on the rushes, while all hands with knives were cutting up enough to supply him at night. This being done, we drove on to a suitable camping place. These rushes, known as scouring-rushes, are quite plenty in this northern region, and are of great use in Winter to travelers and especially to lumbermen, whose cattle winter on them when not in the yoke.

As I said before, two of our outward voyagers worked their passage for the sake of getting to the lake. They remained there, of course. But Mr. Warren's son, William, who was my interpreter, and a sister of Mrs. Warren, and her husband, accompanied us on our homeward voyage. She rode on the train mostly, and was our chief cook in camp. Such a voyage for a white woman would have been not only novel, but rather a severe task; but this one being of Indian blood, and accustomed to such journeys, took it very cheerfully.

We reached Mr. Warren's residence on the sixth day, where we rested for a few days, meantime preparing to voyage to Prairie du Chien. While at this place William killed a deer and, having it hauled to the house, I, not fancying the Indian mode of dressing their game, leaving it bloody and sprinkled with hair, asked the privilege of dressing it myself, which was granted,

of course. I soon had it on a gambrel, and so hung up that the skin and blood were turned off, leaving the meat clean and nice. This pleased the Indians who camped around, never having seen the like before. The head, feet, and inwards they took as a sweet morsel. The body was quartered in butcher style, and sent into the house, a surloin was roasted before a large fire, and so served up with vegetables and other good things, including pies, cakes, coffee, etc., that a city epicure would have relished it. Mrs. Warren was an excellent cook, as before stated, and Mr. Warren admitted that the venison tasted better than if the association of ideas carried our thoughts back to the Indian mode of butchering.

Mr. Warren had a large and select library, an unexpected sight in an Indian country, containing some books that I had never before seen. I availed myself of the delay in going and coming to make free use of these books.

At this place I became acquainted with Michael Cadot, a brother of Mrs. Warren, and a son of the old trader of that name. He was fifty-two years old at this time, and was born at his father's trading post on the Chippewa River, a little below Mr. Warren's house. There were on the prairie, between Mr. Warren's and the falls, several mounds of a singular construction, being round with a deep hole in the middle. He told me that when he was a child, say in 1793 or 1794, the Sauks and Foxes, who then occupied the country at and near Prairie du Chien, came in a war party against the Chippewas, and if they did not throw up the mounds, they at least dug the holes in them, out of which to fight their enemies. But being whipped, they retired and never visited the country again.

Having all things ready, Mr. Warren, myself, and

one voyager took a French train, a short sled, the runners of which were made of plank turned edgeways, and started for Prairie du Chien. Our route was over the country to the Menomonee Mills, then owned by H. S. Allen, Esq., whose wife was of mixed blood, where we met the usual cordial reception afforded by traders and lumbermen. The distance from the Chippewa Falls to this point, near which now stands the flourishing town of Menomonee, was said to be twenty-eight miles, which we made in one day, without a road, the snow having settled by the late thaw, and forming a hard crust, over which the train slid with comparative ease, while the horses' feet sunk in it but little.

From this place we descended the Menomonee River to the Chippewa, and thence down that River to the Mississippi, at the outlet of Lake Pepin. But wishing to cross to the west side, and the outlet of the lake being open, we had to go up the lake several miles to find safe ice, and then make a land portage of three miles to reach a trading post, where Wabasha now stands. This river from the lake for several miles down had never been known to freeze over so as to admit of travel on it but once; that was in the Winter of 1827–8. It was generally open for thirty miles below the lake. The trader told us that he had known it closed of a cold night nearly up to the lake, but one day's sun would open it again for ten, twenty, or thirty miles, according to the state of the weather.

In consequence of this open space we had to take the land, a succession of small lakes, and the St. Francis River, till we reached a point thirty miles from Lake Pepin, when we took the ice on the great river and contin ed on it. The third night we reached Holmes's trading post, where now stands Fountain City.

This night was the coldest of the season. The following night we reached La Crosse, and the next Winneship, and on the sixth got home. Thus we found a house to lodge in every night between the Falls of Chippewa and Prairie du Chien, which could have been done at no time previous to this year.

I reached home February 8, 1843, having been gone three months, and traveled nearly eight hundred miles in the dead of Winter in this cold region, and through an entire wilderness; for the few houses we found were so far apart that they could not constitute it an inhabited country. I had slept on the ground or on puncheon floors the most of the time. But I found these hardships beneficial to my health, for I improved all the time. It required about a month to do up the writing necessary to make my returns to the department, when I made preparations to return to the agency early in the Spring.

In the Summer of 1842, Mr. Stewart, of Detroit, as Commissioner of the United States, treated with the Indians of this agency for the copper region on Lake Superior. Adventurers were wending their way thither in 1843 by the thousand. The country from Prairie du Chien through to Lake Superior had not been explored further than along the river courses, with reference to the fur trade and the lumbering business. The Indian title being now extinguished, it was an object to the government, and also to the territory (Wisconsin), to encourage the settlement of it. Being now in the employ of government, I thought I might render some service to the public by taking an overland voyage, and mark, if not open, a road through the interior and give the public a description of the country. To effect this purpose I arranged to take my son with me, and go on horseback, carrying provisions enough to last from point to point, where our stores could be supplied, and

camping in the woods and on the ground as best we could without a tent.

This being known, twelve miners from the county of Grant, Wisconsin, wishing to go through to the copper mines, solicited the privilege of accompanying us with teams, wagons, etc., carrying a supply of provisions, as well as mining tools. I knew that this would delay our progress, but as nothing called me to Lapointe, specially, till the time of the Indian payment, and as there must of necessity be a road opened, and some bridges built for the teams to pass, it would contribute more to the public good to do so than merely to pass through the country on horseback, and I therefore consented; and the result proved the correctness of the conclusion.

I could find no one who had explored the country more than forty miles north of Prairie du Chien, and only one man who had done this much, and then only in the pursuit of stray horses, though there were hundreds who were born and raised here. Their voyaging had been only along the rivers—on the ice in Winters, and in canoes or boats in the Summers. But when out the previous Winter I learned from Michael Cadot the courses and landmarks from the Falls of Black River to Lapointe, he having traveled and explored the country in hunting and the fur trade. I had learned from Black River lumbermen something of the country a short distance south and east of that River from the falls to the mouth of it. I had also become familiar with the fact that throughout Wisconsin there was a general level on the tops of the bluffs or river hills, so that when once on the top of any bluff, a ridge could be followed, with but slight breaks, to the sources of the rivers in the interior, where they expanded into plains or swamps, and interlocked with the streams and ridges that ran the other way to the great lakes. With

this knowledge I undertook to guide the caravan through this wilderness of prairie openings and dense forests.

Our caravan consisted of three wagons, nine yoke of cattle, three horses, and fourteen men. One of the miners, Mr. Whitaker, had been to Arkansas, Texas, California, and Oregon, and was the best woodsman I ever saw; it was hardly possible for him to get lost, sunshine or cloudy, day or night. While I had to steer by my pocket compass, he as if by instinct would take the right course. He rode a horse as well as myself and son. We started on the 24th of May, 1843, as soon as grass was good, and ten miles out from Prairie du Chien, on the ridge dividing the waters of the Mississippi and the Wisconsin, we passed the last house, and left the last wagon track, and had from thence to find our way as best we could for three or four hundred miles, having only two points to make where we expected to see white men; namely, the Falls of the Black and Chippewa Rivers.

We were sometimes at a loss to know which was the main ridge from some of the spurs which run out from it towards the rivers; the latter, in some cases, being the largest. To keep the teams on the right ridge, the three of us on horses kept in advance as much as possible, or at least where there was any doubt; and if the ridge we had taken proved to be the wrong one we were compelled to go back and find the right one. But after all our care in one instance the teams had to lie still and feed one day while we were ascertaining which way to go.

The fourth or fifth day out one of our men wandered from the camp and got lost among the hills and valleys of the La Crosse River, and could not and did not find his way back. We lay by one day and searched for him, but not finding him we concluded that he must have taken his course down the stream, when he found

himself lost, and gone to La Crosse. This conjecture proved to be true; for, by following the lumbermen's path up the river, he reached Black River Falls as soon as we did, or a little before.

While waiting for the lost man, a lumberman on his way to Black River, having taken our track, came to us in a day and a half from Prairie du Chien, which we judged to be sixty miles. From the position we were then in, I judged that we were in sight of a singular, rough, and jagged looking mound which the Black River lumbermen had described to me as lying a few miles south of the falls. But our new friend insisted that we could not be far enough up the country yet to see that ridge, and as he had once explored the country from those falls over this ridge and on to the head waters of the Kickapoo, he thought he could recognize the place where he crossed the ridge, and we suffered him to guide us. But he could not find his point, and led us off the high ground on to low lands, near where Tomah now stands. Going through swamps and pine plains, some twenty miles round, we struck Black River five miles above the falls.

The mills at the falls were then in the hands of the Mormons, who were getting out lumber to build their city and temple at Nauvoo. We found the river too high to ford, and procured a boat and men from the Mormons to ferry our wagons, horses, and men across, while the cattle swam the river. We camped at the mills.

Our Mormon friends insisted upon my preaching, which I understood was only to get a chance to talk some themselves. But not knowing what good might result, and if not to them, to my own company, and withal feeling a curiosity to hear them and what they could say in favor of their delusions, I consented. Their talk was a curiosity to us all, of course.

On leaving Black River Falls our course was to the north-west. We crossed the heads of the Trempeleau, and struck and crossed the Eau Claire River as we judged about ten miles from its mouth. Here we had to build a raft of drift-wood to ferry over our goods. The cattle could touch bottom enough to keep their course and haul the empty wagons. The men waded and hauled the raft, while we on horseback forded the river, which was about one hundred yards wide at that place.

On reaching the top of the hill, between the Eau Claire and the Chippewa, we saw Mr. Warren's barn, then fifteen miles distant, across the valley of the Chippewa. The barn was forty feet long and fourteen high on the side we saw, and appeared at that distance to be about one-fourth of an inch square. The mills being hid by the timber along the river bank, we could not see them; but knowing the direction of them from the barn, we struck the river opposite the mills. Here we also obtained a boat and men to ferry the wagons, men, and horses over, while the cattle swam across.

We soon reached Mr. Warren's place. Here my interpreter and an Indian guide joined our caravan and we took the dividing lands between the Chippewa and Menomonee Rivers, crossing the latter where it came out of a long chain of lakes. On the first night from Mr. Warren's my two horses strayed away, and we never saw them again. They had ropes to their necks fastened to sticks of wood. We heard in after years that their bones and the ropes were found in a thicket of brush, and they were probably killed by the flies, which were extremely bad in those woods, after they got entangled. My interpreter gave me his horse to ride, while he and my son traveled on foot with the others.

Our route led us near the red pipe-stone hill,

from which the Indians obtained the material of which they made their famous red pipes. This hill or its location they kept a secret from the whites. They regarded it as sacred, and never went to it without leaving an offering of some kind to the Manitou, who they supposed resided there. But as a special favor to me, they allowed a young Indian to show my son and interpreter the sacred spot, going to it by one route, and returning by another, which was their custom; the young Indian leaving the customary offering, a plug of tobacco and some other trifle. But we received a special charge not to let the other Indians know that one of their tribe had led white men to the pipe-stone hill, or it might cost him his life.

From what I could learn of this stone, it will some day be an important article of commerce, and be used for ornamental purposes. It is of a peculiar quality. It is so soft when taken from the quarry that it can be cut with a knife, and polished like marble, but hardens by exposure to the atmosphere. The color is a brownish red, sometimes mingled with white spots. I have never seen it tried in a hot fire, but used as a pipe neither the fire nor the oil of the tobacco makes any impression upon it.

For about two hundred miles of our route we had prairie lands enough to furnish grass for the cattle and horses. But after leaving Mr. Warren's we had a timbered country to the lake, and seldom found grass. When we did, we had to stop and let the animals feed, as they began to fall away in flesh.

Soon after leaving Warren's the Indians became constant visitors, and as constant beggars, so much so that if we had given them all they asked for, we should not have had provisions enough to reach the lake, even if we had killed every ox. The wagons were a great curiosity to them, especially the rolling

of the wheels. But they were jealous of our guide, lest he should get something they did not for his services, and he informed us that he could go no farther. We gave him a good rifle with its bullet molds and let him go. We had with us, however, one of mixed blood who had been through the country and knew it about as well as the Indians, and my interpreter, also, had voyaged through it, and had some knowledge of it, so that we were about as well supplied.

At Lac Courteriel we fell upon the usual track of voyagers, especially over the long portages, only they followed the ice in Winter while we kept the land as near the path as practicable.

From the Chippewa River to Lake Superior over the highest lands between the lake and the waters of the Mississippi, the soil is generally a granite gravel, interspersed with bowlders of various sizes, some of them large enough to make millstones. This the mod ern geologist calls drift, but where it drifted from, or how it got across the great lakes without stopping and filling up those deep excavations, none of them have ever told. To me it is more reasonable to suppose that God made it where it lies.

The general face of the country on the highest lands is level, or slightly rolling, with numerous small lakes, many of which had no visible outlet or inlet, yet the water was pure and clear, and abounded in fish. How they got there no one could tell. The country also abounds in swamps and marshes, across the outlets of which were generally the remains of some old beaver dam which had been cut through by the action of the water. On these dams we crossed the marshes, having to bridge or fill up the little cuts or channels.

We were fifty-two days in this journey, and in all that time we had not over ten days of clear sunshine. The rains were almost incessant. The conse-

quence was that the level lands, the marshes, and the small as well as the large streams we had to cross were all full, the soil on what was otherwise dry ground was very soft, and the loaded wagons sometimes sunk their wheels so deep as to compel the doubling of teams to get out, and that on soil usually dry enough for plowing.

Before reaching Black River we frequently met with snakes of different descriptions, including the yellow and black rattlers. Between the Black and Chippewa Rivers we found a few black ones, or massasaugers; but after crossing the Chippewa, we saw but one garter, or striped snake, about eighteen inches long, and one black-wood snake not over twelve inches long. Toads and frogs are seldom met with.

When yet some sixty miles from Lapointe an Indian came to me, and said that the goods and money for the Indian payment had arrived at Lapointe, and I was needed there immediately. On this I left the caravan in the care and guidance of my half-breed friend, took my son, my interpreter, and a young Indian in his bark canoe and started post haste for Lapointe. After passing a few small lakes with short portages, we came to a ten-mile one to reach the head of Mauvaise or Bad River. In making these portages, the Indian carried his canoe and the paddles, while the rest of us carried our baggage, provisions, cooking utensils, etc., a pretty heavy load for up hill and down dale and without a road except an Indian trail. Our canoe route was the same as our Winter train route till we reached the head of Mauvaise.

Here we put the canoe into the water, where it was but just wide enough to float with us in it, and we had to cut away some brush and limbs of trees to make room to pass. But the stream soon widened, when the stream became deep and sluggish, and very crooked

for several miles, running through a huge marsh, and white cedar swamp.

Soon after emerging from this dismal swamp the current became rapid, and took a turn nine miles round, and came again within a mile or so of where we then were. Myself and son took the portage path across this detour, and the Indian and interpreter managed the canoe round rather than portage it across. We reached the river near half an hour before the canoe came round; and when it hove in sight it was tossing merrily upon the breakers and with the speed of a race-horse. On their upward voyaging the Indians always carried both the canoe and loading over this portage. We were not long in descending the rapid stream to the head of slack water from the lake, where the river widened to from one hundred to two hundred yards and became deep enough for lake vessels to float in.

At the head of slack water another branch of the river came in, and being at the foot of the hills, the land was level, and of a good soil for cultivation, where the Indians and missionaries from Lapointe had fields, called gardens. But the land soon fell off into marshes, which bordered the river for ten or twelve miles, till it reached the lake, on the shore of which a heavy sand-bank had been thrown up across the entire marsh a mile or more through which the water had a narrow outlet. This entire marsh, covering several square miles, is impassable for man or beast, except when frozen. The mouth of the river is nearly closed with sand in a dry Summer, but at this time the high waters had a deep channel into the lake.

This sand-bank was wide enough for a small town; while inside of it was a harbor for a fleet. If the mouth was protected by spiling so as to keep the channel open, vessels of large burden could go up to the foot of

the rapids, where mills and farms could be made to great advantage, the timber being abundant.

On entering the lake seven miles from Lapointe, its long, heavy swell tossed our little canoe so as to give a sensation of seasickness. To avoid this, and to get into smooth water, we passed through a cut in the high sand-ridge which lies between the lake and the bay south of Lapointe, and down the bay till opposite the fort, when we crossed to it. But we found no goods or money in waiting for me, so uncertain are Indian rumors.

The wagons did not arrive till twelve days after we did, making sixty-four days that they were on the way. But a wagon with two men and one yoke of oxen followed our track, and came through in twenty-four days. A day's march before reaching Lapointe, one of the men—they were brothers—got lost while hunting their cattle, and wandered fourteen days in the woods before he was found, and when found he was twenty miles up the lake. He had eaten nothing but a few berries, one fish, and one frog, which he ate raw, having no means to cook them. Some traders voyaging up the lake stopped on shore to cook a meal, when the lost man saw the smoke, and reached the place in time to share the repast. They had heard that a man was lost, and turned back with him to Lapointe. He was a frightful-looking object. His beard had grown out so that he would now be in fashion; his clothes were torn into shreds, and he was more dirty and sun-burnt than he would have been from ordinary travel. His countenance was thin and haggard, his eyes sunken, and the flesh had almost disappeared from his bones. The voyagers had to restrain him from indulging his ravenous appetite for some time, lest he should injure or kill himself.

In August, while waiting for the goods and money

to come, I went with Mr. Oaks, one of the head traders, to Fond du Lac, at the head of Lake Superior, ninety miles, in open Mackinaw boats. His object was to convey some sub-traders to their post, with their Summer outfits for the ensuing Winter trade. There were three boats, each having eight voyagers; and each boat carrying five tons of goods and provisions, part of which was iron. Each boat drew one and a half feet of water, having about as much space above water. Each boat had a sail to use in fair winds, and oars to row in a calm; in head winds we lay by in some harbor. Mr. Oaks's father accompanied us, he being about eighty years of age.

Among the voyagers were Frenchmen, half-breeds (which means any degree of mixed Indian and white blood), and full-blooded Indians who had donned the hat or cap with coat and pants, the insignia of civilization, who had the same pay and performed the same work as white men. Their mode of living was peculiar to that class of men. They drew their rations, consisting of one pound of pork and as much flour each, at night, and they were cooked all at once, for night and morning, and got no more till the next night, when the same was done. Each boat's crew formed one mess, and each one took his turn at cooking. The flour was made into dough and rolled into pieces six inches long and one thick, and boiled with the pork. The pot liquor with the flour that naturally mixed with it in boiling they drank as broth; the dough cakes or lumps they ate as bread with the pork. Each man had his scalping knife, tin cup, tin basin, and spoon. If he wanted a fork, a stick was whittled to a point for this purpose. The camp kettle, in which the pork and dough were boiled, was set in the middle of a circle, and each one helped himself, presuming that one would eat as much as another. If

they should happen to have beans or potatoes they were boiled with the other ingredients; and if by chance they caught a fish or fowl—and they set hooks every night—it was cooked with the rest.

On our return voyage a wild Indian was taken on board to work his passage, he to have rations with the others. He could handle the paddle to good advantage, but knew nothing of the oar. He was awkward at first, but soon became familiar with it and did passable work. At night his rations were drawn and cooked with the others of his boat's crew; but the mess would not allow him to cook for them. They did this themselves, but gave him his full proportion in a separate dish, which he ate by himself, and when the others lay down in their blankets on the sand by the camp-fire he had to lie by himself.

I have said that some of the voyagers were full-blooded Indians who fared as white men and took their turns in cooking; but they would no more eat and sleep with their brother of the wigwam than would the whites. The mere change of clothing changed the rank and fare of the same Indian. If in a blanket and leggings, he was treated as a wild one; but if he put on the habiliments of civilization he was treated as a white man.

But we of the gentleman class messed by ourselves, having our own cook and conveniences, a tent which was carpeted on the sand, and suitable dishes, etc. This difference in fare is the usage, and the voyagers seemed to think nothing of it.

In this lake voyaging in such boats, as night approaches, a harbor is sought for in the mouth of some stream emptying into the lake. Except in extraordinary cases they do not run of nights; and they dare not moor such a boat on a beach of the lake, lest a sudden wind should rise and swamp her. If voyaging in bark canoes that can be unloaded and lifted out

of the water on to dry ground, they camp wherever night overtakes them, if a beach is at hand.

But a Mackinaw boat must have a harbor to float in at night, and these could only be found in the mouths of the streams, and there must be sufficient depth of water for her to float in and out with ease. The mouths of these streams are mostly cut through high sand-banks, thrown up by the surf of the lake and the winds; and it being usually marshy in the rear of them, the mouths frequently get filled up with sand in a dry season. When the rains come and fill up the marsh the water sometimes cuts a new channel into the lake, and it is difficult sometimes for the voyager to tell where the mouth is, or whether the water is deep enough to admit the boat. If the wind and waves are up it is dangerous to approach the shore near enough to determine this question.

Mr. Oaks had been twelve years voyaging on this lake in this kind of boats, but had no rule by which to decide where the harbor was. Here, again, what I learned about water when a boy, came into use. In coasting along as near the shore as was safe, I called the attention of Mr. Oaks to the fact that, in the closed mouths of the stream the willows were dead, while they were green where the water was; and, further, if the lake-swell, meeting the current of the river broke into surf, there was not water enough for his boat to float, but if the lake swell bobbed and danced up and down, without breaking into foam, then there was a depth of water, at least enough for his boat. This he acknowledged was a new thought and worth a great deal to him and all such voyagers, and, being governed by it, found no trouble in finding harbors after that.

The high winds kept us in port some days and drove us back at one time after starting out. On leaving Iron River we found the wind to be heavier than we had

supposed, and the question was raised whether we should return. But the wind was fair, and to return we must head it, and making shore must take the troughs of the seas. I therefore advised to go ahead, setting all the sail the boats could bear, and have all things in order for bailing out water if any should come in. The wind freshened and blew steadily, causing a long even swell. We shipped some water, but none dangerous. I observed, however, that all hands had rather pale faces. I cheered them, and they took courage. We made the ten miles to the mouth of St. Louis River in less than two hours.

On approaching the mouth of the St. Louis, we met the current of the river which flowed into the lake, and the lake-swell meeting this threw the water in such confusion as to render it dangerous to our open boats. To avoid this we kept on one side of the current till we got by the worst of it, and entered into the shoal water, which was caused by an extensive sand-bank thrown up by the surf of the lake across its entire head, say twelve miles.

In times of low water, I was told, the channel into the mouth of this river winds very crookedly through this sand-bank, in which the water is seldom over eight feet deep. But in times of high waters in the river, the current cuts its way straight through into the lake. This was the state of the case now, and with a plummet of thirty feet I could not reach the bottom. The channel, whether straight and deep, or crooked and shallow, is seldom found in the same place two seasons in succession. Consequently, if it is staked or buoyed out one season, it will not indicate the channel for another season. During the Spring freshets the channel runs straight out into the lake; but it becomes crooked from the action of the lake surf after the dry season sets in. The position of the channel when we entered it was

plain to be seen by the motion of the water; the width of it I judged to be two hundred yards.

The entrance, or proper mouth of the river, is of the same width as the channel out of it, say two hundred yards. On the north side, where we landed, the shore was so bold that the largest vessels could land as by a wharf. On entering the harbor we found a bay some ten miles from north-west to south-east, and from one to three miles wide, which was said to be mostly of deep water, so that a large fleet could lie here safely at anchor.

This bay was formed by a sand ridge or peninsula between it and the lake, which was from ten to twenty rods wide and from six to twenty feet high, and mostly covered with Norway pine. This ridge, apparently, was driven up by the surf of the lake and the action of the winds, the work of ages, for some of the trees appeared to be hundreds of years old. In this ridge further north than the present outlet, and about opposite the outlet of the river through an inner ridge, forming the south-westerly side of the bay, there was a low place which had the appearance of an ancient mouth of the river, which, being closed up by sand, the water cut its way through the sand at its present mouth. At the head of this bay Duluth now stands.

Into this bay several streams enter from both the north and south, besides the main river, which comes in from the south-west. The inner shore of the bay was also a long narrow strip of low land, parallel with the outer shore, which had the appearance of once being the shore of the lake through which the river passes, and on which, where now or near to it is located "Superior City," stood the fort of the old North-west Fur Company. Here the American Fur Company had a wharf and a store-house for their goods designed for inland "outfits," brought there by lake vessels.

From this inner shore of the bay, nearly to the foot of the rapids, were spread out a succession of small bays and marshes, including several small islands, through which a channel, very crooked but deep, runs eighteen miles to the trading post at the foot of the rapids. Here was also located, at one time, a Methodist mission called Fond du Lac.

The fort, as depots of the traders are called, of the old North-west Company, at this point was then deemed to be the head of navigation on the lake, and was the depot from which outfits for the interior took their departure, usually in bark canoes, and to which they returned in the Spring with their furs and peltries. It was said to be strongly defensive against Indians, being stockaded, having block-houses at the opposite angles of the quadrangle with six-pounder guns so arranged that each gun could range two angles of it in case of an attack. The gate or entrance was narrow, facing the bay where their vessel in its annual visits landed at a wharf to discharge its loading of goods and provisions and take in the furs gathered for its return voyage. The dwellings and stores faced inward, and being compact, formed in their rear a part of the stockade. The place was thus fortified to guard against Indians, but few of whom were ever admitted inside at a time, lest they should react the scene of Mackinaw and take and destroy the place. The head factor or chief trader, from necessity, was a military commander or petty monarch over both his men and the Indians.

About the year 1795 one of his clerks was murdered by an Indian at an interior post, and the factor proclaimed non-intercourse with the Indians till the murderer was surrendered. This they attempted at first to resist, and gathered in great force about the fort to take it. But a few discharges from the cannon, loaded with grape and canister shot, played such havoc among

them that they retreated, hopeless of success. In a short time their distress became so great from the want of goods, and especially of ammunition, on which they were dependent to take game, that they yielded and surrendered the murderer, who was hung over the pickets in sight of a large assembly of the savages. This was said completely to subdue them, and no more whites were murdered by them.

Along the lake shore are the mouths of several rivers into which these voyagers were in the habit of entering for harbors, and where from time immemorial were camping-grounds. The timber and brush, of course, were cleared away for a short distance, and on these places, as well as on old camping-grounds on the inland canoe routes, I noticed that red and white clover, timothy and redtop grasses were growing. Upon the supposition that seed must be sown before such grasses would grow, it was difficult to account for their growing in such places. The old argument that cattle or birds or the winds could scatter the seed could not apply in this case; for these places had never been visited by cattle nor such birds as hover about civilization, nor could the winds blow the seeds from three to five hundred miles. But if we suppose that "God made the earth to bring forth grass, the herb yielding seed, and the fruit-tree yielding fruit after his kind, whose seed is in itself upon the earth" (Genesis i, 11), then the thing is easily explained, as spontaneous production.

We camped one night in the mouth of Burntwood River, which interlocks with the St. Croix, and is the usual canoe route between the lake and the Mississippi as low as Fort Snelling or below. Here Mr. Oaks bought of the Indians two brook-trout, one of which was twenty-two inches and the other twenty-one inches long. They were taken near the mouth of the river, and were so large that I thought they must be of the

lake species and had strayed up into the river. But I was soon shown the difference. The lake trout have square tails, these notched ones; the lake fish have blunter noses than the river ones, the latter having swifter water to encounter than the former, and the spots on their sides were of brighter colors. Nature seems to have fitted them for their own element. On being dressed and cooked their flesh was a deeper red and had a pleasanter flavor than the lake trout. They were the largest brook trout I ever saw.

Our return voyage was much shorter than the outward one. The boats being light and the weather fair we made better headway. On the whole, the trip was a pleasant one.

While yet waiting for the goods and money, I took some men and explored a hill on the main-land opposite the fort at Lapointe in quest of copper, and found a piece of native copper half as large as my hand. I also obtained from a half-breed a piece of native silver of the value of half a dollar, which he said he took out of a rock on the highlands near the head of the St. Croix River, but he would not tell where, as the Indians would not allow it.

CHAPTER VIII.

IN September, 1843, the company's vessel, a fine sea-rigged schooner, arrived with the goods and money, having two lieutenants and twenty-five soldiers as a guard. And now runners had to be sent out to all the bands of this agency to call in the Indians to the payment. Some of these bands were two hundred or more miles from Lapointe, and ten days were allowed for

the return of the runners and the coming in of the Indians, and it was a matter of surprise to me that they could be gathered in so short a time; but they were on hand in time. Not only the bands who were parties to the treaty, but the Leech Lake and Pigeon River bands, still more distant, were present.

This was the first payment under the treaty of 1842, by which they had ceded the copper lands to the United States, and it produced great excitement among Indians, half-breeds, and the whites who desired to profit by trading with them. Several of this class came from Detroit.

I had been informed by some half-breeds in the Winter previous that certain half-breeds in Canada had formed a conspiracy to take the vessel—being a sail vessel—on her way up the lake, and run her into some harbor on the north side of the lake and divide the goods and money among themselves and disperse, leaving the vessel in the hands of the crew, to return at pleasure. This the traders at Lapointe, and especially Dr. Borup, the chief factor, would not credit, and hooted at the idea. But I felt it my duty to report the fact to the department and ask for a guard to accompany the goods and money in the vessel. This removed the responsibility from me in case the robbery should occur if no guard was ordered. But the guard was ordered, and this precaution proved to be the parent of safety. It transpired that some of the robbers were on the look-out, at Sault St. Mary's, but seeing the guard go on board they gave notice to the others, and no attempt was made on her upward voyage, but they came in their canoes to the place of payment. It would be an easy matter for a dozen canoes full of armed men to take an unarmed vessel on the lake when becalmed, and this was the plan.

The goods were transferred to a large warehouse of

the fur companies, and a sentinel placed before the door. The money was left in the run of the vessel, which was moored at the wharf and a sentinel stationed upon it. The guard was quartered in the warehouse at the wharf, through which all had to pass to reach the vessel, unless they came by water, and in that case the sentinel on board could give the alarm.

Hole-in-the-day, who had learned from the Indians of the intended robbery, even yet, there being perhaps fifty or one hundred of them who thought they could overpower the guard, was on the alert, and in passing round among the tents of these half-breeds in the night overheard them, as they spoke in Chippewa, and learned their plan of procedure. On this he roused up his band, told them of the intended robbery, and placed his braves with loaded guns around the house, and about midnight called me up and informed me of the affair and what he had done. Spies were immediately sent among the Canada half-breeds to watch their movements. Dr. Borup and the officers were called up and informed of the movement. Additional sentinels were posted at and near the vessel, as it was the money they more particularly aimed at now. Lamps in and about the warehouse, on the wharf and the vessel, were set up so that every movement could be seen. On my way to the vessel, in passing the warehouse where the goods were stored, I was met by two stout Indians who forbid my passing till they learned from my interpreter who I was. This showed their vigilance in the matter.

The next day the half-breeds were called to an account, and confronted by Hole-in-the-day and some others who had heard them in their secret council. They, of course, denied the charge. The old chief told which of them he had heard, knowing their voices, and described the tent they were in, and being thus convicted they cowered like whipped dogs, and promised

to behave, or they would have been driven from the place. This event satisfied the officers and the factor that it was not a false alarm, and that the guard was useful if not absolutely necessary for the safety of the goods and money, the whole amounting to eighty-seven thousand dollars.

The Indians might have prevented the robbery after the arrival of the vessel at the fort. But if, as was contemplated, fifty armed men in light canoes had found the vessel without a guard and in a calm which frequently occurs on this lake at this season of the year, she would have been an easy prey. But knowing that she was guarded, no attempt was made to take her on the lake. It was thought that they expected the vessel and guard would return after discharging the load, and that then they could seize at least the money, if not the goods. No other reason could be assigned for their attendance, as they were not parties to the payment.

There was another trouble of a serious nature. Mr. Stewart, Superintendent of Indian Affairs in this region, and who treated with the Indians at this place the year previous for the copper lands, did not call the Pigeon River band, who claimed Isle Royale, to the treaty and make them parties to it, and yet he included that island in the purchase. But these Indians hearing that their island was included in the ceded territory came and claimed a share in the payment. With this they would have been satisfied. But the chiefs and braves who signed the treaty denied their right to payment, and refused to admit them, declaring that they never owned nor sold the island.

I, of course, was authorized to pay only those who signed the treaty, without their consent. To obtain this, I held them in council two days, but to no avail. They would adhere to the treaty as it was read to

them, which did not include the island, but they would not submit to the imputation of selling land that did not belong to them, and then have it paid for out of money and goods due them for what they did own and sell.

The Pigeon River men then offered to sell the island, rather than have difficulty with the government, and especially as the whites had taken possession of it and commenced mining. But I told them that I was not authorized to purchase it. But if they wished, I could receive their proposition and send it to the department for the consideration of the government, and did so. The result was that Mr. Stewart was sent up the next year to compel the chiefs to admit the Pigeon River band to the payment, but did not succeed. I was informed that the chiefs told him to his face that he had cheated them; that he did not read the treaty to them as including that island; if he had they would not have signed it, for they did not own it, and they would not sell their brothers' land without his knowledge and consent. The affair was finally settled by a new treaty including the band in interest and increasing the amount to be paid equal to the proposition made through me. This subject will come up again in the sequel.

Mr. Stewart sent up an agent with the goods and money for me, who, being accustomed to paying Indians, superintended the payment, and, by the aid of a system he had adopted, it was all done up in a few days.

The first thing done was to take a census of the bands, the name of each head of a family with the number in it, including himself, wife, and children at home. Each band was called separately, and each man or woman in the band, who was head of a family, in turn. And as they were called, they came forward and presented as many small sticks as they had mem-

bers in the family, the rest of the band watching to see that there was no fraud committed. But frail human nature showed itself in these sons of the forest, as well as among the whites, for some of them would hand in more sticks than they had persons in their families, and some would have a stick for each child, though he or she were married and had a family of their own to be reported. This was detected at once by their neighbors. The excuses and explanations were curious, ingenious, and often amusing. Some had made a mistake in counting; some had a stick for each child they ever had, but forgot to deduct those that were dead or married; in some cases there were two, three, or four too many sticks. But finally it was believed to be right and all seemed to be satisfied that the census was correct, amounting in all to five thousand and thirty-seven souls. Of these one thousand were men and one thousand and one were women, showing but a small fraction over the ratio of five souls to one man among them. This ratio holds good, generally, among the whites, giving five souls to one voter in estimating population; though some calculate six souls to a voter, because some men do not vote, and because some are aliens and not entitled to vote, and it is thought by some that the whites raise more of their children than do the Indians; but this is doubtful. The increase of the whites we know is greater than that of the Indians, but the deaths among the latter, which diminish them, are in greater ratio among adults than among their children, owing to the pernicious habits they adopt from the whites.

The taking of the census gave rise to another and a very grave question. It was whether their relatives of mixed blood should participate in the payment? It was ascertained that there were about four hundred such in the agency. They insisted upon a share in

the payment, and there were some broad hints that if they were refused, they would join their Canadian relatives and take the money and goods to themselves.

To decide this question the chiefs and head men held several councils, but finally decided to let their relatives share with them, and their names and numbers were included in the census.

There was still another question to be settled before the payment could be made. There were several claims put in for damage from depredations committed by individuals. It had been their habit to pay all such claims out of the general fund. The effect of this rule was to make the honest pay for the ill-doings of the dishonest, in common with the transgressor. The more the general fund was lessened, the less ratio would fall to each head among them. I proposed, therefore, that they establish a law among themselves that he who committed the trespass should pay for it out of his own money or goods, or that his money and goods should be paid to the complainant, when in council the claim was admitted. To this they agreed, as more likely to deter their men from wrong-doing than if the whole should bear the burden.

In settling the question of claims, one man presented a claim for a dog, which an Indian had wantonly shot and which he valued at fifty dollars. It was proved that the dog was valuable as a hunter, but more so, because he had saved the life of a child of his owner, who had fallen into the water and must have drowned if the dog had not sprung in and seized hold of the child's clothes and hauled it to the shore. Many of the Indians knew the dog, and knew of this circumstance, and that the killing of it was uncalled for by any attending circumstances; and the council decided that the man's money payment, about ten dollars, should be paid to the claimant, but his goods

should go to his family because they needed them for the coming Winter.

Another claim was put in for a cow that some Indians had killed and eaten. The fact was not denied, for it was generally known, and the council decided that the money due to the transgressors, I think there were three of them, about ten dollars each, should be given to the claimant. The wisdom and justice of these decisions were applauded, and had a salutary effect upon bad men among them, by deterring them from depredations, knowing that if they did so their own money, and not that of the community, must pay for it.

When the census was completed, the distribution of the goods was made to each family, and tied up in a blanket, and the name of the man attached to it on a piece of paper; the bundle was also numbered, and laid in regular order, so that in calling the rolls, beginning at the bottom, it would call for the last bundle placed on the pile first, and so on till the first name was called last, and the last bundle called for was the first one laid away.

The bills of goods showed the number of guns, blankets, kettles, yards of calico, cloth etc., and these being divided by the number of souls, each family received, as nearly as possible, a just and proper share *pro rata*. The money was divided *pro rata* in the same way, and each head of a family, on receiving his or her money, signed the pay-roll by touching the pen in the hand of the clerk who made a cross-mark after the usual manner in the middle of the name. Such was the system, order, and the expertness of the business in the hands of those accustomed to such things, that it went off with the precision of packing goods in a wholesale store; and though one thousand names were called and as many received a package of goods and a

parcel of money, and signed the pay-roll, the goods and money were delivered, I think, in less than two days after all was ready.

After all was distributed, the boxes in which the money came, each containing a thousand dollars, were counted by the chiefs and found to correspond with the number of thousands stipulated to be paid to them per annum. Then the agent led the chiefs through the warehouse to see that no goods were remaining. Government supplied provisions for the Indians during the payment, which is dealt out daily to the respective chiefs for their bands and distributed by them to the heads of families.

In taking this census I found about four hundred half-breeds (which term means any degree of mixed Indian blood) and as many full-bloods, making eight hundred in all, who lived in more or less of civilized habits. A few of the mixed bloods lived in refinement, being connected with the traders. There were some as accomplished ladies, wives, and daughters of traders, as I ever met with, among the mixed bloods; nor were their sons neglected. These improvements were the fruits of the mission school of the American Board at Mackinaw, which was afterwards broken up, and from what I could learn, without just cause, the charges against the missionaries being unjust and slanderous. But their influence, and the moral effect of their presence so loudly reproved the bad morals of some traders and officers of the army, that to prevent exposure and the consequent disgrace of their lewdness, they charged the crimes of which they were guilty themselves upon the missionaries, and raised such a storm of prejudice that the mission was abandoned. I found amiable women and able business men who were educated at that school, not only on Lake Superior, but at Prairie du Chien on the Mississippi. These when

young were conveyed to Mackinaw in bark canoes by their parents, and returned to their homes in the same way. I also found a number, both male and female, the children of traders, who were sent to the States to be educated, and who, of course, spoke good English. My interpreter was one such, who lost his Indian tongue in three years, but recovered it in a few weeks after his return.

I have said that by order of the chiefs in council their relatives of mixed blood shared with the full-bloods in the payment and got their parcels of goods and money. But the goods, in many instances, were bestowed by them on the poor of their bands, not being suited to their more refined mode of living.

At the general council held at this payment two new bands with their chiefs applied for recognition. They had voluntarily associated under their respective chiefs, but not having been recognized before as sepe rate bands, I deemed it proper and most prudent for me, at least, to submit the matter to *their congress* to decide whether these new bands, as *new States*, should be admitted to their *union* or not. They were admitted. One of these bands was Young Buffalo, of whom I have already spoken.

In one case a chief, who signed the treaty the year before, had died, and the band recognized his son, a youth of eighteen years, as his successor. This the council also sanctioned. The deceased chief was a prominent actor in bringing the others to consent to sell their lands the previous year, and government, to whom it was reported, provided a splendid silver-mounted rifle for him, as a present, over and above his payment. He being dead for whom it was intended, the question arose, who shall have it? But the council unanimously decided that, as the son inherited the office of his father, he should have the perquisites of it. The delivery of

this present to the son was as formal as the delivery of a sword to more civilized warriors. The agent addressed the young chief in presence of all the chiefs and a large crowd of braves, and informed him that it was intended by government as a reward to his father for his fidelity and active services, and the incident was held out as an inducement for others to do likewise, and the hope was expressed that he would show himself to be a worthy son of his worthy father, and show the same fidelity to the government.

The young chief arose with the rifle in his hand and with evident diffidence, but succeeded better than Washington did on the presentation of a sword to him for saving the remains of Braddock's army; for, while the latter could not utter a word, the former did express himself with some degree of eloquence, expressing thanks to the government for the mark of respect thus intended for his deceased father; and knowing as he did the devotion of his father to the interests and wishes of the government, he should imitate him in these particulars, and hoped to show, by his future conduct, that he was worthy of the present he had received.

What made this circumstance of more importance than it otherwise would have been, and made the government more anxious to encourage and reward such devotion, was the fact that among the Indians bordering on this lake there was a lingering attachment to the British, and presents had for many years been bestowed upon them to retain their friendship in case of war as well as to secure their trade on their side of the lake. Until very recently these presents had been annually distributed to Indians from our side of the lake, which had the effect to draw hundreds of our Indians annually to Drummond's Island to receive the presents. The British desisted from this usage, I believe, only from the stern demands of our government.

I found the Indian form of government was a monarchical democracy. Paradoxical as it may seem, it nevertheless is the fact. The chief is a monarch, and was formerly called a king. But he dared do but little without counseling with his braves and obtaining their sanction and consent. If they decided upon any measure he was obliged to execute it, however much against his own inclination. If he could not persuade them to adopt *his* views he was obliged to adopt and carry out *theirs*. And though government dealt only with the chiefs, yet the chiefs received their clew from the braves in council. The only exception to this rule that came under my observation was that of Hole-in-the day, the most prominent chief in the agency, in the case of the Sioux prisoner heretofore mentioned. But even in that case he finally yielded to the wishes of his braves and released the prisoner.

As a general thing the chiefship is hereditary; but, like greater monarchies, sometimes a man of superior prowess enthrones himself. This was the case with Hole-in-the-day, now the most influential chief of the nation. As before stated, the British authorities held on to the affections of the Indians within the territory of the United States after the Revolution, and until after the war of 1812–15 by their presents. Some of the Indians, headed by British agents, had even hoisted the British flag on our soil, around which the Indians rallied as in subjection to that government.

In 1819 Governor Cass, of Michigan Territory, with a few soldiers, visited the Sault St. Mary at the outlet of Lake Superior, and found a British flag waving over our soil, with some thousands of Indians armed for war, ready to defend it. Cass had not men enough to match the hosts of Indians before him, but as bold measures are generally the most successful, he assumed such a course, and with his own hand hauled down the British

and raised our own flag, and then, through an interpreter, called on the friends of our government to rally round it and defend it. Hole-in-the day, then a young man and not a chief—though his mother was a chief's daughter, but having by his daring deeds in war and otherwise established a character for bravery in war and wisdom in council—stepped forward and proclaimed himself in favor of the United States. He was followed by his immediate friends and associates, and eventually swayed the whole mass, and the governor was sustained in his bold measure, and gave the bold and daring young man a chief's medal and a flag, with authority to associate in his band any and all who would volunteer to follow his leadership from any of the other bands. The result was he soon had the most powerful and daring band in the nation or tribe.

In 1825, when Cass and Clark, by order of the government, had the Chippewas, Sioux, Winnebagoes, Iowas, Sauks, and Foxes in council at Prairie du Chien for the purpose of fixing the boundaries of their several tribes and to preserve peace among them, a dispute arose between the Chippewas and Sioux as to the line between them. The Sioux claimed the whole country to Lake Superior, while the Chippewas claimed it from that lake south to the Chippewa, Mississippi, and the Minnesota Rivers. The Sioux' claim was based upon the occupancy of the country by their fathers from time immemorial.

"Well," said Cass, turning to the Chippewas, "on what ground do you base your claim to the country?"

Upon this Hole-in-the-day sprang to his feet with the fierceness of a tiger and said: "We hold it, sir, by the same authority that you hold this country from the British king—by conquest."

"Then," said Cass, "you must have it," and gave them all that they then occupied, not quite as far south

as they claimed, however. This feat and show of statesmanlike wisdom raised him still higher in influence both with the tribe and the government.

There was one more incident connected with this payment worthy of record, showing the result of improvement among them. There were two bands at Keweeweenon, one of whom adhered to the Catholics and were uncultivated, wore the blanket and depended upon the chase and fishing for subsistence, and expected to move with the rest of the tribe from the ceded lands when required to do so by the government. The other band were called the Methodist band, from their adhering to the missionaries of that name.

This Methodist band had, as the natural result of being Christianized, adopted the habits of the whites in dress, and cultivated farms for the principal part of their subsistence, and did not wish to migrate with the tribe when they left the ceded lands. The chief of this band, dressed like a gentleman and speaking tolerable broken English, came to me to know if they could not have their money kept together and buy their farms when the land came into market and stay where they were?

I told him of course they had the same right to enter the public lands that white men, and, especially foreigners, had; but that if they did so they would become citizenized and must pay taxes like the whites. This he said they expected and were willing to do. As they had adopted the religion and habits of the whites they wished to live as they did. Accordingly this chief provided a box, and every man of his band, on receiving his money, gave it to the chief to be kept sacred, to buy their homes with. This they were to do at every payment till the lands came into market. How they kept, or where they hid or deposited the money, I never knew. But as several payments occurred before

their lands came into market they must have accumulated several thousands of dollars, and I have understood that they entered lands enough for every family to have a decent farm, and they or their descendants yet live upon them.

The payment being over, the Indians were soon on the march for their respective homes. The rations provided for the payment not being exhausted, the remnant was divided among them to supply them on their homeward voyage; and as we were some days into October, no time was to be lost in this northern region to get housed before Winter set in.

Government had sent an additional blacksmith and a farmer, who was to instruct the Indians in agriculture on a farm yet to be selected, but where was not yet decided. But it must, of course, be on unceded lands, which lay on the head waters of the Mississippi. It was thought that Sandy Lake was the most eligible site for it, but Hole-in-the-day insisted that there was better land further down the river, at Gull Lake.

There being nothing for me to do more till the next season, and there being no post-office through which I could make my returns to the department nearer than Prairie du Chien, I turned my course for home. I bought a bark canoe eighteen feet long, with mast, sail, oars, flag, paddles, and poles. I had with me my son and a young lawyer whom I had encouraged to go to the lake to get out of the reach of whisky—for none of that was allowed in the Indian country—and he had kept sober during the time. I had also my interpreter and two voyagers, making six in all. The tent with which I voyaged in the overland route we had along for shelter.

There was a considerable fleet of canoes besides two Mackinaw boats belonging to the fur company conveying supplies to their outfits, and also iron, grindstones,

and tools for the Indian blacksmiths' shops. In our fleet were blacksmiths, the farmer, traders, and Indians, all bound to the head of the lake, and most of us to Sandy Lake before separating.

In our coasting along the lake shore we took a track nearer shore than the one we pursued in August, and had a better opportunity to view the coast. Much of this is what is called "iron bound;" that is, a perpendicular sand-rock of the same quality as that which underlies St. Paul and Fort Snelling, Minnesota; and as Nicollet found the surface of Lake Superior about on a level with the Mississippi at Fort Snelling, the presumption is that it is the same stratum that underlies the whole country between the lake and the river, and of the same thickness without any dip either way. On the lake shore the rock is reddish, from the presence of copper, while on the river it is as white as snow. Where the clay bank borders the lake it is also red from the same cause. Over this stratum of sand-rock, to the height of about three hundred and fifty to five hundred feet at the apex, is a granite soil full of bowlders, and from the rock at the Falls of the Wisconsin, Black River, the Chippewa, St. Croix, and Mississippi at Sauk Rapids, it is evident that a stratum of granite rock overlies the sand rock and underlies the gravel soil, which conflicts with the modern geologic theory.

The rock-bound coasts of the lake are what are called "pictured rocks;" not as high as those at the lower part of the lake, but as beautiful, as far as they go. The weather being calm, and the lake smooth, we coasted close to these rocks, and saw palisades and caverns, the latter apparently extending hundreds of feet inwardly, and the long, gentle swell of the lake rushing into them made a noise like distant thunder. It was said that in a heavy swell on the lake the earth over this stratum of rock shakes for some distance inland

from this cause. In some instances spaces between the caverns were washed out, so that the rock above the action of the water stood on columns, and round some of these columns a part of the voyagers passed with their skiffs and canoes. The rock showed about one hundred feet above the water; how far it went below we had no means of knowing, nor how deep the water of the lake was, in its front. From the motion of the water I judged it to be very deep. Over these caverns, the rock overhung the water from twenty to fifty feet.

On the sand-beach between Iron and St. Louis Rivers we found large quantities of black sand, such as was used in those days instead of blotters in writing. It lay on the sand-shore about one inch thick, so compacted that it could be lifted in pieces as large as the hand. It was pure from all dirt, and covered many square rods. We took a few pounds with us for office use; but it is now never employed, or but seldom, for that purpose.

The St. Louis River, from the lake to the foot of the rapids I have already described, at this point was a trading post and a mission; here we had to prepare for another mode of voyaging. Our goods, provisions, tent, etc., had to be put into packages of from eighty to one hundred pounds, each to be carried on men's backs up a steep hill, which I judged to be two hundred and fifty feet high, and for nine miles farther before we could again take water. My two voyagers shouldered the canoe, and carried it one pose, or one thousand paces, laid it down, and rested by returning to the starting-point for a package of some kind which was carried to the same place, and so repeated till the whole, the canoe and loading, were at one spot. Then by the same process the whole was moved another pose, and so on for nine miles. I carried but little myself, but the others of my company assisted in the portaging to

good purpose; and before we reached Sandy Lake had become good voyagers.

In this portage we passed over a granite stratum which overlies the sand rock; and over the granite and mixed with it we found conglomerated rocks of the greatest variety and beauty, intermixed with apparent metallic substances, lead, silver, and copper. The latter was said to abound and has since been found on this ridge or mountain, where it stretches along the north-west angle of the lake.

After navigating the river, stemming a stiff current, and among bowlders for about twenty miles, we came to the "knife portage." This was a stratum of slate lying edges up, which so cut the voyagers' feet through their moccasins that they gave it this name. The river, (St. Louis) for twenty miles or more, was walled in by slate, from ten to twenty feet above water, and how much below we had no means of knowing, and this stratum was known to extend fifteen or twenty miles each way from the river. This portage was to overcome a fall in the river of fourteen feet. We landed inside of a mass of slate which stood in the water. I judged to be one hundred feet long by fifty wide and fifty high. The slate in this mass or island lay in strata, one above another, each about one foot in thickness. There was so little vegetation upon it that the seams could be seen distinctly. The seams of the slate were perpendicular, and some of our company quarried large pieces of it with their knives.

Voyaging in bark canoes on these rapids and among granite bowlders is rather dangerous business. In ascending, the canoe is moved by poles in the hands of one voyager at each end, bow and stern. The passage is often narrow, and between rocks, the current strong, and if a pole breaks or slips upon the rocky bottom, the canoe swings, and if it thus comes upon a rock it is

broken and we are all in danger of drowning before it is possible to reach the shore, besides losing all on board.

In ascending these falls and rapids we saw the granite above the sand-rock, the slate above the granite, and the granite bowlders above that—all throwing modern geological theories into doubt and uncertainty.

At length we reached the mouth of Savannah River, up which we took our course to a five mile portage, to reach Sandy Lake. This little stream heads in a tamarack swamp, runs through a level prairie, or savannah, which gave name to the stream. We worked our way up it till the sides of the canoe rubbed against its grassy banks and in short turns would touch both sides at once. Finally the water became so low that the others had to get out, leaving me in the canoe, and wade and drag the canoe, lifting it over shallow places. But this could be done no longer and I got out and the canoe was unloaded, and the portage commenced. The first twenty rods was in the swamp, where poles had been laid to walk upon; from these we occasionally slipped and went down knee keep in mud and water. This was not very agreeable with eighty or one hundred pounds on the back added to the weight of the body.

We now had to portage over a low ridge five miles to reach a stream that emptied into Sandy Lake. It was a dense forest of various kinds of timber, through which a foot path was opened, and had been traveled for eighty years by Indians and traders passing to and from the head waters of the Mississippi and the head of Lake Superior. We were a part of two days in making this portage, camping at night about midway.

On reaching the stream that led to the lake, as soon as the canoe could float, she was put into the water.

As the water deepened the loading was put in, and when the water was sufficiently deep we all got in, and soon emerged into the lake, on reaching which we met a fierce storm of wind and rain. This we stemmed for five miles, when we reached the fort, or trading post stockaded as a fort. The shape of this lake is that of a spider. The main form of the lake is nearly round, but the estuaries, into each of which a small stream empties, are so numerous and deep that a correct map of it would much resemble a spider with its numerous legs spread out.

It was now the 17th of October, 1843. The snow and rain were falling mingled together, and the ice soon followed and Winter was fast approaching and we were compelled to hurry on our way. The Indians had got ahead of us and passed up and down the Mississippi, as their homes required, and the traders were preparing for Winter.

At this lake was a mission of the Methodist Episcopal Church, under the care of John Johnson, one of the young Indians I took to Jacksonville, Illinois, to school in 1837. He had some converted natives with him, and a small school of Indian children. One of these converts wished to have his child baptized; and as I was to spend the night there, I held divine service at the mission house, and baptized the child. These children of the forest, as soon as Christianized, adopt habits of civilization. One man and his wife, of such, were preparing for their Winter's hunt, the last usage of savage life that they observed, and this he said he should give up as soon as he got a field large enough to raise their food. They had secured the produce of their garden for Spring and Summer use, while cultivating their garden the ensuing year and should return home after sugar making. He assured me that he would not hunt or fish on the Sabbath.

From this place one of my voyagers returned to Lapointe, not being needed in descending the Mississippi. He took a small bark canoe, which he could carry on his back, with his provisions and blanket across the portages at one load, and not having to return and travel back and forth from three to six times, his progress would be more rapid.

We left the fort and mission October 18, 1843, and after passing a short, narrow, but crooked channel of a few rods, the outlet of that lake into the Mississippi, we turned our course towards the south. The great river at this point is about fifty yards wide, but deep and sluggish. This point was estimated and called five hundred miles from Fort Snelling, by the windings of the river, but not more than one hundred and fifty by land on a direct line. This slow, deep current and crooked channel was said to be characteristic of this river from its head to Crow Wing, some two hundred and fifty miles below Sandy Lake, with but one exception of a slight fall one hundred and twenty miles above Sandy Lake. But it is one of the most serpentine streams in the world from its source for seven hundred miles. It is bordered mostly by low, wide bottoms, which in high water are inundated. In the high waters of the past Spring and Summer it was said that in places the river was from ten to fifteen miles wide, from high ground to high ground, but all covered by thick timber except the narrow channel in which we sailed. We seldom saw high and dry ground, but when we did, we saw the high-water mark some forty feet above us as we now rode along. In the winding of the stream we had sometimes to sail from one to three miles to gain from twenty to forty rods. The Indians, if but lightly loaded, portage over these bends and gain time.

A little below the mouth of Crow Wing River, on

the left bank of the Mississippi. Mr. Aitkin, a trader who had then been in the country twenty-five years with his Indian wife, had a fort or trading post. We camped with him for a night. At this point the river has a short curve, is about one hundred yards wide, and the current sets into the curve on the left bank, which is fifty feet high and nearly perpendicular. On the brow of this bank I noticed holes, apparently rifle pits, and inquired what they meant. He said that about seventy years before that time a war party of seventy, from Sandy Lake Chippewas, had descended the river to the mouth of Crow Wing, where they discovered unmistakable signs that a war party of Sioux, some four hundred strong, had gone up the Crow Wing, from which they could portage over to Sandy Lake by a shorter distance than by the river. The signs indicated that they had been gone four days, and that Sandy Lake was their destination. They had left at that lake only a few old men with all their wives and children. They knew that they could not possibly return home in time to save their families, who must all be killed or captured, and they knew that the Sioux must return by this bank, whichever river they descended, and that within three days. They, therefore, dug these pits and awaited the return of the enemy.

The Sioux had taken the village and its inhabitants, and there being no resistance, few if any were killed or injured. They immediately took their prisoners, with all the canoes and spoils they could find, and descended the river in triumph. A few only of the Chippewas being out in the woods from the village, escaped capture. On the third day of the Chippewas' waiting they heard the Sioux coming, singing their song of triumph. Fifty of them were in the rifle pits, and twenty were hid in the bushes on the opposite side of the river on a low bottom. The current setting into

the curve under the high bank brought the Sioux right under the guns of the Chippewas, and at the first fire, which was by a signal, fifty Sioux fell dead.

The canoes were then turned to the other shore, where they met twenty bullets more, killing as many more men. By this time the fifty who first fired had reloaded and were picking off more Sioux, so that about one hundred of them were killed by this first onslaught. As soon as the women, children, and old men who were prisoners heard the firing and saw the Sioux falling round and among them, they knew that their friends were at hand and they sprang into the water and swam ashore.

Meeting the fire from the right bank, the Sioux changed their course again and effected a landing on a low bottom below the rifle pits, on the left bank of the river, and dug rifle-pits for themselves. They had now about three hundred men, while the Chippewas had but the original seventy, with such assistance as the released prisoners could render them. They fought four days and three nights, and on the fourth night the Sioux that had survived, say two hundred of them, left the ground, and the Chippewas, with their families, returned to their village, having lost but few in the battle. This was said to be the last attack the Sioux made upon Sandy Lake.

From Crow Wing the river became more rapid and with less windings, and a succession of rapids and small falls continued to the Falls of St. Anthony with but short spaces of smooth current. We ran them all, however, with our canoe till we reached the great falls. There we portaged by the aid of a Frenchman and his ox cart. Launching our boat again we soon reached Fort Snelling.

The young lawyer I had taken with me in hopes of curing him of his intemperance had kept sober for

several months, while he was where he could not get liquor, and he pledged himself most solemnly never to touch it again. But when we reached Fort Snelling a steamer lay there, and while I was at the fort he went to the steamer and was drunk in less time than I had supposed a man could drink enough for that purpose. I saw no more of him till some time after I reached home, and the last I heard of him he was in a drunkard's grave.

While I had the Indians in council at Lapointe I got them to agree to be at peace and amity with the Sioux. This agreement was drawn up in the form of a treaty, and was signed by all the chiefs. I delivered a copy of it to the Sioux' agent and the commandant of Fort Snelling to procure the assent of the Sioux thereto, which I was afterwards informed was accomplished. It was adhered to about as long as their other treaties of peace and no longer; for in less than a year they were at war again, and will probably continue at it, by spells, till one or both are exterminated.

CHAPTER IX.

THERE were now but four of us left. We made good headway down stream, but just as we entered Lake Pepin a heavy gale from behind struck us. Being out on the lake with no chance to reach shore without taking the troughs of the seas which were rolling up white-caps or foam too high for such an adventure, in which we knew that our frail bark would soon founder, we let her drive before the wind with the sail about half up, and two of us holding it so as to let it go in case there was danger of running under. The stern man, with a

paddle, kept her on her course, but it was hard work, so hard that he broke one paddle, when she began to sway into the troughs of the seas; but he was so quick in catching another that lay in reach that he brought her to before any harm was done. We made such progress that we kept way with the swells; sometimes she rested for a few seconds on the crests of two or three swells at the same time. The gale had come up suddenly, and the swells were short and high. It subsided before we reached the outlet of the lake, yet we run the thirty miles of its length in less than three hours.

At the outlet of Lake Pepin my interpreter, and only remaining voyager, left us to go up the Chippewa River, and thence to Lapointe. This left only myself and son to get home with the canoe; but finding a man who wished to go to La Crosse, ninety miles, and to work his passage we could make out two oars to row, with me to steer; and the wind being favorable we made this ninety miles in a day. That night it snowed, and a steamboat coming down we put the canoe upon a raft and took passage in the steamer and reached home in a few hours early in November. We had been absent six months, and had traveled about sixteen hundred miles, one thousand of them in the canoe.

I mentioned in connection with the payment of the Indians at Lapointe the trouble I had, growing out of the fraud upon the Pigeon River or Isle Royale band by including that island in the treaty of 1842, while the owners of it were not a party to the treaty, and the real parties to the treaty declaring that they never sold the island, and would not admit that band to participate in the payment.

By the time I got home I received intimations that the department at Washington disapproved of my proceedings because I did not compel the parties to the treaty to admit to the payment a band who was not a

party to it, and thus force a recognition of the sale of the island. I concluded that, if in holding an office under government I must be accessory to a palpable fraud, I would hold no such office, and sent in my resignation, having held the office about a year, traveled about two thousand miles, and disbursed in money and goods about one hundred thousand dollars.

On the next payment, that of 1844, Robert Stewart, who had made the treaty, was sent to make it himself and to compel the admission of that band and hold the island. But, as I was informed, the real parties to the treaty utterly refused to do so. They told him plainly that he never said Isle Royale in the treaty, or they would never have signed it. He had, in fact, to do what I did, and no more; and then, to remedy the matter, he had to make another treaty, making the rejected band a party to it and adding to the amount of payments a sum equal to that included in the proposition sent to government through my hands.

In my journeying through a country unknown to the whites, I wrote and sent back as opportunity occurred letters descriptive of the country. These found their way into the public prints and elicited some attention. After my return home and resigning the office I addressed a general, and on some points a minute, description of the country through which I had traveled to Governor Doty, of the territory, bringing into view a vast and fertile portion of the territory. The governor sent this communication to the Legislature, then in session, by whose order it was printed in pamphlet form and scattered over the States as well as the territory at home, and was soon followed by extensive settlements of the country.

In the course of this year my health considerably improved, so that I could preach once a week, and sometimes oftener, at funerals or extra occasions. I

also continued the practice of the law. But as little of interest occurred in this I pass them. Indeed, those years devoted to the bar and to politics now look like blanks in my history, not being purely of a religious nature. But still, to give a faithful narrative of my life requires the mention of secular affairs.

In the Autumn of 1844 sickness began to appear as it never had done before since my residence in the country. The atmosphere had the appearance it had in 1832–3, when the cholera was raging. A physician told me that the bilious diseases of the country were more or less of the cholera type, and some few cases of pure cholera were reported on the river. The Autumn of 1845 had the same appearances, and many were more or less affected, but there were but few deaths.

In 1846 this sickness assumed a more alarming character, and not a family escaped. We then had about seven hundred inhabitants in the town, of whom seven adults and several children died. The deaths occurred in the chief families of the place, and this, more than the number, made an impression abroad that this was a sickly place, and deterred many from settling here who had such settlement in contemplation, though all over the country it was even more fatal than with us. All religious meetings were given up, because enough that were well at a time could not be spared from the sick-rooms to constitute even a small congregation. After the sickness had partially subsided we attempted to hold meetings again, but our assemblies for several weeks amounted to but from eight to twelve.

It was very remarkable that the malaria did not rise to the top of the hills, which are from four hundred to five hundred feet above the river. The winds that season for three months were from the south incessantly, long enough to bring the malaria from the gulf of

Mexico up the valley of the river, which was probably the case.

On the second day of August I was taken down with the fever—a kind of typhoid—and for ten days I was unconscious of any thing; the only time in my life of such an occurrence. My daughter and her husband lay sick in the house at the same time, and my wife was the only person left to care for us all, except some who watched with me of nights.

Soon after our recovery my wife was taken down with the same fever. She recovered, had a relapse, and was recovering again when the rupture of a blood-vessel near the heart caused instant death, October 18, 1846. She had been a professor of religion thirty-five years; was the mother of eight living children, all grown to their majority, and all married except one, who was married soon after her death, the arrangements for it having been previously made. She was fifty-five years of age, had shared my fortunes up and down for thirty-five years, and I trust died in peace.

On the 5th of November, less than three weeks after the death of my wife, Thomas P. Burnett and his wife, my daughter, both died within three hours of each other. They left two young children, a daughter of six years and a son of less than three, with a large amount of property, mostly in real estate. Being the only surviving grand-parent of these children and the next of kin, they and the care of their property naturally and legally fell into my hands. But the handling of the property was an object in the eyes of certain ones who attempted to wrest the children and with them their property from my care. This led to a long series of litigation. The plaintiffs, to compass their object, persecuted and slandered me in every way that diabolical ingenuity could invent. If the property had been my own, I often thought I should have let it go into their

hands and be used up by them, rather than suffer and toil as I did to save it. But as it was, a moral as well as legal obligation rested upon me to care for the helpless children. After spending several years of time, and several thousands of dollars in money in contesting the case, the highest court in the State decided the suits in my favor.

After living in widowhood sixteen months, and finding it "not good for man to be alone," finding, too, that hired housekeepers were not to be depended upon, and having two grandchildren to care for who needed a mother, on the 13th of February, 1848, I married Miss Caroline S. Birge, of Belvidere, Illinois, who proved to be an excellent wife, a good mother, and my own domestic happiness was restored.

In 1849 I attended conference at Plattville, Wisconsin, which continued two weeks on account of two trials; two prominent members of the conference got at variance and each preferred charges against the other. The rule of Discipline then was to take all the evidence in such trials in open conference and to have it written, read to and be signed by the witnesses. The witnesses being numerous on both sides, and each having a long story to tell, the two trials kept the conference the whole of one week, in two sessions a day. The ensuing General Conference very wisely altered this rule, and required the evidence to be taken out of conference, and to be read on the trial. In these cases most if not all of the witnesses who were not preachers had to travel over one hundred miles, and remain a week to be at the trial. It was a matter of surprise that wise men should ever have thought of so absurd a measure as requiring witnesses to attend in person in such cases. But the evil was remedied, as the complaints against it were said to be universal.

In these cases was to be seen the frailty of human

nature, even in the best of men, and the effects of prejudices growing out of misapprehension. One of these brethren had gone within the charge of the other, to act as counsel for a special friend, who was being tried in a case where very erroneous if not maladministration was very clearly to be seen. But the sympathies of the presiding elder and the neighboring preachers were with the administrator, and they brought all their unkind feelings to bear upon the counsel, and tried hard to have him expelled from the Church.

This counselor was and yet is one of the strong men of the Church. He on controversy was and perhaps still is not only strong in argument but very severe in his manner. It was this last feature of the contest that gave the offense. He requested, and the bishop assigned, me as his counsel, and his opponents thought it was my efforts, more than any other, that saved him from expulsion. Their prejudices were in consequence turned upon me, and it was several years before they were removed from their minds. The sum total of the affair, when it was sifted and cleared from the effects of prejudice from misapprehension, was that he erred in going into another's charge and acting as counsel for an accused member when on his trial. If it had been a preacher who was on his trial, there would have been no impropriety in his being his counsel; but, in the case of a lay member who is being tried, it was deemed to be an interference in the administration of another preacher. Owing to the unpleasant state of feeling towards him in the conference, he took a transfer to another conference the following year, where he rose to be a popular and useful presiding elder, a delegate to the General Conference, a strong and able defender of the doctrines and usages of our Church, and an author of some considerable note; all

of which would have been lost to the Church if he had been unjustly expelled.

In 1850 a circuit judge was to be elected by the people, and I was a candidate for the office. I had two opponents, both of them of intemperate habits, and my prospects for an election were very favorable until a short time before the election, when things took a turn, as if caused by an unseen hand. My brethren, both in the ministry and laity, wished me to return to the effective work of the itinerancy, and in this the outsiders, who cared any thing about religious matters, agreed with them. I feared that I should again fail in health. I had made it a rule to preach as often as once each Sabbath while practicing law, and I had the satisfaction of knowing that I had had some influence in checking the profanity of members of the bar, and even the judge, in several instances, showed his respect for my profession by restraining his tongue from profane language in my presence.

But my brethren feared that if I were placed upon the bench, I should have less opportunities for preaching than I then had. Under these views many of them voted for men of intemperate habits in preference to me. Another source of opposition was from the rum-sellers and rum-drinkers. They, or at least some of them, told me plainly that, though they preferred me as a man, yet they should oppose me with all their energies, for if I was elected they should expect no mercy on their traffic.

In this state of things I made it a matter of prayer, submitting the matter to the control of providence. What was duty, was the only question with me. I never in my life felt more submission to the divine control than in this case. Though I do not believe that God is in unison with the rummies, yet he sometimes uses and controls "the wrath of man to his

praise," as well as controls the hearts and actions of his own people to the same purpose. The rummies undoubtedly were in the majority, but they were divided between two of their own "kith and kin." Had the moral and religious part of the people adhered to me, I should have been elected. But as it was I fell behind both of my competitors. I was not at conference, but on the day of the election the conference made me effective, and gave me an appointment as such. From what I could learn, the motives of those who insisted on making me effective were not of the purest character. They were prejudiced against me on account of the result of the trials at conference the year before, and believing that I would not take an effective relation and that they could then locate me, and get rid of me, in case of another trial of the same kind, they urged on the measure when I was not present and succeeded. But they failed in their object.

The news of this action of the conference reached me before the returns of the election came in, and when they came in I received the two events as the voice of Providence, and bowed in submission to the will of God. I concluded that if the people preferred a drunkard for their judge instead of me, I would not serve them in any other capacity, nor practice at the bar under such a judge. I was strongly solicited to accept of the office of district attorney, in which I had served one term; but this I refused, and closed up my legal business as soon as possible, and became again "a man of but one work."

My appointment this year (1850) was Prairie du Chien, my home. So much preaching as was required of a regular pastor was rather hard on me at first; but, suiting the length and force of my efforts to the ability I had, I found that my strength increased from the exercise, in both the voice and the length of the dis-

courses, and for thirteen years I continued in improved health and strength, when I again failed, as will be noticed hereafter.

Though I was not at the Conference of 1850, I directed my presiding elder to donate to the conference whatever was appropriated to me as a superannuated preacher to constitute a fund for the publication of the minutes of the conference. The sum was about sixty dollars. The plan was for each preacher to say how many copies he would take, and pay for them, at cost, at the ensuing conference; and thus annually, the moneys paid in were to constitute the fund for publication. When the conference was divided in 1856 into three, on my motion, each preacher was to pay for his minutes to his own or new conference, to constitute a fund for publishing their minutes. Thus each new conference, as well as the old Wisconsin, had a fund to start upon for publishing their minutes.

At the conference of 1851, at Waukesha, Bishop Waugh desired, as he told me, to appoint me to a district; but his cabinet objecting and overruling him, he appointed me to Mineral Point, about sixty miles from home. The Bishop told me he did not wish me to break up my present home and move my family, because at my age it was uncertain how long I should continue effective, and the loss I should sustain by such a move might not and probably would not be ever made up to me in this new country. So I arranged it with my officiary to visit my family once in three weeks, between Sundays, which gave me three days at home every third week, and one hundred and twenty miles of travel.

On the whole I spent a pleasant year with this people, and I trust a profitable one both to them and myself. Some improvements were made on the church;

a stable was built for the parsonage; the Church records were put in order; and the character and standing of Methodism sustained and advanced.

During this year some incidents occurred rather out of the ordinary routine, and of some interest. At one time in preaching I was led, as by an unseen hand, to speak of the absurdities of Calvinism. I was not aware that one of that creed was present, but my mind being so influenced, I thought it proper that my people should understand the matter to guard them in case of coming in contact with that *ism* at any time.

It so happened that a man was present who was raised a member of Lady Huntingdon's connection, or a Calvinistic Methodist, in England. And supposing that the Bible taught that doctrine, which he could not reconcile to, or with common sense, justice, or equity, nor with his ideas of the character of God, he rejected the Bible. He could not believe that such an absurd doctrine was revealed from or by him; and from this reasoning he became a deist. But when he heard a different doctrine advanced and proved from the Bible, a doctrine consistent with common sense and common justice, he thought the Bible might be true, and contain a revelation from God, after all. And now getting a new clew, "he searched the Scriptures to see if these things were so," and the result was his conviction of sin, and his conversion to God.

At one time a "professor" came along lecturing on geology. Some of my young men asked me if it was best for them to attend the course of lectures he proposed. I had paid no attention to this subject for twenty-five years, when I supposed the French infidel theory, which was intended to subvert the Bible, had been sufficiently refuted and the world had settled down in the truth of the Mosaic account of the creation, and wishing to encourage my young men in the pur-

suit of useful knowledge, I advised them to attend, and entered myself as a member of the class, hoping to learn something new, or at least be confirmed in the truth in this matter consistent with the Bible.

But to my utter astonishment and surprise, as well as indignation, though he professed to believe the Bible, his theories flatly contradicted it. I found his faith in that blessed book was as he understood it when read through the rocks or through geological eyes. He affirmed that the world had been progressing in its growth and development for millions of ages—no one could tell how many—that the *days* of creation, as given by Moses, were not common days of twenty-four hours, but *epochs* or *eras* of time of indefinite and indeterminable lengths, probably of millions of years each.

At this my young men wished to know of me, if the Bible did not mean as it read in one place, how do we know it does in another? And if doubt was thrown over that book in its very beginning, what could remove that doubt as to its whole?

These questions I could not answer in the negative if his theories were correct. The creative fiat of God was ignored, and all must be resolved into materialism or atheism. But as the "professor" gave his pupils the privilege of asking questions at the close of his lectures, I availed myself of it and asked several, and he was soon so astounded, confounded, and confused that he declined attempting to answer any more.

"Sir, you say that the six days of creation, as given by Moses, were not common days of twenty-four hours each, but epochs or eras of time, embracing perhaps millions of years?"

"Yes, geology says so."

"Well, were not the first seven days of the same length?"

"Yes, I suppose they were."

"Then the seventh, or Sabbath day, was not a common day of twenty-four hours, but an epoch or era of perhaps millions of years in which God rested from his labors. Are we not now in that period of rest in which we are not allowed to do any ordinary work? And if not, how is man to obtain his bread by the sweat of his brow? And what propriety or consistency is there in the command, 'Six days shalt thou labor and do all thy work; but the seventh day is the Sabbath of the Lord thy God,' etc. 'For in six days the Lord made heaven and earth . . . and rested the seventh.'"

"I do n't know."

"You say that the center of the earth is a mass of granite and quartz, or primitive rock in a state of fusion; and that a crust of fifty miles in thickness has hardened, on which we live?" [Chemical analysis has now established the fact that granite and quartz can not melt. They may be burned to powder, but not melt. The idea of a molten mass of it at the center of the globe is thus exploded into visionary air.]

"Yes, geology says so. And geologists have come to this conclusion from the fact that a descent into the earth of forty-five feet gives one degree of heat, and at this rate of descent fifty miles would give such a degree of heat as to melt granite and quartz."

"Is not the surface of the ocean about the medium of the surface of the earth or near that?"

"I suppose it is."

"Well, how deep has the ocean been fathomed?"

"About twenty-three thousand feet." [It has since been found to be twenty-seven thousand feet.]

"Well, now, divide that by forty-five, and it gives 511° of heat. 212° puts water into vapor, and as the heated water in a caldron rises to the surface while the cold descends, and so on till the whole mass is alike

heated, and wallops about in great confusion, so, if your theory is correct, I should think the ocean would be like a boiling caldron, and that the fish in it would be pretty thoroughly cooked."

"Oh, but the rule do n't apply to the ocean."

"Why not?"

"Why, why, the crust of the earth is depressed under the ocean, so as to bring its bottom to an equal temperature with the surface of the earth."

"But you said that the surface of the ocean was about the medium of the earth's surface."

"I know I said so, but I did n't think."

"Well, you have a map hung up on the wall representing the center of the globe as a mass of fire and the crust of the earth round it. And out of that crust you have scooped the hollow bed of the ocean. Now, if the bottom of the ocean is at an equal temperature of heat with the surface of the earth, why did you not extend that crust to fifty miles in thickness under the ocean?"

"Ahem; I can't answer every question."

"Well, you say that the three hundred volcanoes on the earth are so many chimneys to let off the steam and surplus matter that is in fusion at the center. Now, if a kettle has water or any other substance in it which boils over, is not that which is thrown out of the same nature as that which is within?"

"Yes, I suppose so."

"Well, did you ever know, hear, or read of the eruptions of a volcano being granite and quartz? Are they not invariably lava and pumice stone, etc.?"

"I do n't know as I did. They are lava, etc."

"You say that the granite and quartz are the *primitive* rocks, the original or first formation, and that other kinds of rock are of the secondary formation; that the secondary lies above the primitive, but that the upheavings of earthquakes and other convulsions

of nature have, in some cases, turned them over or given dips to the strata."

"Yes, that is the view taken of the subject by geologists."

"Well, admitting that earthquakes have done this in some places, does that prove that this has been universal?"

"No, I suppose not."

"Well, there are large districts of this North-west where the granite lies above the sand-rock, a secondary formation, as you call it, and yet there is no appearance or evidence of any convulsion of nature. One of these is the Baraboo Ridge or Mountain, lying north and west of the Wisconsin River, some six hundred feet high, all the upper part of which is granite in regular formation, while on its southern base the white sand-rock crops out. And this same stratum crops out along the bluffs to the Mississippi, growing higher above the river as the river descends, and the same stratum can be traced from Prairie du Chien, at the mouth of the Wisconsin, up the Mississippi, growing lower as you ascend the rise of the river, till it disappears under St. Paul and St. Anthony's Falls. It is seen no more in going north till you reach the southern shore of Lake Superior, where it crops out at the water's edge, and within a few feet of the same level above the sea. The rock at the lake is of the same quality, only being reddened from the copper which overlies it, as that which disappears at the Mississippi; all going to show that the sand-rock stratum is on the same level from the Baraboo hills, opposite Portage City, to Lake Superior. Over this stratum are regular strata of granite rocks, and over and mixed with it a layer of granite soil mixed with bowlders of the same quality. All this conflicts with and refutes your theories."

"I know that there are some difficulties attending

our science, but, as a general thing, we believe we are correct."

"Well, here is another difficulty. You speak of the granite soils and bowlders that overlie the secondary formations as being *drift*, brought to its present position by the action of water. Now, where did it drift from?"

"I don't know; but some geologists suppose it came from the north-east somewhere."

"But this involves an impossibility. The whole interior of Wisconsin, Minnesota, and Northern Iowa, except from ten to fifty miles each side of the Mississippi, is covered with this drift, while Lakes Superior, Huron, and Michigan, nine hundred feet deep, lie to the north-east of it. It was utterly impossible for this vast amount of granite soil, gravel, and bowlders to have been drifted across those lakes without filling up their deep beds, and to talk of the *ice* bringing it over those depths is equally futile; for, first, the quantity is too great to have been thus carted; and, second, those lakes never freeze over, and any quantity of ice on their bosoms would soon melt away and leave their loading in the bottoms of the lakes. And if you could get the drift across the lakes, why did the mighty flood which brought it stop depositing its cargo from say fifty miles east of the Mississippi, pass over the chasm in the hills which forms the valley of that river, five hundred feet deep, and commence its deposits again fifty miles west of the river and continue to do so nearly to the Missouri river?"

"Oh, there are many things in nature that we can't comprehend, but I have no doubt all these problems will yet be solved."

"You seem to attribute the formation of the earth to nature, or to what you call the laws of nature, the old and long since exploded atheistical notion. Why not admit at once the creative act of God in all this?

Could not the infinite wisdom and power of God vary the works of creation by his almighty fiat without the intervention of a process requiring millions on millions of years to accomplish his purpose?"

"I suppose he could."

"Well, would it not be more appropriate and comport better with the idea of Infinite wisdom and power, to suppose that his works would bear a resemblance to his character in their infinite variety, than to attribute the great variety in nature to accident or chance?"

"I suppose it would. But geologists think that natural causes produce this variety."

"But this attempt to ignore the Creator and attribute the existence of the earth and its peculiar formation to nature is not consistent with a belief in God or what is revealed of him in the Bible."

"Oh, but I believe the Bible as firmly as any man, only I read and understand it in accordance with the revelations made by the rocks."

"But if your interpretation of the rocks contradicts the plain, common sense of the Bible, one or the other must be false and not to be relied upon. You speak of the great masses of rock and other earthly matter thrown out by those volcanoes. Now, if the crust you speak of was formed upon the surface of this melted mass, and such immense amounts of the melted rocks are thrown out as to form the immense mountains out of which those chimneys rise, will there not be a vacuum under the crust?"

"I suppose so."

"Well, when the water, a liquid, is crusted over with ice, if the water falls, and a vacuum is formed, the ice falls, and the water from below it rushes through the cracks up to its surface. Is there not danger of the earth's crust thus falling in, and the subterranean fires rushing upon the surface?"

"I do n't know but it might."

"Well, sir, did you ever know fires to continue without fuel to supply them?"

"No; not that I know of."

"Well, what supplies these subterranean fires with fuel?"

"I do n't know."

"Is it not a law of nature that heat radiates?"

"Of course it is."

"Well, allowing the earth to be eight thousand miles in diameter, it would be four thousand miles from the center to the surface, fifty miles, or one-eightieth, of which you call the crust of the earth. Now, call this forty inches, one-half inch of which is crust, to thirty-nine and a half inches of heat at so high a degree as to melt primitive rock; would not such heat radiate through such a crust?"

"I do n't know."

"You tell us that the earth at first was a molten mass of granite and quartz, and in process of time, perhaps millions of years, it accumulated moisture, which became condensed into water which cooled the surface and formed the crust. Was it ever known that a red-hot iron accumulated moisture, on its red-hot surface?"

"I do n't know."

"You have said that the crust when first formed had on it high peaks of granite and quartz called primitive rock, and that the water which overflowed them caused a *débris* from these peaks which settled down and constituted the secondary rocks, such as sand-stone, lime, slate, etc. Is there any thing chemical in the action of water to turn the *débris* of granite into sandstone, limestone, slate, etc.? Would it not be granite still?"

"I can 't tell."

"You refer us to Hitchcock's 'Geology' for the data of your theories. Can you tell why he selected but

five or six mines, and them of the least depth, out of some two thousand five hundred which are wrought in England?"

"I do n't know, unless it was because they suited his purpose."

"I presume so. And either he was grossly ignorant of the existence of numerous and deeper mines, where it is colder instead of hotter as they descend, or he intended to mislead and deceive his readers for the sake of sustaining a false theory. For there are men here (in Mineral Point) who have wrought in the mines he has selected, and also in others not far distant from them, of twice the depth, that are so cold, that they were obliged to wear the thickest of woolen clothes to keep warm. The mines he selects are only from twelve to fourteen hundred feet deep, yielding copper, and in them the iron and sulphur come in contact, which accounts for the heat; while in the tin and other mines twenty-four hundred feet deep, where there is no iron or sulphur, it was very cold. My informants were born and raised in Cornwall; they are Christian men, whose intelligence and high moral character forbid a question of their veracity. One of them, a respectable clergyman, told me that he had seen icicles as large as his arm one hundred and fifty feet below the surface of the ground, and that in a country lying so near to the sea that snow and ice are seldom over three inches deep. The reason he gave for it was, that a cross shaft, constructed for the admission of air, admitted the cold air from above. But if it was really true that heat increases by descent into the earth, the cold wind from above ought to have been moderated by the time it got thus far down in the ground. One of these men tells me that he has wrought in granite mines where on one side of the crevice the rock was so hard that the pick would hardly affect it and the fire would roll out at

every blow, while on the other side the same kind of rock was so soft that it required planking to prevent its caving in upon the workmen. And it was so cold that with the heaviest of woolen clothing on, they were obliged to be constantly active to keep comfortably warm. These mines were from eighteen to twenty-four hundred feet deep. The same man also tells me that he had been to California and wrought in the granite and quartz mines, with a similar difference in texture; some rocks so hard that the drill would hardly affect them, while close at hand would be the same kind of rocks so soft that the hammer would break them to pieces. Now, how am I to reconcile these facts with your theory?"

"I don't know; I only give the matter as recorded by such men as Dr. Hitchcock and John Pye Smith, noted authors on this subject."

"But if your authorities conflict with common sense, and well-attested facts, whom shall I believe?"

"Why, I suppose men must exercise their own judgment in such cases."

"Well, one more question and I shall be done. You argue that because the Mississippi has been running about six thousand years, or since the world took its present form, and yet the trees deposited in its alluvial bottoms have not been petrified, nor the annual deposits of the alluvium turned into stone, therefore the epochs or eras, or Bible days, in which the changes from water to dry land, and the formation of trees, herbs, and grass must have been much longer than six thousand years, perhaps millions. Now the facts in reference to petrification, however mysterious, do not sustain your theory. In Vermont it is said there is a lake that turns wood into stone in a few months, used generally for hones or oil-stones; while in other lakes in the same vicinity the water has no such effect on

wood. An Ohio geologist in California, lately, found a spring in the side of a mountain which petrified wood in three months, while other springs close at hand, one of them scalding hot, and others cold, would not do it. There was lately a man in Baltimore, Maryland, who was required to move the remains of a dead wife who had been in the grave eighteen years, as the public authorities wished to run a street through the cemetery; he found her body to be petrified in full form and shape, even to the features, while other corpses were nothing but dust and bones. A man in Marquette County, Wisconsin, about to change his residence, and desiring to remove the remains of his wife who had been dead four years, found her to be solid stone. These facts show that the laws of petrefaction are such as not to turn every thing into stone which is placed in the earth, nor does it require ages on ages to petrify, when such a work is done. How do you reconcile these facts with your theory?"

"I can't answer every question that may be asked; and we'll proceed with our illustrations."

Upon this I left, and my young men followed, not relishing such infidelity in the disguise of "Science, falsely so called." And to save my young men from the evil effects of such doctrine, I took the matter into the pulpit. This drew out a crowd, for considerable interest was now felt in the community, pro and con, some swallowed the theory of the geologist because it was dubbed "a science," and tried to reconcile the Bible to it, instead of reconciling it to the Bible. The lecturer heard me; and then replied in the Presbyterian Church, and I heard him. I rejoined and he closed up, so far as the debate was concerned, and left the place. But I continued some time to discourse on the subject on Sunday nights, till it was thought his theories were sufficiently exploded.

In his reply to me, and his general exhibit and defense of his system, he took the position that all the agency the Creator had in the formation of this globe was to create the raw material of which it is composed so far back in the vista of time as to border upon eternity, and that no language or figures could compute it; that some fortuitous circumstance, of which no one had any knowledge, formed out of the original, this globe, as meteors are formed in the atmosphere. It was, at first, a mass of liquid fire, and formed itself into a globe by its own motion on its axis, and in its orbit. That in process of time this ball of fire drew around it a vapor, which condensed and became water, and covered the fiery mass and cooled its surface which now forms its crust; that the primitive rock so called cooled in high mountain peaks, knobs, and ridges, and the action of the water, that covered them, caused a *débris* to settle in the valleys, which formed the secondary rocks.

Some time during this process of cooling and secondary formation, the lower species of animal life came into existence, how or by what means he did not tell us, whether by chance, accident, or a creative fiat. But this secondary formation was so long in its progress that this first species of animal life ran its race; specimens of it were petrified and deposited in these secondary rocks for the edification and enlightenment of a future and more intelligent species, who might chance to examine and "read the rocks." Another species followed, and became extinct, and then another, each successor rising to a higher grade till at last *man* came upon the earth, who in turn would be followed by a still higher grade, and so on, still rising till they exceeded the angels of heaven. And from any thing I could learn if his theory were true, this gradation would go on till it would result in a race of beings equal to God, if not a generation of gods themselves.

There was no recognition of the plastic hand of the Creator in it since the first original or mushroom starting-point. His theory was that of the atheist, or materialist, who starts man from the egg or spawn—deposited by what or whom? But its existence is presumed, whether with or without a cause. This egg becomes a tadpole, then a frog, then a monkey, an ape, a baboon, and finally a man; and what the next will be who can tell?

This consummate nonsense, the equal of which can be found only in the Buddhist's account of the origin of *his* gods, is believed by men eminent in other respects in philosophy, theology, and the various useful sciences. It is taught in our colleges and high-schools as a truth; and woe to him who has the temerity to doubt its veracity. He is put down as a numskull, too far behind the times to be recognized among the intelligent. If the term *monomania* will apply at all to such vagaries, it should do so in this case. I must say honestly before God that I was not surprised in the least when I read that Hugh Miller, its great teacher, if not its father, went crazy and committed suicide. The only wonder is that more of the same stripe do not go and do likewise.

The pastor of the Protestant Episcopal Church having no service at night, and believing with me on the subject, was generally in attendance when I discoursed upon it. But the Presbyterians of both schools, being so fascinated with the word *science*, improperly given to this humbuggery, and without seeing its infidel influence against the Bible, joined with the geologist, as did also every professed skeptic in town, who chuckled over the idea that the professed believers in the Bible were advocating a theory which, as they thought, proved that it could not be, or contain, a revelation from God. The believers in the pretended science, however, were greatly in the minority in the community at large.

CHAPTER X.

OUR conference for 1852 met in July at Fond du Lac, Wisconsin. It fell to me, according to appointment, to preach the conference missionary sermon. To prepare myself with authentic statistics, and to give each denomination due credit, I applied to some one or more of each to supply me with their statistics, and in doing so I visited the Roman Catholic priest at Mineral Point, and asked for his numbers in the State. He was an Irishman, having all the sanguine bluntness of his class strongly developed.

I informed him who I was and my object, and asked him how many Catholics they claimed to have in Wisconsin. He replied rather gruffly, "Our almanac says seventy-five thousand; but our almanac lies, I know it does, for we know that four millions of Catholics have emigrated to the United States in the last twenty-five years, and they ought to have increased at least two millions by this time, so as to give us six millions now; but instead of that our almanac don't give us quite two millions now in all the States, so I know that it lies."

The query struck me, "How do you *know* about that many emigrants?" And upon further inquiry I learned that they, in Europe, kept a registry of the emigration of their people to this country. And I called to mind that about that length of time back it went the rounds of the papers that the Catholic propaganda, located in Austria, I think, was encouraging emigration to the United States, and especially paupers who would be supported here by the public, but could vote as soon as naturalized, or in some States as soon as they declared

their intentions to become citizens, and they, with the Catholics already here could hold the balance of power between political parties, and sell their votes to the party who would grant them the most favors, and thus gain a controlling influence in our country, and possibly, by changing the constitution, get Catholicism established by law as it is in some European states.

The party in power at that time, and for some years previous and since, whose motto was, "To the victors belong the spoils," it was well known, had the Catholic vote, and promised office and employment demanding pay from the public treasury, and were well remunerated, as the police regulations of our principal cities amply testify. An attempt was made in several prominent cities to have the school moneys divided *pro rata* between Catholics and Protestants, so that Catholic schools could be supported at the public expense, and thus prevent the moral effect from having their children educated with "heretics." But they were too late in the day. For though the Catholics were in the ascendancy in those cities, or at least in wards of them, they had become too much Americanized to advocate such exclusive and sectarian measures, and the bishops of Cincinnati, Detroit, and Boston, if not New York also, were defeated in their attempts thus to control a portion of the public funds.

At the conference I preached, at the appointed time, and after preaching near a hundred of us strolled away to the Catholic church, which was near by, to see the farce of raising a monstrous big cross, perhaps thirty-five feet high, stained mahogany color, the corners of the timber tinned over, and the top and transverse piece decorated with ribbons. The priest was a Frenchman, traveling through the country and holding protracted meetings, or "missions," as they are named. He had

been in Fond du Lac about a week, and had all the Catholics in town and country around it, French, Irish, German, and English, engaged for a week, six times a day, saying mass and listening to his instructions.

At the beginning of his meeting he set all the men at work—that he could induce to do so—at the cross. At the raising they first carried it round the square on hand-spikes, and bringing it, foot foremost, to the place prepared for it to stand in, raised it into a frame-work, the platform of which was about seven feet high. As soon as it was up and the key-timber put in, the priest ran up a ladder and stood on this platform and addressed the people. He spoke first in French and then in English.

He told them to look to that cross for their salvation. "Wherever you may be, or whatever may be your trouble, or need of help, look towards this cross, and you shall be saved." He did not say a word about looking to Christ, but the burden of his discourse was about that cross and the Virgin Mary. To the Irish he said, "You had better go back to your own country. I know that this is a better country to live in than Ireland, but if you stay here you will lose your religion and your souls, and you had better go back to Ireland and starve." This was just after the famine there. "If you stay here you will surely lose your souls. The reason I have for saying this is, we know that four millions of Catholics have emigrated to this country from Europe, a large portion of them from Ireland, within the last twenty-five years, who ought to have increased to sixl millions by this time; but, instead of that, there are now less than two millions of Catholics in the United States including all that were here before and their descendants. Over four millions gone in twenty-five years. At this rate Catholicism will become extinct in this country in twenty-five years more; so that I know, if you

stay here, you will all be lost; somehow our religion melts away before the institutions of this country and the increase of wealth like snow before the sun. I heard of this state of things in my own country, France, and I volunteered as a missionary to visit this country and conduct these missions in hopes of rousing the faithful from their slumbers and of saving your souls. I conduct such missions wherever I go, and this is the twenty-fifth one I have held since I came into the States, and I intend to continue them till I have visited every Catholic Church in the land."

At the close of this harangue I thought to myself, "the fools are not all dead yet." Whether he continued his labors till he visited every Catholic Church in the States or not I never learned. But I presume he did not, for his labors were like laws written in the sand, washed out by the next shower. For as soon as he was gone his people returned to their old habits, nor did they like the idea of returning to Europe to starve for the sake of continuing in the embrace of "the mother of harlots."

In that bombastic discourse this Frenchman unwittingly said some true things. It is true that the effects of our free institutions, the increase of wealth and the rise in social position of foreign-born Catholics has a tendency to weaken their attachments to "mother church," even among the emigrants themselves; but in their children of the first, and most surely the second generation, when mixed with the Protestant element of the country, it becomes greatly modified and in many instances obliterated.

But now comes the query, What has become of that four millions of Catholics who were sent to this country to control our elections, and by that means control the country? All the converts from that class in the country do not amount to over one hundred thousand

communicants. Allowing each communicant to carry with him or her four adherents, it would give but five hundred thousand. Where are the others?

It is probable that hundreds of thousands who were counted as Catholics in Europe, and were professedly so, because they were under restraint to be so, on coming to this country threw off all restraint and openly professed what they really were in the old country—infidelity. In that country none could "buy or sell," or enjoy the franchises of citizenship, "without the mark of the beast in their hands or on their foreheads." Such a system leads to infidelity. But infidelity finds no scruples of conscience in professing the national religion if their pecuniary interests would be promoted thereby. But in this country they threw off their hypocrisy and openly professed what they were in heart. This, together with the tens of thousands who have been converted to God since they reached America, will account in part for the declension complained of. But it is most likely that the Catholic priests greatly exaggerated the original number, for the United States census, at no decade, gives the number of foreign-born people at so high a figure as would be necessary to allow such numbers of Catholics, besides the Protestants.

At this conference—1852—we had a case of discipline on hand of rather a novel character, eliciting new questions of ecclesiastical law. A preacher who was appointed to one of our most important stations had been "lording it over God's heritage" till he nearly broke up the Church, expelling some and allowing others to withdraw to avoid expulsion, and the presiding elder of the district had winked at it, if not participated in it.

It appeared from the investigation of the matter that the preacher's conduct was disapproved of by

several prominent members, but failing to convince him of his errors, they preferred charges against him to the presiding elder. This functionary gave the preacher a copy of the charges, with notice of the time of trial, fixing it some weeks ahead. But before the time of trial the preacher arraigned those who signed the charges for slandering his character, and selected a committee of his own friends or tools and sat as accuser and judge in his own case, proving the complaint by the copy of charges preferred against himself, calling it slander. On this evidence and ruling of the chair the committee found the accused brethren guilty, whereupon the preacher expelled them. When the presiding elder came round he rejected the complaint against the preacher on the ground that the accusers were not members of the church. They were members when they signed the complaint, but had been expelled because they signed it.

Upon this three other members of the Church signed the same complaint, and the same process, and expulsion and rejection of the complaint followed. By this time the members who disapproved of the conduct of both the preacher and the presiding elder, seeing no redress and being threatened with expulsion for their disapproval, calling it also slander, withdrew from the Church.

The expelled and withdrawn persons, about fifty in all, memorialized the conference, stating all the facts in the case, averring that they were Methodists, and wished to be in the Church, and prayed the conference to inquire into the case and provide such relief for them as justice and equity demanded. There were also charges preferred against both the preacher and presiding elder; those against the presiding elder for maladministration, those against the preacher not only for maladministration, but also unchristian conduct, involving falsehood and dishonesty.

The presiding elder and preacher thus accused raised the question and insisted that the complaints could not be received nor acted upon, because those who signed them as complainants were not members of the Church. But with the exception of the two named, the conference and the bishop, Ames, were unanimous in the opinion that the conference had a general supervisory control over all the societies in the conference limits, and that the complaints ought to be received and inquired into. A committee was appointed, under the rule of discipline, to inquire into and prepare the matter for conference action, of which I was made chairman. The result was, the presiding elder was censured, reproved, and removed from the presiding eldership, and a list of charges and specifications were preferred against the preacher for gross maladministration and for immoral and unchristian conduct.

But as the witnesses were in Madison, seventy-five miles distant, and could not be convened so as to try the matter at that session of the conference, the accused preacher was left without an appointment, and a committee was appointed to investigate the matter at the seat of the difficulty, with an elder to preside, other than the presiding elder of the district, with instructions that if the accused was acquitted by the committee the presiding elder of the district should employ him; but if found guilty, and was suspended, his case should lie over till the next conference. That committee met, and the accused preacher was suspended.

The order of the conference was that the preacher appointed to Madison should restore to membership all who had been thus expelled or had withdrawn under the peculiar circumstances of the case. On my way home from conference I spent the first Sabbath after conference in Madison, and for and on behalf of the preacher appointed to it, preached and announced to

the afflicted Church the action of the conference in their case, with which all seemed to be satisfied.

My own appointment from this conference (1852) was Patch Grove, a circuit from twelve to twenty-four miles from home. An excellent local preacher, Robert Langley, was given me as a supply colleague, who afterwards was admitted to the traveling connection. We had a pleasant and a profitable year, and so much increase that the quarterly conference, at the close of the year, asked for a division of the circuit, which was made.

The conference for 1853 met at Baraboo, Wis. At this conference the trial of the preacher previously mentioned came off, and he was suspended indefinitely from his ministerial functions. He would probably have been expelled, but a doubt as to his sanity of mind was raised from the evidence in the case, which, if true, as many seemed to believe, took off the moral turpitude of his misdoings and made indefinite suspension the most proper.

At this conference a majority of the preachers unknown to me, and certainly unsolicited by me, presented a written request to Bishop Scott to appoint me to a district. There was opposition in the cabinet, of course; but the bishop exercised the prerogatives of his office, and appointed me over the heads of a majority of his cabinet.

My appointment was Prairie du Chien mission district. It extended one hundred and fifty miles on the Mississippi River, and seventy miles east from it, a very hilly and sparsely settled country, requiring four times the travel and as much or more preaching as any circuit in the district.

La Crosse, in my district, was, that year, made a station with but eleven members. This was done at the instance of Judge C. K. Lord, who pledged himself

for the support of the preacher, a single man, of his choice. The Baptists and Congregationalists had each a church in the place and settled pastors. We had a small unfinished church. Several Methodist families who had moved into the place were enticed into one or the other of those churches, on the ground of *respectability*, and because we had no settled or stationed pastor, and it was argued that, however respectable Methodism was in other places, it could never rise to that standard in that place, because these other churches had the start and the vantage ground. But they did not and could not thus inveigle the judge and his excellent lady who had recently moved into the place.

When I reached the place I found that the settled ministers were conducting their proselyting scheme with as much dexterity as if it was actually a part of their theological training, as I long since suspected it was, and they had got our preacher unwittingly to think favorably of their kind of union meetings; but they intended to get us to thrash the bush while they caught the birds. Of this kind of union I had seen too much in other days to be now caught with chaff. This probably was the first time our preacher had fallen into such hands, and having a catholic soul he did not suspect their design till I opened his eyes. Union among Christians, upon terms of equality, I am favorable to, but a union to be all on one side and be made to play into the hands of others, but nothing into ours, is not agreeable to my views of propriety, and I would not submit to it.

At my first visit our little unfinished church could not be occupied, and we had to use the court-house and other places as we could get the chance. But at my second visit the church was finished and neatly and comfortably seated. Brother Tasker's talents had commanded a respectable congregation, and finding a yield-

ing in the congregation to the truths of the Gospel, indicating a ripeness for a revival, we protracted the meeting for two weeks. Those proselyting ministers, ever on the alert, now became very loving, and seeing a movement among the people were on hand several nights. Seeing penitents come to the altar for prayers, they showed quite an anxiety to know who they were, that they might visit them. One of them had the audacity to inquire of Brother Tasker for their names and residence, but he had got too wide awake by this time to gratify them.

On the second night five were converted. I opened the door of the Church to admit them on trial, if they wished, and I took the opportunity to give a lecture on proselyting and its consummate meanness. I said that I would as soon steal my neighbor's sheep or rob his hen-roost as to fish for and proselyte my neighbor's converts. I told the young converts, publicly, so that all could hear, that if they wanted or preferred to be any thing else than Methodists to go to them. But if they were Methodists, and meant to serve God in the Church in which they had been called and converted, to join at once, and that would cut off all proselyting and prevent their being run down by proselyters and perplexed and thrown into doubts and darkness, which was one of the schemes resorted to, for they could not succeed so well with *live* converts as with those in doubts and darkness. We wanted none but volunteers; we detested proselyting. They all joined.

The next night we had several more conversions. At the close I opened the doors of the Church and repeated my lecture on proselyting, and all the new converts joined. At this our proselyting neighbors gave up the chase and attended no more of our meetings, being hopeless of game. We continued on pleasantly for the two weeks, and twenty-four gave in their

names, being all but one of the converts. That one was the son of a Baptist deacon, who was very anxious for a *union* meeting, but the father forbade the son's joining us, though he besought him for permission with tears and entreaties. This zealous father was willing to unite with us and allow us to thrash the bush if we would allow him and his like to catch the birds, but was unwilling that his son should join the people who, under God, had saved him.

At the close of our meeting the two anxious ministers and their zealous deacons, in order to profit by or from our meeting, commenced a protracted effort of their own in partnership. The first sermon preached by them, as I was told, was against all noise, excitement, and confusion, as they called it, when the happy soul rejoiced and praised God. As might be expected, they had a very *still* meeting, for though they continued six weeks, day and night, not a soul was awakened or converted; and at the close of their meeting the Baptist man took the deacon's son into the water and ice as the door of his church.

On the next Sabbath, after leaving La Crosse at my quarterly-meeting at Viroqua, at the special request of some friends, I preached my sermon on baptism. This produced considerable excitement among the Campbellites, who were rather strong in the place, and had browbeaten every body else who differed from them on the mode and subjects of baptism till our people had become weary from it, and hence requested the sermon. The result was, after fluttering and flouncing awhile, they settled down into a more peaceful mood, content to live and let live.

One of my quarterly-meetings this year was held on the north bank of Black River, one hundred and ten miles from home. The roads were bad from rains, the weather cold, the house we met in was built for the

occasion as well as a school, of wet logs and slabs just from the mill. It was situated in a thick pine grove, and, being but poorly lighted, was a dark place. The congregation did not exceed fifty persons of both sexes and all ages, and we had but eight souls, in all, at the sacrament of the Lord's-supper, three of whom were preachers, traveling and local. But still the promise of the Savior to be where two or three have assembled in his name was fulfilled. For he was there, and that to bless.

A local brother, who was present and traveled with me twenty-eight miles through the mud and sand to reach the place, soon after visited his native home in the State of New York, and at a love-feast there related the incident as illustrating the privations and toils of our frontier work. After the meeting the presiding elder asked him who his Wisconsin presiding elder was who had gone so far and in so bad roads to hold a quarterly-meeting. And when he learned my name, and thought awhile, he replied, "Oh, that is the Indian man," intimating by his gestures that it might do for such a man, and in such a country, but not for us in this more civilized land, having more comfortable circuits and stations. He must have forgotten the days, toils, and privations of Newman and other fathers who first carried the Gospel to that region, then as much a wilderness as Wisconsin ever was.

In the course of this year I ascertained that there were at least two hundred in the district who had been Methodists prior to their coming to Wisconsin and Minnesota Some of them had totally backslidden, some partially so and some had joined other Churches; nor were we behind other Churches in this respect, in proportion to numbers. But as revivals occurred, the half-dead and lukewarm became quickened, the backslidden many of them reclaimed, and

many new ones converted; so that at the close of the year we had a little more than doubled our numbers in the district.

In one of my appointments in Minnesota, including Winona, I found neither preacher nor people, nor a place to preach in, and scarcely a lodging. The preacher was a probationer, who did not go to his work, and whom I never saw and, of course, at the ensuing conference he was not continued on trial. Finding no preacher on the work, I obtained a local brother to supply it part of the year, and he gathered up about thirty members in a large range of country. He traveled on foot, often wading streams waist deep; and at other times in traveling through the tall grass after a shower, or when covered with the dew in the morning, he would be wet to the waist, and even to the shoulders.

In 1854 our conference met at Janesville, Wisconsin, August 30th. We had during the session some of the hottest weather of the season. In the conference room with doors and windows open, we could with the help of fans hardly get breath. But in the cabinet, with nine presiding elders and the bishop cooped up in a little chamber with the door closed and but one window, it was hot work and hard to breathe, to say the least of it.

At this conference was opened, to me at least, a new leaf in cabinet business. One presiding elder whose term of four years had expired, and who had been a leading spirit and wire-worker in the council, and my greatest opponent, thinking he could control the conference as he had the cabinet, in preparing for the future, had arranged with another presiding elder whose term had not expired, to exchange districts. He was so sanguine in his calculations that he had gone into his intended new district and built, or

contracted for the building of, a house for his new residence.

Some of the preachers got wind of the movement, and their patience under his administration being exhausted, informed the others of the affair, and a resolution was introduced and passed requesting the bishop not to reappoint to a district any brother who had been four years in succession on one, until he had been at least two years off. This resolution passed almost unanimously. One of the movers in it whispered in my ear that it was intended to keep L. from being reappointed.

In the cabinet that night the question came up about the exchange. The bishop asked if it would be agreeable to the preachers and people in the district to have the change made. The answer was "Yes, the boys expect it." The bishop then asked the objectionable presiding elder if it would be agreeable to him.

"It would," he said, assuming a manner that indicated that it would be a cross and a sacrifice for him to do so, notwithstanding the arrangement was one of his own concocting, "were it not for that resolution; if that was intended for me I should feel some delicacy in taking it."

Upon this all the presiding elders except myself said that the resolution was not intended for him, but for another who had now been off the district one year, and it was feared that he would be appointed to the vacant one; but it was desired to keep him another year in his station, where his services were much needed. When they had got through I told the bishop that I was informed by one of the movers of the resolution that it was intended to prevent the reappointment of the man in question. But as I was alone, of course what I said had no effect with the bishop, the majority being against me.

But the question was asked the bishop if he should pay any attention to the resolution. He said he should if it did not conflict with what he thought to be necessary for the good of the work. But being influenced by the majority, who were in their present places from the motion of the unacceptable man, he made the exchange. I said no more; but I thought to myself he would hear from it again.

The next morning one of the movers ascertained what had been done, and got up a remonstrance which, before conference convened, was signed by a large majority of its members, and was presented to the bishop soon after he took the chair. This remonstrance was signed by all the preachers from the two districts, as well as some of other districts. It may be proper to say neither myself nor any other presiding elder knew or had any hand in getting up either the resolution or the remonstrance; it was entirely the work of others.

When the cabinet met that night, the bishop presented the remonstrance, and said he must be governed by it. I mildly reminded him of what I had said the night before, of which he now had the proof, and left him and the rest of them to their own reflections. The question then came up as to who of the cabinet had let out the secret; when one of the friends of the deposed man said that such a brother, suspecting it, had put the question to him in such a way that he could not deny it without telling an untruth, and he had to answer in the affirmative.

It was but one year since by the request of a majority of the conference I was appointed to a district and, of course, to the cabinet, against the wishes of this man and his supporters, and now he is deposed at the request of a like majority.

The poor fellow took it very hard. He talked of locating and of a transfer to another conference, as he

deemed it a disgrace to go down from a district to a circuit or station; his notion was that "once a bishop, always a bishop." But finally it was fixed that he should take an agency in the tract cause, so that the letting down, as they called it, should not be so great in appearance. In his agency, however, he succeeded no better than he did on the district. I, of course, made no show of satisfaction, but I could not avoid the thought that "the mete he measured to me was measured to him again," even with full measure "pressed down and running over," and that without any agency whatever on my part. I could not reconcile his course to the laws of purity of heart, such managing and wire-working, and I continued in the cabinet long enough to see it pretty well purged of such men, or such as would be their pliant tools.

I was returned to my district, now enlarged to sixteen circuits and stations. This drove me to the necessity of holding some quarterly-meetings on week-days between Sabbaths, or of sending a substitute to some, of the propriety and legality of which, as the Church Discipline then stood, I had some doubts. Some charges preferred this to having quarterly-meeting, without embracing a Sabbath. But I found week-day quarterly-meetings, where I tried it, a failure, except in one place, where the people preferring my presence to that of a substitute, devoted two days entirely to that purpose.

In the course of this year I came in contact with the spirit rappers, or modern necromancers. I found one good woman in the Church who was of a very nervous temperament, and was nearly out of her reason from this influence of the devil. She assured me that it was nothing of her seeking, but it very much annoyed her and marred or nearly destroyed her peace of mind.

By some accident she fell among those who were possessed of this evil spirit, who said she was a *writing* medium. Out of mere curiosity, not having any faith in the thing, she took a pen in hand, and, to her astonishment, her hand moved in writing involuntarily. The writing was her own, which was poor at best, but the matter written she declared was not her own. An invisible power controlled and moved her hand and guided the pen, the words or ideas written being from the same invisible source. She could give no reason for the movement of her hand; it moved without her will or control. But her mind was badly affected by it, and it seemed, she said, as if she were losing both her reason and peace of mind.

I assured her that it was the direct influence of the devil, and that she might know this by its fruits as readily as she could a tree, and that she must desist from trying the experiment, or she would lose her reason and probably her soul. This she admitted to be true from what she had experienced already; but she did not know how to get rid of it. She said the spirit was constantly moving and inciting her to write.

I told her that if she would "resist the devil he would flee from her." It was a temptation, and must be resisted as such, and to pray against it as she would against any onslaught of the evil one; to pray for grace to enable her to overcome the tempter. I charged her not to listen to any one, however high or respectable, or however high their pretensions to religion or goodness, at her peril. Her nervous temperament, the result of a severe and nearly fatal attack of the small-pox, was such that if she dallied or tampered with it, the enemy would get the advantage, and she would be lost. She took my advice and was entirely relieved from the evil influence, but afterward yielded and fell into adultery.

Another excellent women told me that these evil spirits came about her, and rapped on the stove-pipe and sides of the house. She inquired who and what they were; if it was the devil, for him to say so, when a single rap, signifying yes, was the answer.

"Well, what do you want of me?"

A rap signifying a wish to converse, was the reply.

"Go away, then, I want nothing to do with you."

Some of her neighbors who were carried away with this delusion had told her that she was a rapping medium, and she had listened to their folly till she became acquainted with the meaning of the raps. But being satisfied that the invisible spirit was that of the devil, she resisted, and got rid of the annoyance.

Another, a preacher, told me that the spirits had greatly troubled him. He had felt the bed rise under him, as if a great dog had risen up under it. At other times he heard rappings on the head-board, and when he asked if it was the devil, got the rap for "yes," in answer. He, also, resisted and prayed and got rid of it.

The spirit-rappers were rampant in several places in my district, and several of our members had been led astray by them. In some cases professed infidels had been converted into a belief of the existence of a spirit-world, and of the immortality of the soul, and even professed to embrace Christianity through this means. It was also said that the arch-infidel, Robert Owen, in Scotland, had been converted in the same way. This had great influence in misleading some professors of religion, and it certainly had an evil tendency in that direction. It was argued that it must be a good thing thus to convert people from infidelity, not thinking that the devil had transformed himself into an angel of light that he might the more effectually deceive the people.

To meet this enemy and expose the demoniacal character of it, I resorted to the Bible, our only safe guide, in trying the spirits that appear in the world. I selected those passages which speak of necromancy, witches, wizards, familiar spirits, etc., and showed the strong resemblance between the operations of those ancient peepings, mutterings, etc., and the rappings, writings, etc., of these moderns. I adduced as evidence of its evil origin the rule of our Savior, that a tree could be known by its fruits.

This fruit is clearly infidel, and in opposition to the Bible. Their pretended revelations bear strong evidence upon their face of being of Satanic origin, because they are in opposition to the Word of God. Another evidence of its evil origin lies in the fact that more than one thousand of its votaries are said to have lost their reason and become demoniacs. The wickedness of a majority of its followers, its free-loveism, repudiating the marriage contract, and the barefaced adulteries and fornications it leads to show that it emanated from hell.

The various attempts of the learned to account for the effects produced by the spirits on natural principles or laws of nature, have proved to be as futile and unsatisfactory as the *ism* itself. To call it electricity, animal magnetism, or the like, is sheer nonsense. The tilting of tables and chairs, or the ringing of bells and the flying of tongs, fire-shovels, fire-pokers, and other heavy substances, shows that something more than electricity was in the operation. A dry board is not a conductor of electricity. A wet one, or the water in it, may be, but a dry one is not.

The devil is presumed to know the past, and may reveal to the minds of his dupes what is past, but he can not tell what is but one moment in the future. Having had long experience in the operation of cause

and effect, he may *guess* of the future and sometimes be right. His repeated failures to tell the *thoughts* of men when they have not been expressed, proves that he is not a discerner of the thoughts or hearts of men further than expressed.

If he could raise whirlwinds, tempests, and cause fire or lightning to fall upon Job's sheep and kill or consume them, and if he could cover that patriarch with boils, when not restrained, he has power enough; if men or women will fool with him, to tilt tables, chairs, or other heavy substances, and to rap or cause the willing hand to write. And he has cunning enough to do those things to order.

It is the spirit of the times to account for creation itself on natural principles or upon natural laws, ignoring the Creator, and of course, if the works of the devil are clearly visible, they must be accounted for on the same principle of natural law. But all such attempts are as futile as they are delusive. The best way is to give things, and especially such matters as this, their proper and appropriate names, and to "beware lest any man spoil you through philosophy and vain deceit, after the tradition of men, after the rudiments of the world and not after Christ." (Col. ii, 8.)

CHAPTER XI.

OUR Conference for 1855 met at Racine, Wis. The election of delegates for the General Conference to meet in Indianapolis, Ind., came off. Antislavery ran high at this time, and the brethren gave me the go-by, as they said, from a fear that I was not sufficiently radical on that subject, but I was so near an election

that, by taking the two highest below an election for reserve delegates, I fell into that list.

Our conference had become unwieldily large, both in territory and numbers. It included all of the States of Wisconsin and Minnesota, and measures were taken to petition the ensuing General Conference to divide us into two or three conferences. All agreed that Minnesota and the north-west corner of Wisconsin ought to be set off by itself, but it was a grave question with some whether there should be a West Wisconsin Conference or not. We had now over two hundred preachers, and only twenty-six would be set off into Minnesota, leaving nearly two hundred in the remaining part of the conference; and with the increase we had had for four years past, we should in four years to come have three hundred preachers to accommodate at conference, besides the local preachers who came in for ordination, and the agents, editors, and visitors from abroad, the latter of whom were numerous in those days, with floating transfers in their pockets, looking through the ecclesiastical market for good stations, and if they could be assured of one they were ready to hand in their transfers or obtain one.

I took the ground that two conferences in Wisconsin were required for the good of the work and the accommodation of both preachers and people. The majority of the preachers were in the eastern part of the State and within what was left to the Wisconsin conference, and the largest societies were in that part, and hence the conferences were voted to meet, usually, in that part of the State, requiring us from the west to travel upon an average two hundred miles to the seat of it, at an average expense of at least ten dollars, making for the whole conference an expense of about two thousand dollars to go to and return from its sessions. It was found impossible for the largest societies we had to

accommodate a conference unless outsiders and other Churches opened their doors for our accommodation. Almost every year the preachers were invited *not* to bring their wives, as their accommodation would be difficult.

The objection urged against setting off the West Wisconsin Conference was the fear that we should withdraw our patronage from the Lawrence University, the location of which is in the geographical limits of the Wisconsin Conference. But in reply we urged that if we were to be taxed at the rate of one thousand dollars a year in the shape of traveling expenses in going to and from conference, to benefit that institution, we would drop it as quick as we would a hot iron. We could patronize it just as well and as much in a separate conference as we could if in a conference of the whole together. At this they yielded the point, and the resolution passed to ask for three conferences to be made out of the old Wisconsin one, fixing the boundaries between them.

But the east part of the conference had all the delegates except one, who belonged to Minnesota, all of whom had opposed the formation of the West Wisconsin Conference, and it was feared that they would do nothing to favor it, if they did not oppose it in General Conference, whereupon the brethren urged me to attend it, and lobby the division through.

Accordingly, in May, 1856, I went to Indianapolis, Indiana, for this purpose. I found our delegates had blocked up the way, and if I or some one else had not been there we should have been left in the old conference subject to all the inconveniences of large conferences. But going before the committee on boundaries, and stating the facts of the case fully and fairly, the committee was satisfied of the necessity of the division, and so reported, which was adopted by the General

Conference. But our delegates found it convenient to be out of their seats at the time, and voted neither for nor against the measure. We knew of but one exception in our new conference to the arrangement, all the rest were satisfied.

While at Indianapolis, I went to Madison, on the Ohio River, to preach, where thirty-seven years before I had preached considerably. The place had greatly changed, of course, as well as the people; I found but two or three members who recognized me. The Winter previous had been the severest we had ever known in the West, killing both fruit and ornamental trees. We in Wisconsin thought we had fared worse than our more Southern neighbors. But I found the fruit trees, and especially the peaches, were injured badly, and many of them killed to the ground all through Illinois, Indiana, and Ohio, where I traveled, and came home tolerably contented with our climate.

I returned home by the way of Kenton, Ohio, to visit a younger brother whom I had not seen in sixteen years. While with him I visited Columbus, and to note the difference in its appearance then from what it was when I first saw it in 1819, showed the rapid growth of Western cities. The change between 1835 and now was very great, and from reports it must be still on the march of prosperity. The new State-house, said to have cost half a million of dollars, showed great taste, but I thought the windows were very small in proportion to the size of the building. Indeed, from the outside it looked more like a prison than a legislative hall of a noble and free State. In this trip I traveled sixteen hundred and fifty miles, mostly by rail.

In the Winter of 1855–6, as before intimated, we had very severe weather in our country. The snow fell before the ground was frozen, and lying on all Winter, the ground remained unfrozen. Owing to

this, the fruit and ornamental trees had a start of sap early, and then by freezing were killed, as before remarked. The snow was from one and a half to two and a half feet deep.

But an incident of deeper interest was connected with this deep snow and crust. At the fall of the snow I was seventy miles from home in the east part of my district, on wheels. The roads were not broken; in the low grounds the rain had settled under the snow, was but partially frozen, and consequently the wheels as well as the horses broke through the crust, and though I had two horses, and was alone in the buggy, the animals were so much exhausted as often to stop from sheer fatigue. At length I reached the place of my quarterly-meeting on Saturday morning.

I immediately procured a workman who, before night, had made me a temporary sled. We had a good meeting on the Sabbath, and on Monday morning, the leading road towards home being now broken, I took the wheels off the buggy and lashed it tight to the sled, the pole being the pole for the sled, and lashed the wheels under and behind the buggy, on the sled. With this temporary rig I made my way home in two days. Dr. Elliott, then editor of the *Western Christian Advocate*, on publishing an account of this singular adventure, expressed the opinion that "none but a genuine backwoodsman would have thought of such a contrivance to get a wheel carriage out of snow-drifts, and that such men were necessary for our frontier missionary work." Indeed, I had been pretty well educated in such a school.

The year was, on the whole, a prosperous one. We had peace and a general revival influence in all our Churches, and had a respectable increase in our membership. And as the finances of the country were in a healthy condition, the preachers generally fared

tolerably well, and every thing in the country was prosperous.

Our new conference held its first session in Madison, Wisconsin, in August, 1856,—this being the seat of government of the State,—at which were stationed seventy preachers, and nine supplies were needed to fill the list of appointments, having a membership of about six thousand, with one hundred and thirty-four local preachers. By the formation of a new district south of the Wisconsin River, all that part of my district was taken off, leaving me but six appointments north of that river. The country was but newly settled, the people were in limited circumstances, and the prospect of support for the preachers was not at all flattering. But having then the means for my own support, I volunteered to serve without a missionary appropriation for myself, and to take none of the collections made further than for my traveling expenses. In doing this I erred; and Bishop Ames afterwards chided me for it, because of the bad effect it would have upon the support of my successor, who might not be so able to provide for himself; which proved to be the case. I ought to have taken a fair allowance, if I had given it to the more needy.

The preacher appointed to the Eastman work failed to reach his appointment on account of sickness in his family, and I employed John Knibbs, an English brother of some promise, but unacquainted with the woods. I also employed Isaac E. Springer, a son of the late Rev. Elihu Springer, of precious memory, who died of cholera on the Milwaukee District in 1850.

The Winter of 1856–7 was like the previous one; the snow two and a half feet deep on a level, but worse than the former one on account of the crust on the snow in the early part of the season. In this snow

and crust brother Knibbs attempted to travel about five miles over the hills, through an open woodland. There was no track, the snow had filled up the road and covered the weeds and grass so that he could not see where the road was. Though he had traveled it several times before the snow fell, not being a woodsman he lost the road, became bewildered, and lost himself. He wandered about some time, till his horse refused to go farther in the crust. He tied him to a tree and took it on foot; and, after traveling some hours, as he thought in one direction, came round to his horse. He several times heard boys hallooing and answered as well as his famished and half-frozen state would allow him to do. He afterwards learned that the boys heard him but thought the hallooing was from some neighbor boys, and paid no further attention to it. On hearing the boys he attempted to go to them, but the noise ceasing, he took a circuit, and came round to his horse again. When night came on he crawled into the snow under the crust, by which he was kept from freezing to death.

In this way he spent four days and three nights, was several times within half a mile of a house, but being in a ravine, he could not see it. He had no food or drink, but ate a little snow to moisten his feverish mouth and lips. At length, on the fourth day, he took as straight a line as he could over hill and dale, and as a merciful providence guided, he came to the brow of a hill some four hundred feet high and saw smoke in the valley. To this he directed his course. The hill was steep, and he sometimes slid, and sometimes walked, but finally came in sight of some men chopping wood for the house fire.

When the men first saw him, his face blackened from the frost, and the torn state of his clothes, caused them to think he was a wild or crazy man, and they

drew back from him, but soon recovered from their fears and took him into the house, a cabin. His hearing and speech were nearly gone, but they discovered his feet, or at least one of them, with his hands and face, were frozen, and put the foot into spring water, and snow to his hands and face. The other foot they thought was not frozen, and did nothing for it. But it proved that both were frozen, and the one that received no treatment was nearly all lost, while the one that was put into water was saved, as well as his hands and face, though they both peeled, and shed the skin that was frozen. A little food was given him, and he was conveyed to the house of Ralph Smith, Esq., a kind family where he had lodged several times in his rounds, and was carefully and kindly cared for. He told where he left his horse, and the animal was soon found and brought in and taken care of. From Tuesday morning till Friday afternoon he had not eaten a mouthful of any thing, nor drunk a drop other than melted snow that he put into his mouth. The weather, meantime, was extremely cold. How a man could live all that time under such circumstances was and still is a great mystery.

On the Thursday that he was thus out I passed within five miles of him, on my way to a quarterly-meeting, and had I known of his whereabouts could have procured help and rescued him, but not having that knowledge I passed on, unconscious of his perilous situation.

A few days after he had reached Mr. Smith's he, seeing the necessity of a surgeon, wrote me a note, stating the facts of the case. I immediately made it known, and Rev. Wm. Mullen, the preacher in Prairie du Chien, and Dr. Darius Mason, a skillful and humane surgeon, took a two-horse covered sleigh and went for him and brought him to brother Alonzo Pelton's, the

preacher's home at Prairie du Chien. It was sixteen miles out and, of course, the same back, but the trip was performed in a day. Under the care of Drs. Mason and Benedict he soon recovered, losing only a part of his right foot and heel, leaving him a cripple for life.

The publication of this narrow escape and the kindness of Mr. and Mrs. Smith, called out earnest expressions of gratitude from the Church, as well as the community. The West Wisconsin Conference, at its next session, raised a collection of sufficient amount to purchase a fine family Bible and hymn-book, to be presented to Mr. and Mrs. Smith, as an expression of gratitude for their kindness in the case. Resolutions of thanks from the annual and quarterly conferences were also presented to the surgeons who kindly attended the sufferer without charge.

The event, so remarkable, produced great surprise in the community, commingled with grateful feelings. It was at once a remarkable and singular providence, and showed the utility of faith in God, which, he said, never forsook him, believing that God would deliver him from his danger in some way. And it was regarded and urged as a proof of the utility of total abstinence from all alchoholic drinks; for all agreed that if he had had any of that liquor in him, he must have perished, probably on the first night.

In one of my rounds in this deep snow I had to travel eighty miles, where there was a road broke, to gain fifty by the usual route. I repeatedly got swamped in the snow in passing teams that I met. The horses refused to go on to the crust, it was so severe on their legs, and to get them out of the track, so as to pass, we had to stamp the crust down with our feet before them. In the woods the snow was on a uniform level, but on the open prairie it had drifted into the ravines, or low places, till, in places, it was from four to six

or more feet deep. Over these drifts in places a road or track had been beaten which, if kept, would bear up the horse and sleigh; but if, by chance he stepped off the track he went down the length of his legs, if not farther, and to meet and pass a team in such a place was difficult and dangerous.

This crust was death to the wild deer. They could not travel in it, nor feed on the grass below it. They gathered in groups in the ravines where there was brush on which to feed, and from which to find shelter from the winds, and not being able to flee, they fell an easy prey to the merciless hunter on snow-shoes, notwithstanding the law forbade their being killed at this season, being poor and unfit to eat. One hunter was said to have killed fourteen in one such group. And such was the general havoc among the deer from hunters and wolves that they were nearly exterminated from the country, and it was several years before people could have even a taste of that delicious game.

The West Wisconsin Conference at its session for 1856, appointed me on "the publishing committee of the *Northwestern Christian Advocate*," Chicago. The death of Dr. J. V. Watson, in October of that year, called this committee together to elect another editor. The rule then provided that such committees should fill vacancies "with the concurrence of either of the general superintendents, until the next General Conference." We met at the office of that paper, Bishops Morris and Ames being present. The question came up as to who should take the chair. The committee thought that the bishops, *ex officio*, should take the chair. But they declined, because they were only to "concur" with the act of the committee, and they chose to do so by simply casting their votes as members of or with the committee, and I was nominated and elected to the chair. After several unsuccessful

ballotings, it was agreed that Rev. T. M. Eddy, who had the highest vote in the preceding General Conference, next to Dr. Watson, should fill the vacancy. Accordingly I, as chairman, wrote a notice thereof to brother Eddy and gave it to Bishop Ames to deliver to him, as he was then presiding elder of one of the Indianapolis districts and lived in that city, the residence of the bishop.

From Chicago I took a steamer to Sheboygan, thence the stage to Fond du Lac, and then a steamer on Lake Winnebago to Menasha and a stage to Appleton, to attend the commencement of the Lawrence University. This interesting season over, I took stage to Menasha, steamers to Berlin, stage to Portage City, and a steamer down the Wisconsin, home, having traveled about eight hundred miles.

The year on the whole was a prosperous one. We had several good revivals in the district, leaving us a respectable increase in numbers and in the moral and religious state of the societies in the charge.

In 1857 our conference met at Mineral Point. Just before leaving home Bishop Ames and Dr. Wise, of the Sunday-school department, and Dr. Eddy, of the *Northwestern Christian Advocate*, honored me with a visit, the two former spending a couple or three days, including a Sabbath, the latter but one night. To reach our conference the bishop, Dr. Wise, and myself took the cars to Muscoda. There we hired a hack to take us to the point, where, after meeting one or two thunderstorms with heavy rains, we arrived near midnight and put up at a tavern.

The four years of my presiding eldership had now expired, and regarding the expressed wish of the conference for no one to continue in that office more than that length of time without an interval, and having now served ten years in all in that office, which I

thought was my share of hard toil, and also my share of honor, so far as it is an honor, I declined the offer of another district. As there was a new town springing up before my door, at the terminus of the railroad, where there were from five hundred to a thousand souls who had no preaching, I proposed to the bishop to act as a home missionary, at my own expense, and try to save the people. While at my house I gave the bishop a ride through the place, on seeing which, with its prospects of growth, he acquiesced and gave me the appointment. It was only a little over a mile from the old or upper town, but such was the state of feeling, from rivalship, that the people of the new or lower town would not, generally, go to the other to worship God. This state of feeling I could not control, and thought it best to preach to them where they *would* hear, rather than not preach to them at all.

But, like most other human calculations, through the frailties of human nature, some trouble grew out of this arrangement. The preacher stationed in the upper town was afraid, if he lost the ten members who lived in the lower town, that it might, possibly, affect his means of support, though of this ten but one or two ever paid much if any thing to that object; not over twenty dollars, at the most, could be expected from them, so he pleaded to retain the membership to aid in his support, to which the bishop consented. By this arrangement I was deprived of the privilege and advantage of a pastorship.

I commenced with about twenty hearers in an old school-house. The number gradually increased till there was a perfect jam, and then all that desired to could not get in. A gracious revival broke out, and some twenty souls were converted. But the work was suddenly stopped from the interference of proselyters.

Soon after I commenced some Baptists, Presbyteri-

ans, and Congregationalists, having no place of worship of their own, short of going to the upper town, asked the privilege of worshiping with us. This, of course, I granted, and they seemed to enjoy themselves well, and as an evidence of their good feeling, they got up a donation and presented me with a suit of clothes, goods, and money to the amount of near two hundred dollars.

But as soon as there were conversions they began to proselyte. The Congregational minister from up town, a renegade Methodist, with his wife, commenced visiting from house to house where any had been awakened or converted. The young converts, seeing this, concluded that these proselyters cared more for their names and membership than for their souls, and others not yet converted stood aloof, and finally most of the converts and all the awakened gave back in disgust, and the revival suddenly terminated.

In the mean time we had obtained a hall to hold meetings in that would hold and seat perhaps two hundred. But the Baptists took fire in the revival and thought they must have a great haul to immerse, and sent abroad for a preacher, who came only to see a failure, finding but one who wished to join them. Six or eight joined us, for I had formed a class, meantime, to have the advantage of class-meetings for the benefit of seekers and young converts as well as the older members, allowing the up-town preacher to be the pastor. But the poor Congregationalist minister, after days and weeks of toil, trotting about and talking, did not get one.

At length a Baptist missionary came along seeking a call, and the few Baptists in the place, feeling greatly elated at getting one added to their number, employed him. But the trouble now was, where should they meet. His missionary instructions required him to

preach twice on each Sabbath. If he divided the time with me he had no other place or congregation to devote the other half of his time to, and forgetting that I began the meetings in the place, and that they literally begged the privilege of worshiping with us, now, like the porcupine who, admitted to the snake's den to save him from freezing, when he got warm, thinking it a convenient place for himself, began to throw his quills at the snake and compelled him to leave, they wished the hall to themselves.

The owners of the hall were Congregationalists, with whom the Methodists had less favor than the Baptists, and to contend was only to be ousted in the end, and withal wishing to get rid of the partnership in the easiest way I could, I gave up the hall to them and went back to the old school-house to begin *de novo* on my own hook, determined to have no more of what they called "union meetings."

At first our congregation was small. The new preacher attracted most of the outsiders and cold nominal professors, and the hall was more conveniently seated. But soon the old stories became familiar, and *reading* sermons was not so attractive to common sense and matter-of-fact men, as the off-hand, extemporaneous discourses at the old house, and one after another came back to us till we had the largest audience.

In the mean time we opened a Sabbath-school to provide for the training of our own children and such others as saw fit to come. Upon this a *union* school was started in the hall. Ours prospered and increased, while theirs declined and finally died out. Their new minister stayed a year, and his little Church quarreled and divided. They put up the shell of a church which was never finished, and was finally sold under a mechanic's lien; the winds shattered its walls, and it was torn down and demolished. Thus ended an effort

to build up a Church by such means; a monument of retributive Providence on the wrong-doing of men professing godliness.

At the close of the conference year, which was only nine months long, I returned twenty-four members and probationers to the up-town preacher, who, adding them to his own class, reported a respectable increase, while my charge received no credit in the Minutes for membership.

In the Spring of 1858 Bishop Morris honored us with a visit, accompanied by brother Chalfant, of Cincinnati, spending two or three days, including a Sabbath, when we all went to the church up town to hear the bishop. After seeing the ground and learning all the circumstances of the case, the bishop decided that the south ward, where I had labored, should be made a separate charge and no longer be tacked on to north ward or upper town.

While these things were occurring, the school district had commenced the building of a large schoolhouse, and at the annual school meeting, in September, the Baptists laid their plans to control the election of officers, so as to have the management of the house in their hands, and, of course, the occupancy of it for meetings when it was finished. But it so turned out that I was elected director, a class leader was elected clerk, and the husband of one of our members treasurer. This placed the concern in *our* hands.

In April, 1858, our conference met at La Crosse, Wis. Here was an attempt made to introduce lay stewards to act with the conference stewards. But the sensible ones in attendance saw no use for them to sit by and see the conference stewards count up the figures in the accounts of the preachers, and refused ever after to attend on such useless convocations. We had also some disciplinary questions before us, growing out of

the administrations of some of the preachers. The preachers had selected members of the quarterly conference for committee men, and when appeals were taken the same men had to re-try the case. This the conference decided to be out of order, and restored the expelled persons. Since then the General Conference has incorporated into the rule for trying members a prohibition of placing official men on committees of this kind.

At this time, also, Judge Gale offered to the conference "the Galesville University" for our patronage and influence. Dr. Crary, the President of "the Hamline University," in Minnesota, opposed its reception on the ground that we were getting too many such institutions, and urged with his superior abilities all the arguments used in our Church in favor of great central institutions, having but few, and them far between, instead of so many of the same name, but of moderate means of support.

These arguments were met and refuted by a reference to the history of colleges in the United States, and especially those now mammoth institutions in New England, which for a longer period than any of our colleges have been in being, were smaller concerns than those of ours, which were now looked upon with so much contempt. The strongest debate of the session was on this question. But the conference almost unanimously accepted of the offered institution, which bids as fair as any of our young institutions to grow and prosper.

At the previous session of the conference several prominent members moved to have our sessions in the Spring instead of Summer or Autumn, so that they could make and have the benefit of gardens to help in their living. To gratify their wishes this session was held in April. But the doleful plight in which some

of the preachers reached the conference, who had to come on horseback or on wheels through the mud in the breaking up of Winter, was a drawback upon the supposed advantages of the change. But it was concluded to try once more, in a more southern region, Monroe, Greene County, Wis.

At this conference an occurrence of the most painful character took place. We had a probationer of promising talents who, previous to his conversion was a drunkard, and when under the influence of liquor was literally crazy; but who had since his conversion demeaned himself with Christian propriety, and for the past year had been useful on his circuit. But by some means he was induced to drink a little mild beer, in which, however, some whisky had been put. This revived the old taste, and he could or did not restrain himself, but must have more, and he soon became crazy, got his horse and buggy and started for home; but in his drunkenness and craziness sold both horse and buggy and spent all the avails in a drunken spree. He, of course, was discontinued. But the incident was enough to exhaust all patience and forbearance towards the person who had so deceived and ruined the man, and the traffic which leads to and results in such disasters.

I was reappointed to my former field of labor, it being made a separate charge. I now assumed the prerogatives of a regular pastor, and things immediately became more favorable. The charge was regularly organized, and the congregation increased till the small building was again filled with hearers.

In January, 1859, our new and large school-house was finished, and duly and formally opened, and we immediately moved our meetings into it, and had it lighted with lamps, like a church; and with the increased accommodations our congregations increased.

In a protracted meeting which followed we had about thirty conversions. Proselyting was again resorted to, but I cut it off root and branch, the public sustaining me; and all things moved on harmoniously. At the end of the year I reported between fifty and sixty members and probationers; as many or more than was reported from the other or old charge.

This was the first time in my ministerial life that I had been reappointed, except to districts or the missionary work. The reasons assigned for the necessity of annual changes before I left the Pittsburg Conference were some special work to be done, some hard case to be attended to, or some hard theological battle to be fought, for which the appointing power professed to think me better qualified than most others. After I came to the West, when not on a district or mission, in one or two instances removals were made for my accomodation. But in this last case, a new charge was to be raised up with but little prospect of support, and no missionary appropriation made for it. Of course nobody else wanted it, and withal it would accommodate me by being at home. But this making two years, I could have it no longer, till four years had elapsed.

In 1859 our conference met at Monroe, Wisconsin, in the south-east corner of our territorial limits, early in April. But few of the preachers could reach the place by railroad, the most of them had to come by their own conveyance. A snow storm and then the general thaw, the breaking-up of the Winter made the roads even worse than they were the previous year. The preachers who expected to have gardens the previous season found that they could not get moved, in consequence of bad roads, in time to make them. Taking it altogether, the advocates of Spring conferences were effectually cured. It rained on us during

conference, and the mud in the streets of the city was so deep and stiff that a horse either in harness or under the saddle could not move faster than a walk; and, to wind up the matter, a unanimous and urgent request was made to have our conference sessions in the Fall.

At this conference we had another case of discipline to correct in the administration. The preacher was a supply, very unacceptable to a large portion of the society. He had managed to get such men in the official board as favored him and his measures. A prominent member, not approving of some things done by the preacher, had expressed his disapproval in plain and strong language. This the preacher called a slander upon his character, and drew up a complaint against the offending brother, charging him with slandering him, the preacher; but, to save appearances, procured a friend or tool of his own to sign the charges, and become the complainant. The preacher selected a committee from the officiary, creatures of his own, and sat as the judge in trying the case.

The accused challenged the committee for cause, but the chair overruled it. He then pleaded justification, and offered to prove the truth of what he had said, but every witness he called was ruled out; of course he was convicted and expelled. He appealed to the quarterly conference, where the same man sat in judgment on the case as in the trial below. The presiding elder, who was never accused of being an ecclesiastical lawyer, not wishing to displease the preacher and his official board, ruled pretty much according to the ruling below, and the expulsion was confirmed.

The expelled man had no more that he could do except memorialize the conference, stating the facts of the case, which were not denied, and praying for relief in the premises. The matter was referred to a

committee, who reported the proceedings to be illegal, informal, and void. Their report was adopted by the conference, the effect of which was a restoration of the expelled member, leaving him subject to a new prosecution, if the complainant saw fit to renew the charges; but this he did not do.

It so happened that the report of the committee came in on the last night of the session, when the bishop and cabinet were absent finishing up the appointments to be read out that night. I was, by the bishop's appointment, in the chair. The conference sat in the same house where the case was tried below, both by the committee and by the quarterly conference. The people both in and out of the Church had a strong desire to know if such proceedings were in accordance with our rules and usages. This interest, together with a desire to hear the appointments read out, had drawn a large concourse of people together, notwithstanding the mud in the streets. When the decision was announced, and the legal status of the case explained, there were unmistakable signs of satisfaction among the outsiders.

There was another trouble at this place. The house was built with free seats and for congregational singing. But the preacher above alluded to had foisted new men of doubtful piety, and of short residence in the place, into the officiary, who took possession of the church, ignoring the trustees, and had changed the slips into pews, and rented them to the highest bidders; they had also fixed up an orchestra box between the doors, with a melodion and select choir to do the singing; and to be sure of monopolizing this part of the service, they introduced new tunes so often that the congregation could not learn them nor by possibility participate in the exercises.

In this state of things the old members who had

built the church were much aggrieved. They could not in conscience purchase or rent what they had once given to God for his service. They could not consent to make merchandise of the house of God, nor be parties to such a measure, and were, therefore, compelled, if they went to Church at all, to take the paupers' seats. They wished, as had been their custom, some of them for half a century, to take part in praising God, but from this they were excluded, and if they praised God at all, must do it by proxy. The majority of the membership, including the old stock, were thus cut off by a usurping minority, who were of but recent membership.

The choir did not or would not attend the evening services during the session of the conference, and, of course, we had good spiritual congregational singing. But they prepared themselves for an extra exhibition of their musical powers for the Sabbath. In the morning when the bishop preached the little band of minstrels monopolized the singing, making but miserable work of it, while better singers both among the preachers and laity had to stand mute and witness the miserable performance.

This was more than my patience could endure. I asked the bishop, at the close of his service, how he could endure such things. "Oh," said he, "we have to bear with many things in this world." "Well," said I, "you may bear it, if you choose, but I will not." And having to preach at three o'clock, I said that I would have congregational singing or none at all.

A preacher who was fond of such mummeries, though otherwise an able divine, hearing my remarks, went to the choir and told them they need not come to sing in the afternoon, for I was to preach and did not like choir singing; but, said he, "Come to-night when I am to preach, for I like such music." Of course they

were not on hand at the three o'clock service, and the old house fairly trembled from the vibrations of over a hundred good strong voices, principally preachers.

At night the good brother had the choir to mumble over the hymns, causing the cold chills to go over his audience, and the sermon was colder than was usual for him. His concluding remarks about heaven were more animated, which stirred the spirits of the preachers a little; and before the brother who was to close could find his hymn, another struck up

"Oh heaven, sweet heaven,
Home of the blessed," etc.

Before he had finished the first line the pent-up feelings of the preachers caught the strains, and scores of strong voices joined in the sweet harmony, producing an instant change in the feelings of the audience.

After this singing the closing prayer was in the same spirit, and the most of the audience caught the same feeling. Having closed the prayer, but before rising from his knees, he called out, "Sing 'Stand the Storm,'" and a brother with a sweet voice began,

"We'll stand the storm, it won't be long,
We'll anchor by and by," etc.

Before those who bowed in prayer had risen from their knees scores of sweet voices had joined in with thundering tones, and a good state of feeling pervaded the assembly.

But the choir could n't "stand the storm." They left the house in great haste, manifesting a spirit very far from devotional. They, however, succeeded in getting a preacher appointed to the place whose views in these matters coincided with theirs; and suffering himself to be controlled by them, the oppressed and aggrieved members withdrew from his pastoral control, and attached themselves to an adjoining circuit. But

they were so hunted and persecuted by the authorities of the Church that they were finally scattered to the four winds—all in consequence of pews and choir singing.

My appointment this year (1859) was Patch Grove, with C. Cook, a good young man, for a colleague. But he suffered for a while from fear of me. After working harmoniously together about three months he told me his trouble. He had imbibed the feeling that had thwarted my path for half a century, from something indescribable in my appearance that led him to fear, he knew not what. But from my manner in handling opponents in controversy he inferred that I would be a hard master. "But now," said he, "since I know you, I would be content to travel with you all my life as a colleague or a presiding elder." I know not an instance, in all my life, but the same result followed from acquaintance, and men thus cured were afterwards my friends.

We were preceded by two good young men who had been favored with extensive revivals, and were much beloved by the people. But the one in charge, though good at getting people converted, was very defective in taking care of them afterwards. We found that the classes had not been regularly met, nor the class-books marked; the records not well kept, and I found at least twenty members and probationers whose names were not on the records at all. But being known to be such by the brethren, I put them there, ascertaining the date of probationship by the dates of those who joined at the same time.

This same brother had another defect. If people did not come out in throngs to hear him, or if a revival did not commence at once, he conceived the notion that they were prejudiced against him, and he cared but little whether he went to such appointments or not.

At one such place he missed three appointments in succession, excusing himself because a revival was in progress somewhere else, where he was bestowing extra labor. The consequence was when he *did* go to the place nobody attended, not expecting him, and the congregation dwindled away to almost nothing. And it was hard work for us, notwithstanding our prompt attendance, to get the people punctually to attend.

CHAPTER XII.

IN October, 1859, we held another conference in Plattville, Wis. As before remarked, we grew tired of conferences in the Spring, and became so urgent for a change back to the Fall that the bishops granted it. To have extended the time to the Fall in another year would have made the conference year eighteen months long; therefore the bishops preferred giving us a conference in six months, making two sessions for us within the year 1859.

At this conference we were under the painful necessity of expelling two of our number for high immoralities, the like of which I had never witnessed in forty years of itinerancy. In my judgment, as chairman of the sub-court that tried them, another one ought to have been expelled; but the committee thought otherwise, and only located him. It was but a few months, however, before God called him to an awful judgment in the spirit world.

These trials were had before a sub-conference or committee of *nine*, under the rule adopted in 1856, and were the first we had under that rule, and being all of them of a delicate character the committee sat with

closed doors. It fell to my lot to preside in them. The proceedings were sealed up, properly indorsed, and filed with the conference papers, declaring to the conference only the result. The cases were so clear that no appeals were taken.

At this conference we elected our delegates to the General Conference of 1860. Of sixty-seven votes cast I received all but eleven. This was gratifying, the more so because of what immediately followed.

After the election it leaked out that I was down in the list of appointments for the most important district in the conference. A remonstrance was got up, signed by ten or eleven of the preachers of that district, against my going to it. They assigned as a reason for their opposition my age, and thought that I could not, on that account, perform the service required. But in reality it was thought the movers in the matter wanted the place for one of themselves, and induced others to sign the paper by assigning the above reason.

The appointments were to be read out at seven o'clock Monday morning, as the bishop must leave by that time to reach his next conference. This remonstrance was got up on Sunday and handed to the bishop that night. Upon this the bishop called his cabinet together at four o'clock Monday morning, wishing their advice in the matter. The cabinet stood three for and three against me, and the bishop was about to give the casting vote in my favor when it was suggested to one who had voted for me, till then, that if he changed his vote *he* might get the district, a better one than he then had, and he changed and got the district. In doing this he betrayed the best friend he had in conference, and the one to whom he was indebted for the place he then had in the cabinet.

Before reading out the appointments the bishop said that they were not all of them as he could wish, but he

was overruled by his cabinet. He never before had to read out appointments so much against his own judgment. He repeated this at my house the day following. But what avails all this? If he has the appointing power, and is responsible to God for the use of it according to his best judgment, he can hardly be approved if he allows others to control that judgment. It gives another strong reason why presiding elders should be elected by the conference, as the bishop does not, in fact, appoint them as the rule requires, but they appoint themselves.

I know not that this evil can be avoided under our system of Church government. Human nature is human nature, and some men, with apparently the best of motives, seem to think that they "are the men, and wisdom will die with them," or that their promotion and leadership will conduce most to the glory of God and the salvation of men.

After half a century's experience, observation and study upon the subject, I am satisfied that ours is the best, most efficient, and most agreeable to Scripture of any form of Church government now in existence. But it is and has to be managed by human beings who may and often do err in judgment, which leads to error in practice. And possibly men get among us whose motives are so far influenced by their own interest as to seek their own advantage, thinking it most for the glory of God. But it seems possible that if the presiding elders were elected by the conference instead of themselves, it would remedy this evil.

Under these circumstances, and the late hour of the session, growing out of the bishop's having one conference to attend to in each week—too many for either himself or the good of the work—and the great hurry he was in to get away, he had not time to review the plan of appointments, and I was left as conference

missionary, which, under our circumstances, was nothing at all.

I was afterwards informed that the thing leaked out in the district in question, and the people were free to express their dissatisfaction with what was done, and chided some who signed the remonstrance for doing so. To excuse themselves they said they were taken by surprise, were not really aware of what they were doing, and regretted it exceedingly; and especially as they did not expect the man they got instead of me.

So the world, and the Church even, goes, and so my whole life has gone, while no one could put his finger on any tangible point against me. The only reason I can imagine why such wars and tempests should be almost constantly bearing down upon me is, that for some reason unknown to me, God sees fit to suffer it, designing it for my good, and that eternity will unravel the mystery of this "thorn in the flesh."

The work assigned me was a mere blank. I could find no vacant ground on which to build up and form a new circuit. All I could do was to help the regular pastors. But in doing that, in one place, I incurred the displeasure of the presiding elder, who had betrayed me in getting his office, and that of one of his preachers.

The place alluded to was Monroe, of which I have already spoken, and the circumstances were as follows: A majority of the membership were opposed to turning a free-seat house into a pewed one. They were also opposed to exclusive choir singing or worshiping God by proxy, and they were especially opposed to having a non-sentient machine to do that proxy service for them. But the official board, as before stated, had taken possession of the house, ignoring the trustees, and had these objectionable arrangements made.

The dissatisfied brethren agreed to submit the questions at issue to the members of the Church and to abide

by their decision. To this the preacher agreed. But in canvassing he found the majority would be against the innovation, and he retracted from the agreement, understood to have been so directed by his officiary.

These afflicted brethren and sisters then applied to the preacher on an adjoining circuit to form them into a class and take them into his circuit, and he did so; but they were compelled to withdraw from the other charge because the stationed preacher refused to give them certificates, and the circuit preachers met the class, "according to their respective places of abode," as the rule directs. But as this was within the city limits the official board decreed, in their high dignity, that they should not preach within the city limits, except at a secluded place, which was equivalent to nowhere, claiming the city as their *parish*. A very similar case occurred in the Protestant Episcopal Church in the matter of Stubbs *versus* Tyng, in New Jersey, in 1867, in which our Church papers, with the secular papers of the day, condemned the arbitrary measures of the incumbent.

The court-house was procured for their meetings, and a protracted meeting appointed, and I was invited to assist in its exercises. I went, and on finding the state of things, tried to effect a reconciliation. I proposed to take a list of the membership and canvass the whole society, individually, and take their vote, yea or nay, to the offensive order of things, and this with the preacher in charge, but he refused. I then proposed to do it myself and report to him the result, but this he refused. I then asked to see the register having the names of the dissatisfied members and compare numbers, but this he also refused. From all this I inferred that it was but the minority of the Church that had usurped the control of the house, and being sustained in it by the preacher and the presiding elder, were

determined to control the majority *nolens volens* or drive them away from their own house of worship.

The congregation at the court-house was said to be double that at the church, showing unmistakably which way the sympathies of the public verged. After preaching to them a few times, and not being able to effect a reconciliation, I left and returned home. The circuit preachers being forbidden to preach in the city by the presiding elder, they desisted from doing so.

These persecuted brethren then hired a large room in what was once a school-house, and seated it so as to accommodate, by close sitting, two hundred people, and commenced holding prayer-meetings. God owned and blessed their efforts, and souls were converted, and they wrote for me, as conference missionary, to come and take care of them till conference, in hopes that some provision would be made for them, as they were Methodists—one or two of them of sixty years' standing—and they wished to continue in the Church. I went and preached to them, converts were increased till we had sixty names on the class-book, and we organized a Sunday-school of over one hundred children.

This was now enough to form a second charge in the place, a city of over four thousand inhabitants. But the presiding elder refused so to report it, and the bishops in full board at the General Conference sanctioned his proceedings, and, as a matter of course, I did not return to them, and the society was scattered to the four winds and lost to the Church.

This was a new phase to Methodism that I had never witnessed before, and hope never to witness again. In scores of instances, in cities and country, when such a state of feeling exists that the society can not remain together in harmony, they have been divided and put into separate classes, societies, or charges. Some of the principal charges in New York, Philadel-

phia, and other places, are said to have begun in this way, and within two years after this affair at Monroe the bishop sanctioned such a division in Hudson, Wisconsin, and made a separate charge and appointed a preacher, with only about half the number of members that asked to be thus recognized in Monroe. If thus "making fish of one and flesh of another" is just and equitable, I have not yet been able to see it.

In the latter part of April, 1860, I left home for Buffalo, New York, to attend the General Conference; and so arranged as to spend the Sabbath in Detroit, Michigan, where I preached thirty-seven years previous. I lodged with my friend Judge Witherell, whom I took into the Church in 1823. I found a few others who were members then, and the children of the then members, and one of them told me that he had the class-book that I then made. Then there were less than two thousand people in the city, now there were fifty thousand. Then we preached in the old council-house which was also the court-house, and the legislative hall, a small room; now there were six or eight Methodist churches of several kinds and languages. In 1823 the foundation of a church was laid, now it was a dwelling-house, and though it looked large then, and was in the outskirts of the city, now it looked small and is in a central position. I preached twice on the Sabbath, once each in the two largest churches, and formed some pleasant acquaintances. But I could see nothing by which to recognize the old fort, or any other point of note when there before.

On Monday morning I took the cars through Canada, with a large number of other delegates. I was anxious, if possible, to recognize some place that I saw in 1813 when up the Thames in the army, but saw nothing that I remembered except a point or two along the margin of Lake St. Clair, the railroad running

between the lake and the marsh, where the road we traveled in 1813 lay. At London I inquired for the battle-ground near the old Moravian town, and was told that it was some four miles from the track of the railroad, and of course I could not see it. The country had been so improved, and towns and cities had sprung up along the Thames so as to obliterate all signs of what it was in 1813.

At the suspension bridge, I with several others left the cars, and we paid twenty-five cents each for the privilege of walking over the fearful chasm on a carriage and footway under the track for the cars, while the cars passed over our heads. We were told that we could have a better view of the falls from the footway than from the cars; but we doubted this, after the experiment. I confess to a little trepidation when over that awful gulf two hundred and thirty feet above the boiling, foaming, and heaving torrent, with a train of cars over our heads; but consoled myself with the thought that thousands had passed it in safety, and probably we should.

At the bridge we changed cars for Buffalo, and passed up the famous Niagara by the falls and through the towns and villages that have grown up in that locality. The black rock that crops out at the water's edge, and gave the name to the city, is of a singular appearance, and looks more like iron ore than any thing else.

On reaching Buffalo I soon found my way in the crowd to headquarters, the Methodist Book Room, and from thence to my lodgings at John R. Evans's, Esq., an excellent family and a good home, and found that my room-mate was Rev. Alfred Griffith, of Baltimore Conference.

The place selected for the conference to meet in was St. James's Hall, a room, it was said, that would

seat two thousand people. It was fitted up for theaters, plays, shows, preaching, political meetings, or any kind of large assemblages. We could have it only in the day-time and that at a heavy rent, I think five hundred dollars, for a month. At night it was lighted by about one hundred and thirty gas-lights, and was occupied, I believe, every night by some exhibition. One night it was literally crammed to ratify the nomination of Mr. Lincoln for the Presidency of the United States. Blondin, the fool-hardy rope-walker, was said to occupy it several nights, exhibiting his daring feats while his rope was being fixed across the Niagara below the bridge. I did not see him, for I would not countenance such fool-hardy exposures.

The bishops, the secretaries, and distinguished visitors occupied the stage, with the great screen behind them painted in some historic style to suit, I suppose, the acts and exhibitions of the theater. It proved to be a bad place to speak or hear in, and the associations appeared to me to be very unfitting to the gravity and holiness of an ecclesiastical assemblage. Our churches in the city were pewed ones, and the pews sold or rented to individuals, and were cushioned off and carpeted in great style; so, when it was hinted that one of them would be a more suitable place for the General Conference than a theater, it was said that the pew-holders objected to having their pews occupied for that purpose, lest they should be dirtied—a poor compliment to the preachers or delegates, some of whom were dressed liked dandies, and all the rest like gentlemen. One reason assigned for selecting the theater was, that a great crowd was expected to attend, and this was the largest room in the city. It is true that the crowd was great, and the room was sometimes crammed to its utmost capacity. But crowd

or no crowd, the associations of a place of meeting ought to bear some resemblance to the character of the assemblage.

The usual routine of business went on in the usual way. But some of it proved to be rather laughable, if not ludicrous. The standing committees must have one member from each annual conference. This usage originated when the conferences were but few in number, and every seventh member was elected a delegate.

But now there were forty-seven conferences, and of course each standing committee consisted of forty-seven members. Many of the conferences had but two or three delegates; these had each to be on committees enough that in the aggregate each committee should have one of them. Arkansas had but one delegate in attendance, and of course he had to be on all the committees.

Being aware that no one could be in more than one place at a time, and as most of the committees met at the same hour in the afternoon or at night, it was ordered that nine should form a quorum on any committee, and any nine members could agree on any measure and submit it as the decision of forty-seven. The committee on lay delegation was about equally divided on the question, and as but few or only a part of them met at a time, one night those present agreed to report against the measure, and the report was ready for presentation to the conference. But the friends of the measure, hearing of this, rallied all their forces the next night, several of the opponents not knowing of the call, and so turned the scale and made out a report in favor of the measure. This last report, from only a part of the committee, was the one presented and acted upon by the conference, but not adopted, as the sequel will show.

The bishops presided in rotation, each taking the

chair for a day or a session in turn. But the difference in their mien in this and the annual conferences was very visible. In the latter they frequently exert a controlling influence, if not authority, and do not always regard the requests or resolutions of the conference, though they might not touch upon their prerogatives, but it was not so here. True, their relation to the two conferences is very different. In one they are the agents or executive officers of the other, and, of course, any attempt to exceed the powers and prerogatives of an annual conference may properly be checked or controlled, but in the General Conference they hold a subordinate relation, and may be corrected or controlled by it. I do not speak of it as being wrong in them, but as an incident very noticeable.

It is usual at the meeting of a conference of ministers to have preaching at least every night as well as on the Sabbath. The people expect this in return for their kindness in entertaining the ministers, and they have a laudable curiosity in hearing different and prominent men. But during the first week if a sermon was preached in any of the churches in Buffalo, it was not my good fortune to hear of it. But I did hear the people expressing their surprise at the neglect of it, and urged the pastors of the city, who had the management of this service in their hands to have preaching somewhere, but to no effect. I finally inquired for a colored church, presuming that they would have meetings, but found that they followed the bad example of their white brethren. For the Sabbaths, of course, a large number of appointments were made in and out of the city. But as none was assigned to me, I sought and obtained the privilege of preaching to the colored Methodists, with which they seemed to be much pleased. In the course of the ensuing week I was frequently accosted by some of them, who requested me to preach to

them again, which I did. After the first week preaching at night was more frequent.

The Methodists in Buffalo were in the habit of praising God by proxy, each church having a thundering organ and a select choir to do their singing. As might be expected in such cases the services were cold and formal, nothing of the life and spirituality of religion being visible.

I had heard much about the Nazarites, so called, which at that time were making trouble in that country, and wished to know who and what they were. I inquired of a prominent delegate from the Genesee Conference, who gave me no satisfaction. Finding some of the Nazarite preachers hanging about as spectators, I inquired of them what the trouble was. They were more communicative as to *their* side of the story than were the Genesee delegates. But I could not satisfy myself from either or both that there was really and substantially any just cause for either a schism in the Church or for expelling them for disorder. Prejudices ran high, but the hardest names and opprobrious epithets were used by the Genesee men. To learn all I could about them I went one Sunday to their place of meeting and preached for them, deeming them to be "creatures," and my commission sending me to "preach to every creature." From what I saw I concluded they were rather enthusiastic, but not more so than many Methodists I had met with. They adhered to all the essential and peculiar doctrines of the Methodist Church and her economy, and though somewhat wild and extreme in the observance of some of our usages, I could not see just cause for them to leave the Church or be expelled, but thought with mild, gentle treatment they could have been cured of their extravagancies and been saved to the Church. But being thrust out violently and with harsh names, they in

turn, to defend and justify themselves, retorted in the same unkind manner and became hostile in their feelings. In the course of my ministry I had met and cured worse troubles than this seemed to be, by mild but firm administration.

The great and absorbing question before the conference was the change of the rule on slavery. Different propositions had gone the rounds of the annual conferences, but no one of them had received the requisite three-fourths majority, and now the only remedy was to start a proposition by a two-thirds majority, to be voted on by the annual conferences, which, if ratified by three-fourths of all the preachers voting upon it, would affect the change. But we lacked *six* votes of the two-thirds required. The four Genesee delegates voted against the proposition. If they had voted for it, as was expected, from their representing a Northern conference, it would have given one hundred and forty-two for it and left but seventy against it. This conference would not have been so specially noticed if it had not been for their recent strong measures against the Nazarites, who were strongly antislavery. But the fact of their thus countenancing or winking at slavery, at the same time they were bearing down upon a class among them known to be antislavery, naturally excited among antislavery men a suspicion that they were unnecessarily severe on their brethren who had erred in other matters.

The failure to obtain a two-thirds vote on the change of the general rule left, as the last resort now, the change of the chapter on slavery, which could be done by a majority vote. The brethren from the border conferences in which slavery existed, or from the great commercial emporiums whose merchants dealt with the South, and whose interests were as much with the South as if they actually owned slaves themselves,

strongly opposed any change of our rules which were deemed an advance towards the ultimate abolition of this "sum of all villainies;" not because they really favored the system themselves, but because it was for the interest of the people they served, to let the system alone, however much wrong it might do the subjects of it, professing to view the evil as incurable.

The debates were long and powerful on both sides, but both shot wide of the mark. No one advocated the system or apologized for it, yet the advocates of the new chapter fell upon it with their heaviest thunderbolts, while the opponents of the new chapter argued with great tact and talent, as if it contained principles in opposition to Scripture and old Methodism. They admitted that the chapter in itself expressed nothing but what was true, and it was with them merely a question of expediency to do now what they conceived to be right in itself, while with us it was a moral question which we deemed it right to do at any time. They contended that if they favored the measure it would block up their way among slave-holders and such as favored the system from interest, and prevent their access not only to the slaveholders but to the poor slaves also.

To prepare for the contest, each party at the opening of the conference, or the day following, formed their respective caucuses, in which all matters were arranged before they were brought into conference. Some few were near enough on the fence to claim admittance to both caucuses, and would so manage as to have each party apprised of the doings of the other. I was elected chairman of the antislavery caucus, for its sittings, but Dr. C. Kingsley was its organ on the conference floor.

The antislavery party, or a majority of them, were disposed to make the matter as easy as possible on the border brethren, and did so out of respect for their fears

and feelings. But the border men could see nothing in the mildest proposition but what their imaginations had previously pictured out, and debated and managed as if it was a case of life or death with them. I felt pained to observe this inability on their part to see the true intent and meaning of the chapter, nor could they appreciate the pressure on us of the North from the membership who were waiting to learn the result of the action of this conference, to decide the momentous question whether to leave our Church and join a stronger antislavery one or not. They could only see the pro-slavery party at home, and fear their threats to join the Church South, if we made any advance towards the ultimate abolition of the great evil. But the chapter was finally adopted by more than a two-thirds vote, more voting for this than would vote for the amendment of the general rule.

At this conference, for the first time under the rule adopted in 1856, a court of appeals was organized, consisting of one member from each annual conference, making twenty-one present a quorum, having a bishop to preside, and one of the secretaries of the conference for its secretary. This relieved the conference of a heavy burden, as the court sat out of conference hours. And though the common rules of jurisprudence were ignored in some cases, as neither the bishop who presided nor many of the members were lawyers, and some of their decisions were more in accordance with preconceived notions than law, yet I am not certain that they would have been otherwise if made by the whole conference, for the same reasons, for error might prevail there also; and, besides, it was much better to try appeals in private council than before a mixed multitude. On the whole, I was pleased with the new system; it saved time, and the ecclesiastical court probably came to as just conclusions, generally, as if the

whole conference had conducted the trials. Being one of the court, I had an opportunity to see its workings.

At this conference, as before hinted, came up the question of lay delegation to the annual and general conferences. As it was expected that a large number of petitions for and remonstrances against the measure would be presented, a new standing committee was added to the usual number, consisting of one member from each annual conference. On this question the committee were about equally divided. As before stated, at one meeting a report was adopted against the measure, but the friends of the measure rallied at the next meeting, and as some of us who opposed it did not know of their design and were on other committees, a report was adopted favoring the measure. But the report was not adopted by the conference. Several substitutes were presented, but rejected, all showing that a majority of the conference were opposed to the measure.

But out of respect to the petitioners, many of whom were respected and influential members of the Church, it was finally resolved to favor the thing when it was ascertained that a majority of the Church desired it. And to ascertain the wish of our people on the question, provision was made to take a formal vote in 1862, to be reported to the General Conference of 1864. To this measure many who were opposed to lay delegation acceded, believing that the vote would put a quietus upon it, as the result abundantly proved, there being about two to one against the measure when tested.

It would have been preposterous to adopt the measure at that time, as the voice and wish of the Church; for of five thousand and ninety quarterly conferences in the whole Church, only one hundred and thirty-seven had taken action upon it, and a majority of the votes cast in them were against it. And of nearly nine hun-

dred thousand members in the Church, less than one thousand had asked for the measure.

In the movements of the Radicals—for such they were in fact—aiming at a radical change in our time-honored system of Church government, all the earnest management and legislative trickery which characterized their predecessors in 1828 were resorted to. When the question was voted down in one shape a substitute in a little different shape was presented, but shared the same fate, and nothing could pass till so amended as to submit to the preachers in the annual conferences, and to the male members of the Church over twenty-one years of age, to decide by a formal vote whether they wished such a change or not.

While at this conference I received a note from my family physician, stating that my wife was dangerously ill and liable to die at any moment. Her complaint I knew was a cancer on the liver, of which she expected to die. I laid the matter before God in prayer whether I should leave and return home, and felt assured that she would be spared long enough for me to fulfill my duty where I was and get home, and the result proved the correctness of the impression, for she lived till the ensuing October. Under this impression and conviction of duty I remained, but wrote her to inform me by telegraph if my presence was necessary, and I would, if spared, be home by railroad in twenty-four hours. But as no telegram came I remained to the close of the session.

The closing scene of this conference did not reflect honor on, nor draw forth praise upon it. Over one-third of its members left and broke the quorum before the business of the conference was closed, being in such a hurry to get home; whereupon the conference had to close, leaving much important business unfinished that was ready for action, and only needed to be

voted upon to be adopted. It was not supposed that any one of them intended to break the quorum, but each absentee thought there would be a quorum without him. But so many thought the same thing that the quorum was broken and much harm was done.

The business of the conference, however, went on, question after question taken, report after report adopted, till a question of minor importance came up, nothing more nor less than whether a superintendent of a Sabbath-school, being a member of our Church, should be a member of the quarterly conference or not. The measure was about to pass in the affirmative when a brother, who was opposed to it, finding that he could not prevent its adoption without it, moved a call of the house, believing there was not a quorum present, and if not the measure could not pass, though by doing so he knew that other and much more important business would be thereby defeated. The call of the house showed a lack of eleven members to form a quorum of two-thirds.

It was believed and suggested that more than the eleven needed ones were yet in town and could be gathered in for an afternoon session, but others who had prepared to leave by the afternoon trains objected to an afternoon session, as it would detain them another day. Even the bishop who was in the chair, who was said to have all packed up ready for an afternoon's start, decided that the conference was broken and could not adjourn to another hour or day, nor even *sine die*. Thus ended the General Conference of 1860.

During the session of the conference, a preacher came from Corning, New York, to get a delegate, a Western man, to go to his place and preach for him one Sabbath. His people had contributed the money to pay the fare on the railroad both ways. I suppose it was

from curiosity to see and hear a Western man, and by some means he fell upon me. Having no objections to seeing the country, or to preaching, I accepted the invitation, and went out on Saturday and returned on Monday, having had a pleasant time of it.

But the scenery, the country, the soil, and appearance of every thing was very different from what I expected, and my conclusion was that none but enterprising Yankees could have taken that country in a state of nature and made it what it now was. For several miles after leaving Buffalo the low, wet, and level lands appeared to have been mostly a black alder swamp. Then came fields fenced in by pine stumps turned up edgewise, looking too frightful for cattle to think of approaching, much less of jumping, or for even a hog to think of passing through a hole in it, though it might be large enough for him to pass. It occurred to me that if Barnum should get a section of this fence into his museum it would attract as many visitors as did his celebrated woolly horse, or his mermaid.

Though it was the middle of May, a time when out West every thing was green, the ice was not all gone from the river and lake, and vegetation had hardly begun to show itself in the country and every thing looked cold and uninviting, especially to a Western man.

From a boy I had heard of the Genesee country, and especially of the rich valley of that stream, and my eyes were wide open when crossing that river. But instead of a wide valley of rich bottom-land as I had expected, something like that of the Ohio, where we crossed it the valley was but a few rods wide. The cultivation and improvements of the country appeared to be of the highest order. Indeed, nothing but a high order of cultivation could have raised that country to its great fame and notoriety.

After getting a few miles from Buffalo, we came among hills, which increased in magnitude the farther east we went; and it must have called forth the best of engineering to find a track over and between them, till they struck upon the head of a stream, down the valley of which the road ran, crooked as the valley of course, intersecting other roads coming down other valleys till all unite in the one great artery, the New York and Erie Railroad leading to the great city.

The valleys are narrow, the hills, now growing into mountains, were bleak and nearly denuded of their timber; yet the villages, towns, and cities showed thrift, enterprise, and industry, indicating the Yankee origin of their inhabitants.

During the session of conference I found no time, as some others did, to stroll around the city; but the conference as a body, including the visitors, being invited to take a ride on the cars to the falls and the suspension bridge, we adjourned over one day for this purpose. At the hour of departure fourteen passenger-cars were in waiting, each accommodating about fifty, and all being filled there must have been about seven hundred, including the conference and visitors with their wives and a few children. This gave us a better view of the environs of the city, the great river, its falls and bridge, the wonders of the world, than we had any opportunity for before. It required the entire capacity of the two greatest hotels at the falls to accommodate all the company with a dinner, which, in view of their great number, and the circumstances of the case, was furnished at half-price, fifty cents.

At the bridge we saw the preparations making for Blondin's fool-hardy walk over the fearful chasm on a rope. We also examined the bridge, a stupendous work, and could but wonder at the genius and power of man to erect such a structure. While viewing it

a train loaded with cattle came over, and I placed myself in a position to see if the great weight depressed the bridge, but though it vibrated sideways a little, I could not perceive the least depression downward.

In surveying the river below us, the depth of which is unknown, though its current is very rapid and its surface very uneven and in constant motion, I gave it as my opinion that a good boat, well managed, could be run over its billows to the lake below. This was doubted by others, chiefly because it had never been tried; but since then a little steamer that we saw plying between the bridge and the fall has been run safely to the lake.

At the falls it was curious to see the efforts to make money out of the Summer visitors to this great place of resort. There were not only three or four great hotels, but numerous shops for vending Indian and other curiosities, all at a price suited to the pride and pomp of the Summer pleasure-hunters, but entirely above the ideas of a Western man who had seen such things in the wigwam.

Every thing here is designed to gratify the Summer excursionists and pleasure-hunters. The falls being divided by an island, a bridge is built from the American shore to the island, and from the island towards the great Horseshoe Fall, a foot-bridge at that time led to a tower some thirty feet high on the verge of the awful cataract. The top of this tower was reached by winding stairs inside. I noticed that but few visited this place. I went and had a view of the scene which made the head rather dizzy. Since then the tower has been removed and the narrow bridge to it broken up.

On the island was a beautiful grove of timber of rather small size, kept in good order, in which near the roaring cataract an impromptu meeting of several

divines called out several speeches expressive of the feelings the occasion inspired. Similar meetings were held in the large halls of the hotels, and such as were disposed to speech-making had the opportunity to indulge in it.

It seemed from the appearance of things as well as from information that the people here depend upon Summer visitors for their means of subsistence. The large hotels are open only during the Summer season, when the proprietors expect to gather in money enough to support them through the Winter, when their large buildings are closed up. The same seemed to be the case with the shop-keepers and hackmen. The great multitude of Summer excursionists and pleasure-hunters, as well as scientific travelers, who congregate here in the Summer season, and who seem to travel and spend money without regard to the cost of things, pay the exorbitant charges with pleasure, as if the higher the charge the more the honor.

On the south shore of the river and under the precipitous rock was a snow-bank that was formed in the Winter from the spray of the falls, apparently some twenty feet deep. This being out of reach of the rays of the sun, was said to remain late in the season before it entirely disappeared.

A number of the visitors descended a covered stairway to the river below the falls, and crossed in a boat to the Canada shore, and clambered up to the Table Rock—a large portion of which has since crumbled off—to have a varied view of these magnificent falls. Just below, but above the bridge was a little steamer, the *Maid of the Mist*, built there to accommodate the curious and venturesome who wished to cruise near the falls and as far down towards the bridge as they could safely go. But the boat not paying well, was run out of the river into the lake below.

Having seen all the curiosities, at four o'clock P. M. all were again on board the cars, and in an hour more we were in Buffalo, as wearied and tired a set of men and women as I ever met with. But all seemed to be highly gratified with the excursion.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE business of the General Conference being closed, and having had no respite for five weeks, I was weary and needed rest, and to take the cars for home, and travel day and night, would afford none. Never having been round the lakes, my colleague, brother Williams, and myself concluded to come home in a propeller to Milwaukee. The regular passenger steamers were driven off this route by the railroads, and the propellers depended more upon freight than passengers for their support. The fare was only half the price of the railroad.

Our propeller was of nine hundred tons' burden, but had in only three hundred tons of freight at this time. This was to our advantage, as to speed, but left her exposed to heavier rolling in rough weather. Before reaching the head of Lake Erie we encountered a heavy gale on our larboard beam, throwing our vessel into the troughs of the seas, causing her to roll heavily. This disturbed the stomach of my colleague, who had to take to his berth and lie flat on his back to avoid a regular seasickness. It, however, had no effect on me.

As we neared the mouth of the Detroit River, the scenes of the war of 1813 came vividly to mind, and the eye scanned the beach upon which Harrison's

army landed in the Fall of that year, and I could see no visible change in the face of the country in the long years that had intervened. There was the one farm, and apparently the same log house before which we landed, and the same beach road upon which we marched into the deserted town of Amhurstburg, and the burned and deserted Fort Malden. But though the town had apparently grown but little, the improvements in and about the fort were to a considerable amount. It was said that the extensive barracks, now to be seen, were the resort and resting place of British invalid soldiers; and things looked as if Her Majesty's government took good care of that class of men. The American Fort at Spring Wells was a new concern, built since the war of 1812.

We reached the Flats of Lake St. Clair at daybreak in the morning, and having heard and read so much about this obstruction in the navigation of the upper lakes, and so many debates in Congress on the question of internal improvement, I was curious to see them, and was on the upper deck in time for that purpose, and to note the river as we ascended it to Lake Huron. These flats extend from the outlet of the river for some miles, or at least that part of them where the water is so shoal that vessels of much draft of water can only float in the channel. But in reality the whole lake covers flats, and averages only twenty feet of water.

In ascending, from the time that the bottom of the lake is so near the surface as to receive the name of flats, the water gradually grows shoaler till the land appears above the water, and it requires several miles more of ascent before the land is enough above water for human habitations. As we ascend the land becomes higher, till on the margin of Lake Huron there are sand hills from twenty to forty feet high, through

which the outlet of the great lake has cut a channel of great depth, though not wide.

The fall of the water between Huron and St. Clair is variously stated by different authors from eight to thirty feet. The eight feet is evidently a great mistake, and thirty feet may be too high a figure. The current is rapid and indicates a fall of at least a foot to the mile. Indeed, the current is fully equal to that of the Wisconsin River, known from actual measurement to be two feet to the mile. But the Wisconsin is a shallow stream, while the St. Clair River is evidently a deep one till it expands over the flats. This, of course, would make a difference, perhaps equal to the difference between one foot and two to the mile.

The distance between Huron and St. Clair is, I believe, twenty-five to thirty miles, and allowing a fall of one foot to the mile, would give as many feet fall. This fall forbids the idea that the two lakes were ever on the same level like Huron and Michigan. There is nothing on the shores of either the Huron or Michigan that indicates that their surface was ever twenty-five or thirty feet lower than their present level.

At the outlet of the Huron, which is not to exceed eighty rods wide, and for a mile or so below, the rapid current, boiling and whirling, and said to be eighty feet deep, indicates that the water in leaving the lake passes over something more solid than sand or clay, and of less depth than the channel immediately below. If it passed over either sand or clay such a rush of water would have cut the channel to an even depth. I infer, therefore, that the lake is rock bound beneath the sand which appears on its beach.

It is evident to the casual observer, that Lake St. Clair once extended north to the margin of Lake Huron, where there must have been a fall over a rock of as many feet as is St. Clair lower than the Huron;

and the action of the surf of the lake, and the winds, working the alluvium into this opening the current carried it over the fall. But the water of St. Clair having no current, the alluvium settled and became stationary, and formed those extensive low lands and the flats of the lake, and nearly filled up the lake itself, as there are said to be only an average of twenty feet of water now in it. The sand hills bordering upon Huron clearly indicate the action of the winds upon the sand thrown up by the surf of the lake after it became dry. The abundance of such sand hills on the great lakes, where the sands are known to have changed their position in this way since the settlements of the country, give ample evidence of this fact.

On entering the channel that runs through the flats, we saw a small light-house on a boat or artificial island, where it seemed people lived. Several tugs or small but powerful little steamers lay round it, waiting to tow some upward-bound sail vessel against the current, and wind too, if the wind should be ahead, and return by towing some downward-bound, one or more.

The river and the channel through the flats is very crooked, and scarcely any one wind would drive a sail vessel up against the current through the entire strait. We met one tug going down with four schooners in tow, and having the current with them made good headway. It was said that before tugs were introduced sail vessels were detained, waiting for a fair wind sometimes for days, and even weeks, in their upward trip. But now they save time and money by paying to be towed through.

At the outlet of Huron, on both sides, there are considerable cities with extensive railroad depots on both sides, indicating a large amount of business done there. An immense steamboat lay there, so constructed as to take on a train of cars at one end and pass them

off at the other after crossing the river. Here the Grand Trunk road crosses from Canada to the States on its way to Detroit. Their telegraph wire was sunk to the bottom of the river, and notices of it, in large letters on both sides of the river, warned shipmen not to cast their anchors in that place.

On Lake Huron we encountered another gale, quartering upon the larboard bow. This again gave us a terrible rolling, but our noble boat made nine miles an hour against it. We met several downward-bound schooners loaded to the scuppers, and when in the troughs of the seas appeared to be under water. We also met some propellers with all sail set, all making good headway under the fair wind.

At Presque Isle Bay we ran in for wood. The water was so pure and clear that we could see the white sand where the water was twenty feet deep. While the boat was wooding we strolled inland about a mile through low wet lands and swamps, the road being corduroy bridges. The people on the shore told us that the land rose a few miles inland, but we saw nothing tillable, not even for a garden; nothing but white sand, with scarcely soil enough on it to grow winter-green. The people seemed to live by fishing and selling wood, of the poorest quality, to passing steamers, to accommodate which they had built a wharf for the boats to land by to take on the wood.

The north part of Michigan, as well as we could see from the lake, at least the coast, appeared to be low, poor soil, and but little timber of any value. It is, however, indented by numerous bays, forming good harbors, and if the interior is habitable, these bays, in time, may become business marts. Government had provided light-houses at suitable distances so that, before losing sight of one, another would appear farther ahead.

We reached Mackinaw about dark. I regretted that we did not reach it by daylight. I desired much to see the place so long and so much noted as a depot of the fur trade and a military post. It has a long history. But as it was we could only see the place by star light. Our steward, however, laid in as good a supply of fresh Mackinaw trout as he could keep fresh till used. This we relished very much.

In the course of the next day we landed at another point in North-west Michigan, where the land was higher, the timber better, and showed to much better advantage than it did at Presque Isle. We strolled out a mile or so and found some cultivated land, and there were more people than at the other landing; but I learned that there was no road for wheels to the more settled parts of the State. Their only communication was by water, and when navigation closed they were shut out from the world till the next Spring. We inquired of the people if they ever heard the Gospel preached in that region. They said they did once in a while. There was a Methodist mission for Indians on a bay perhaps fourteen miles off, and the missionary occasionally made them a visit.

This northern part of Michigan offered great facilities to absconding criminals. But still, as they occasionally got a newspaper from a passing boat, in which such men would be advertised, they were frequently taken and carried back to civilization. The day on which we landed a boat had started for Grand Haven with an escaped prisoner who imagined that in those wilds he could never be found by the officer of justice.

From this point in Michigan we sailed direct to Sheboygan, Wisconsin, where a family with their teams who shipped at Cleveland, Ohio, were landed, and Bishop Kemper and two of his priests of the Protestant Episcopal Church came on board. From thence we

cruised along the coast of Wisconsin to Milwaukee, where we took the cars, and the next day I reached home.

I found my wife able to sit up and be about the house, but dangerously afflicted with cancer upon the liver. In November, 1858, she had her left breast entirely taken out, containing four small cancers. We were in hopes this would remove the virus from her system, but in the course of a year she began to feel symptoms of the disease on the right lobe of the liver. In May, 1860, while I was at the General Conference, at Buffalo, the complaint assumed an alarming form, as heretofore stated. The liver was greatly swollen, attended with excruciating pain. The best of medical skill was applied in vain. Opium in any of its preparations, though it would give temporary relief, left her in a worse state than before, not agreeing with her system, and no relief from the pain could be obtained till we resorted to *arnica* in the tincture. Of this five drops at first were sufficient, once in three or four hours, to give her some relief, but before she died we had gradually to increase the dose till we reached thirty drops at a time, said to be enough to kill a person in health.

In August she was obliged to take and keep her bed, and have watchers to give her food and medicine. Her appetite continued good almost to the last. Her religious enjoyment was of the highest order. She frequently had her religious friends in her room singing and praying, and twice received the Lord's-supper, as she supposed for the last time in this world, though the occasions were three months apart. Her soul was frequently in ecstasies on those occasions.

On the 12th of September, 1860, our conference met at Baraboo, Wis. I had some important business before the conference that no other one could attend

to. But to leave my wife when she was not expected to live from one day to another was painful, and it was a grave question whether it was duty to do so. But necessity seemed to control. I prayed that she might be spared till I got back, and felt that she would. She consented, saying, "I will try to live till you return," and I reached the conference on the second day of its session.

But the scenes at conference were of an unpleasant character. The bishop and leading members seemed to have no regard to my feelings nor sympathy for my afflictions. They were apprised of the dangerous sickness of my wife, and that I was to be there by the second day, but yet they put my business through on the first day, and in a one-sided way, *ex parte*, and decided it without a hearing on my part. I contended for a hearing, which was granted, but merely in form; they would not change their decision, notwithstanding I proved the charges I had preferred against a member. This same conference, led on by a presiding elder and sanctioned by the bishop, took up charges of unacceptability against an absent member, and without notice to him, and superannuated him, though he was a sound, healthy, and able-bodied man. Another was located on the same ground, without his consent or notice, he being absent, being detained at home by the sickness and death of a child, who was buried before conference adjourned.

The mildest term such proceedings can appropriately receive is that it was an error. Both of those brethren were as able and useful as their persecuting presiding elder, but lacked the accident of his position. I am always ready to extend the mantle of charity over the errors of others, and even to stretch that mantle to its utmost tension. But the proceedings of this conference, in the cases referred to, are difficult to

reconcile with the honor and honesty expected from Christian ministers. There was no sympathy for me in my afflictions, but an apparent disposition to bear upon me the harder on account of it; in the other cases a palpable violation of the common rules of trial, doing it without notice and in the necessary absence of the accused, setting a precedent of which none of them would like to be the victim.

Under these circumstances, of course, I could expect no favors from the bishop or his cabinet, so I was appointed to Muscoda, a little mission of three appointments, with an appropriation of one hundred dollars for the year, and no prospect of enough from the work to pay expenses.

Conference being over I returned home with all possible speed and found my wife still alive, but happy in the Lord.

At length, on the seventh day of October, 1860, she fell asleep in Jesus. She had requested the doctors to make a *post-mortem* examination, after her decease, if they were disposed to do so, without expense to me, as possibly they might learn something that would enable them to relieve some other suffering mortal in like circumstances. Accordingly the doctors met in a few hours after her death and made the examination. The liver had swollen and raised the ribs the thickness of a man's hand. It was at least four times its natural size, and was full of hard white tumors, some of which had commenced suppuration. One doctor called it stone on the liver, the others called it cancer. The heart was swollen considerably, and was very hard. The blood-vessels around it were ready to burst from fullness. The right lung was full of clotted blood and such white spots as covered the liver, and apparently had not been inflated with air for some time. The other lung, though not quite so bad, was nearly filled with blood. It was

a marvel to the doctors how she had lived as long as she had under such circumstances.

Before her death she had selected Rev. W. Mullen to preach her funeral sermon, selecting the text, hymns, etc. A large congregation was in attendance, for she had many friends.

My little mission this year was forty to forty-six miles from home on the railroad. It consisted of only three appointments; two on one day and one on the other, once in two weeks. We had some revivals, and after all the removals and siftings we had a net increase of ten. All the collections made on the mission did not exceed fifty dollars, which was absorbed in railroad fare, leaving me only the one hundred dollars of missionary money to subsist upon. We had only fifty-one members and probationers to begin with; and they were of the poorer class. I did what I could for our periodicals, but lost about ten dollars which I could not collect, and had to pay to the agents myself.

Within this conference year, as if sickness and deaths at home were not enough to try my graces and philosophy, another severe trial occurred in the person of my oldest daughter, now Mrs. John M'Creany, of Oneonta, Otsego County, New York. She had been married twice before. Her second husband died, leaving her with one daughter and all his property, including the most of his father's homestead, he having bought out the other heirs. But his family, at least a part of them, were highly exasperated at the idea of the property going out of their hands and into another family, forgetting that the only heir to it was of their own name, and a lineal descendant of their father. They declared that the widow should never enjoy that property with another husband, and when she married M'Creany they seem to have sought opportunity for her ruin.

M'Creary had two daughters by a former marriage, one of whom sickened and died. But hints were thrown out that the deceased was poisoned by her step-mother. This grew into reports and was believed, and a general excitement got up. The coroner was called upon, who summoned a jury and surgeons, who decided that the deceased was poisoned, and, not knowing whom else to lay it to charged the step mother with the deed, and she was arrested and imprisoned, to be tried on the first Monday of December, 1860.

It is usual in such cases for the papers simply to announce the fact of the accusation and the imprisonment of the accused, but to abstain from any details, lest the public mind should be prepossessed and prevent an impartial trial, of which course the candid and impartial, the just and the humane, approve. But not so in case of a conspiracy, where the manufacture of public sentiment and prejudice is necessary to the object aimed at by the conspirators. So in this case; the papers were filled with all manner of garbled and one-sided statements, and even the *ex parte* evidence taken before the coroner with such coloring and comments as suited the nefarious purpose in view. As a natural consequence the public mind became greatly excited and highly prejudiced, and the officers of justice, misled by these statements, also became deeply imbued with these feelings, and indignant that a step-mother, against whom there are always undue prejudices existing, should poison an amiable step-daughter, for no apparent reason or motive.

Though I was a thousand miles distant, the papers soon brought me the horrible news, colored in its worst form. To know the facts of the case, I wrote to an editor for a copy of his paper, containing the report of the coroner's inquest. I was of the opinion, that if she was guilty of such a heinous crime, she must be a

misanthrope, and beyond the reach of mercy from God or man, and if satisfied of the truth of the charge, I determined not to go near her, but leave her to her fate. But knowing her education and habits of life, a lady of accomplished manners, which even her enemies admitted; and though she had been a subject of persecution and slander, I could not believe the story; yet determined that parental affection should not blind me to the force of evidence.

In due time the paper came, I read, and re-read, and scanned the whole with the eye of a lawyer, but could not see any evidence, clear and satisfactory, that the death was by poison, or if it was, that it was administered by her step-mother. I call myself a Stoic in such matters, and can see the force of evidence against myself or mine, as well as against others; yet, to be certain that no self-bias operated upon my mind, I submitted the report to the scrutiny of both lawyers and doctors, all of whom agreed with me in the premises.

Under these circumstances, I, with my daughter, Mrs. Bass, of St. Paul, Minnesota, went to the trial. The court met at the time appointed, and the defense was ready for trial. But the prosecuting attorney, who it seemed, had his prejudices wrought up to the highest pitch, and believing the worst shade of the story as given by her enemies, but fearing that the evidence was not sufficient to convict her, at least under his management of the case, had written to the attorney-general of the State, no doubt presenting the case in the worst features given it by the conspirators, in order to secure his attendance, and had obtained a promise of attendance, but he could not come for a week; and to accommodate the prosecution the case was laid over for that week.

On the second Monday of December, 1860, the

attorney-general being present, the case was called. There was some difficulty in obtaining a jury, as so many had seen the statements in the papers, and "had formed or expressed an opinion," on the case. But the county being large and very populous, some people in remote parts of it had not done so; at least the jury all said so on their respective oaths. But subsequent developments showed that two of them had done so, and perjured themselves to get on to the jury that they might contribute to her conviction, but they failed in their object.

The extent of the public excitement was seen in the attendance of the multitude of men and women who crowded the large court room to its utmost capacity; and scores were said to remain in the house during the dinner hour lest they should lose their seats if they went to eat.

The chief judge and the attorney-general showed the intense interest they felt, by the manner in which they kept notes of the evidence on the part of the prosecution. But when the prosecuting attorney suddenly stopped calling witnesses, though there were yet a dozen or more who had been subpœnaed and in attendance, I noticed that the judge and the attorney-general—near to whom I sat and watched him and the judge closely—dropped their pens, and their countenances showed surprise and disappointment that the evidence had not made out the case as reported in the papers. The attorney-general in his argument to the jury argued as if he did not believe the story.

The evidence on the part of the prosecution showed that the deceased had been exhumed and the stomach and bowels taken to a chemist in Albany, who, on cross-examination, admitted that when they were presented to him for analysis, the bearer of them told him that if he did not find arsenic, the people of Oneonta

would think he was bribed; and as he was to have three hundred dollars for the analysis, and ten dollars a day and expenses when attending court as a witness, the motive to find the poison was sufficiently apparent to destroy the force of his evidence; but when he stated that he used a copper wire in accumulating the arsenic from the acid, he literally admitted that he yielded to the wish of the conspirators, for it is known that copper in the kind of acid he used would generate arsenic. But the climax of the fraud was shown when the syringe that had been used in the sickness was introduced, or rather the analysis of it. It was in proof that after it was used in the sickness, it was lying carelessly about the house, till curiosity induced some girls to use up a pailful of bluing water in the use of it, and in a day or so after the instrument was taken by the sheriff, and submitted to the test of this *learned* chemist, who swore that he found four grains of *dry* arsenic in the packing of it. This was too much for the credulity of even the prejudiced mind. But admitting that arsenic was found, there was not a particle of evidence that traced it to the hand of the accused.

The evidence on the part of the defense went to show the entire absence of any motive to commit such a crime. The accused and the deceased had always, after coming into one family, been on the most affectionate terms, and it was shown that the number of attendants on the deceased was such that arsenic or any other poison could not have been administered without detection.

When the jury retired to their room, ten out of the twelve were satisfied that there was not the shadow of a doubt of her innocence. But the two alluded to above hung out a little, but seeing no chance of bringing over the ten to their nefarious views, soon yielded, and they returned a verdict of "not guilty."

But the conspirators were not to give up their purpose so. A deceased brother of her late husband, who had been in the grave eleven years was exhumed, and the same pliant chemist was on hand to analyze the remains, and finding arsenic, as he said, in the dust, the bones and the earth outside of the coffin, another indictment and trial followed, with an acquittal. This last effort at a legal murder tended to open the eyes of the public to the diabolical purposes of the conspirators, and changed many enemies into friends. In all these severe trials the father of the deceased young lady who was in constant attendance upon his sick and dying daughter, and who administered most of the medicine to her himself, and also his surviving daughter, were perfectly satisfied of the innocence of the accused, and never for a moment wavered in their adherence to her.

During my stay in Cooperstown, where the trial was had, I formed some pleasant acquaintances, especially with the Rev. James L. Wells, the pastor of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and also the Rev. Joseph Shank, the presiding elder of the district, with whom I worshiped, and for whom I preached several times. I also found in Cooperstown an old school-mate of the town of my nativity, and a number of acquaintances, and the friends and relatives of some of my Wisconsin neighbors, so that if it were not for the painful business that called me to that country my visit would have been a pleasant one all through.

In going to Cooperstown we went by the railroad to Fort Plain, there took stage and gradually ascended from the banks of the Mohawk, one thousand feet, to the summit between the waters of the Mohawk and Susquehanna. On the summit we passed a small pond, said to be the head spring of the Susquehanna. This pond empties through a small stream into Otsego Lake.

which is the reputed head of the river, into which numerous small streams empty, so that the outlet of this lake is large enough for mills, and if the dams were not in the way, for navigation by small boats. At the outlet of the lake are the remains of an old dam, said to have been made by the troops under Major Sullivan, in the Revolutionary war, for the purpose of raising the water of the lake, so that when the dam was cut the flow of water was sufficient to waft the boats containing the troops down towards Wyoming Valley.

While here I inquired for and saw the old residence of the famous Peck family, of which Dr. George and Bishop Jesse T. are honorable representatives; but as none of the family or name now inhabit the old homestead, I did not call at the house. Times have greatly changed since the Peck homestead was the only home for the weary itinerant in the then extensive wilderness of this part of Western New York, for many miles each way.

This was the most extensive hop-growing region that I ever saw. The bales of this production, resembling cotton bales, were, if not a lawful tender, yet a great medium of trade and commerce. The western breweries, even to Prairie du Chien, were said to be supplied from this hoppery, while the farmers who raised the hops purchased flour raised on the western prairies for their bread, not raising breadstuffs enough to supply themselves and the villages and towns of the country. Some of their hops, it was said, went even to Europe, to be exchanged for foreign goods.

This Otsego country is very hilly; the hills running north and south between the streams that feed the Susquehanna. These hills I should think were from three to five hundred feet above the water-courses. The hills are not precipitous, and of course are mostly susceptible of cultivation to their summits. But from what I

could see—in the Winter—the soil was not as inviting as in our Western States, except on the narrow river bottoms. But the state of cultivation showed the Yankee origin of the inhabitants.

One thing I admired, that is, along the roads and streets the sugar maples were planted, just within the fences, for miles and miles. This tree not only makes a beautiful and healthful ornament and shade, but when grown is productive of a valuable sugar, thus blending pleasure with profit.

But one thing I did not admire, that is, the cropping down of their orchards. These were mostly old, the trees large, and the quality of the fruit good; but for some reason, I did not know what, the large limbs of the trees had been trimmed off, till the trees showed signs of decay, and approaching death. Some few young orchards were to be seen, and I told some friends that if more were not planted soon the country would be scarce of fruit.

Cooperstown was the residence of the celebrated novelist, Cooper, now deceased. Two of his daughters, maidens of advanced age, were said to occupy the pleasant cottage building of their father on the bank of the river, and in sight of the lake, embowered in a cluster of beautiful shade trees. The place looked inviting to the novelist and poet.

It was a matter of surprise to me to see the number of stations of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and consequently the number of preachers stationed within a few hours' ride of the county seat. Perhaps a dozen or more of these preachers were at the court, and knowing me by name and reputation, and my relation to the accused, I suppose felt more interest in the result of the suit than they otherwise would have done.

From Cooperstown we went to Oneonta with my

daughter. The road went down stream through a pleasant and highly cultivated valley, passing several fine-looking villages. The riotous scenes of the people of Oneonta at our arrival were not calculated to give a stranger a favorable opinion of the people of the place. After trying to the utmost of their ability to sacrifice an innocent life, from mere unfounded prejudice, and that too by much false swearing, one would think they might be content, and abide the decision of the court and let the persecuted return home in peace; especially when accompanied by her father and sister, then a thousand miles from home. But the contrary was the fact, and what rendered the riots more painful to me was the fact that the stationed minister of my own Church was a principal instigator of the unbecoming conduct.

After spending two nights and one day in this outlandish place, at four o'clock A. M. we took the stage, then on runners, for the New York and Erie Railroad at Deposit on the Delaware River. The road to Unadilla was down the valley of the Susquehanna, and in some places in rather dangerous proximity to the river when passing the dug ways. As we descended the river, we noticed that the altitude of the hills increased till they became mountains. Unadilla is a beautiful town, on a level plain bordering on the river. Here we took breakfast, and took wheels, as the snow had disappeared.

From Unadilla we commenced the gradual ascent over the mountain that lies between the Susquehanna and the Delaware, reaching the summit about midway between Unadilla and Deposit. When on the summit we were twelve miles from the latter place, the road descending gradually all the way. The settlements over this mountain were sparse, the country was not inviting, the village of Deposit was but a small place,

nothing to make it otherwise. We dined at Deposit and took the cars for Dunkirk.

In seven miles from the Delaware we came upon the Susquehanna. In reaching this point we passed through a gap in the mountain, a depression, I should judge, of four hundred feet from its summit. The place looked as if nature made it purposely for a railroad. But the ascent on both sides was such that freight trains required a second engine to boost them along on the ascent.

Once over the mountain, the bend of the river taking a sweep into Pennsylvania, we, for a few miles, were in that State. We passed Binghamton late in the afternoon and Elmira after dark, and till next day we were in the dark and saw none of the dangerous passings, said to be on that road. We changed cars at Dunkirk by lantern-light, and at daybreak we were near Cleveland, where we took breakfast. We dined at Toledo, where we had to wait awhile for the cars.

While waiting I took a stroll about the place, and saw some driving spiles where the mud was so deep that two lengths were used to get the first one deep enough to lay a stone foundation upon. The depots appeared to be built upon spiles, as were several of the road tracks. But leaving this place at a late hour, we saw but little of the country to Chicago, and the next day I reached home by the North-west and Milwaukee roads. My daughter, at Chicago, took the Milwaukee, and thence the La Crosse roads, and thence by stage reached home at St. Paul, Minn.

While my wife was in health she had strong objections to people remarrying under a year at least of widowhood. But as death approached the thought of leaving her two little girls, one nine and the other but three years of age, she changed her views on this subject and requested me to marry again as soon as I

could find one that would be a mother to her children. At the time of her death, and for several years previous, her parents had lived with us. And while their grandmother lived, though confined to her room with her last sickness, her room was a kind of rallying place for the children. But in March, 1861, she also died, and her husband went to live with his son. This left me entirely alone with my little children, except hired help, who were not adapted to the care of children, especially when I was absent at my appointments.

In accordance, therefore, with the wish of my late wife, and the necessities of my family, I sought and found another companion and mother for my little ones. And on the third of April, 1861, I was married for the third time to Miss Malinda Richards, aged fifty-six years, or twelve years younger than myself. She was the daughter of Luther Richards, of Paris, Oneida County, N. Y., and a sister of Lucy Richards, the first missionary to the Oneida Indians, whose memoir, by Dr. Paddock, is among the literature of the Church.

She was and is a lady of deep piety, good health, affectionate temperament, sound judgment, fond of, and long a teacher in, Sunday-schools, useful in prayer-meetings, and well calculated, every way, to be the wife of an itinerant minister. When young her father's house was a home for the weary itinerant. And Bishops Asbury, M'Kendree, Roberts, George, and Hedding were frequent guests and lodged under his hospitable roof. And she recollects that Bishop Asbury used to dandle her on his knee when she was small.

I feel thankful to God that he gave me such a wife, and thankful to her that she consented to share with me in the toils, ills, and blessings of life, and to care for my children. Time has only increased, not diminished these feelings.

I should have stated before that, by the crash of

1857, I was reduced in property matters to a low figure from what my property was valued at previously. But as the effect of that crash still continues in the depreciated value of lands, lots, and buildings, and also in rendering them unsalable, it is just as well to be in here and perhaps better.

I had never before been influenced by the inflations of speculation. I never bought or sold a foot of land on speculation. The railroads coming to the place enhanced the value of lands, and, in the spirit of others, I laid out my farm into town lots. I was, with many others, beguiled into taking farm-mortgaged stock under the promise and assurance that the dividends on the stock would pay up the mortgage before it would come due, and that we should have the stock clear for loaning the credit of our lands. I took twelve thousand dollars' worth and mortgaged twenty-four thousand dollars' worth of property. I also contracted debts to build, expecting to sell lots to pay the debts. But the crash put a stop to sales, and the frauds of the railroad men left me to settle up my mortgage as best I could. Between the two I was left little if any better off than if I had nothing to my name. But naked came I into the world, and I can get out of it as well, perhaps, in the same plight as any other way.

CHAPTER XIV.

OUR conference for 1861 met in Madison, in the hall of the House of Assembly, having the committee rooms for our committees to meet in; quite an accommodation. In arranging the committees I moved that instead of a Committee on Slavery, as had been usual

with us for some years, we have one on "the State of the Country," the great rebellion having broken out, which at that time it was evident to the observing mind and a reader of the book of providence, would end in the abolition of the great evil. Of this committee I was made chairman, and drew up the first conference report we had seen on the war, and which took ground in advance of what was deemed to be public sentiment at that time, but to which public sentiment soon after came.

At this conference again we had up disciplinary and ecclesiastical questions. The presiding elder who at the previous conference had procured the superannuation of a preacher for the reason, as he said, "the brother is demented" or crazy, was arraigned himself, at this conference, on the charge of falsehood and slander in thus reporting the preacher. To offset or ward off this charge he had preferred a charge of unacceptability against that brother, and sought to have his charge or complaint attended to first, thereby, if possible, to prevent his own trial.

For proof of the unacceptability of the brother this presiding elder went back four years and gathered up *ex-parte* testimony from persons on whom the preacher's discipline and administration had had a bearing and produced some squirming. In going back beyond the last conference, when the preacher's character passed, he violated a rule adopted by the bishops; that is, not to admit of charges, on points that were known, beyond the passage of a preacher's character.

To attend to and try these cases a committee of nine, or sub-court, was appointed, with a chairman who, though he had been a presiding elder for two or three terms, was never regarded as a disciplinarian, and his course in these cases proved that he was not, for in both cases he ruled out all the charges and specifica-

tions as informal, while it was decided by the General Conference that such a court was to be governed by the same rules as a conference, where not the chair, but the conference, must decide on the formality and admissibility of the charges. He said, in thus ruling, that if the conference or the brethren wanted discipline, they must not appoint him on the committee, for he would not try a case, and a report was made in both cases, "no cause of action," and these being adopted by the conference, the cases ended.

At this conference I was appointed to Eastman Mission, a little circuit of six appointments, all within fifteen miles of home, and to be filled on two Sabbaths, three each day, riding ten miles one day and fifteen the other. The appropriation was small, the people poor, and but eighteen male members on the charge.

The bishop, under the advice of his cabinet, refused to give me an appointment on which I could obtain a living unless I would break up my home, at a sacrifice of from five hundred to one thousand dollars, but would give me no intimation of what the appointment would be, so that I could form an opinion as to the ability of the charge to support me. From the specimens of feeling towards me in the cabinet I concluded that if they could get me afloat and at their mercy, my appointments would be no better than they had been. It is painful to me to entertain such an opinion of men who profess to be of God; but the most reluctant feelings must yield to stubborn facts, and I can come to no other conclusion.

My whole itinerant life has been on the frontiers, where I could not obtain a living from the people I served, with only three or four exceptions; and sheer necessity compelled me to locate my family where they could do something towards their own support, or I must locate myself. It was under such circum-

stances of hard fare that I had procured a home, and that not from the means I obtained from the Church, but by my own and my family's exertions. And now, at my age, sixty-nine, having served the Church in some official capacity over half a century, to be required to break up my home and go out upon uncertainties both as to appointments and as to how long I should be effective, appeared to me to be neither reasonable, just, equal, nor merciful.

There were appointments within my reach more suitable to my age and acknowledged abilities than those assigned me, and where I had reason to believe the people would have cordially received me and given me a support, without moving my family. If I chose to be from home, and spend three-fourths or four-fifths of my time with them and from home, rather than sacrifice what little I had left to lean upon in old age, it was more my loss than theirs, and when I did so in other cases the people submitted to the absence of my family from a willingness to accommodate me in the decline of life, as they received as much service as if my family had been on the charge.

This conference had become weary of two of the presiding elders who had been four consecutive years on the districts, though not on the same ones, and by formal and solemn resolution requested the bishop not to reappoint them to districts, saying to him as plainly as language could express it, that they were not the choice of the conference, and though they submitted to it for four years out of attachment to and respect for the economy of the Church, now, after four years of endurance they thought the bishop ought to relieve them, and not, by shifting them from one district to another, continue them over the limits of the rule. But as in other cases of the same kind, no attention was paid to it. If it had been in matters of

civil government, such disregard to the wishes of the governed would be called arbitrary and oppressive. But among Christian ministers I suppose some softer term must be used or offense may be given to "the powers that be."

I went to my appointment as an obedient son in the Gospel, and labored hard, met and faced the storms. A large portion of our male members went to the war, several were killed or died of disease, and families were broken up, and though we had some fruit, there was a falling off in the membership. The expense of living rose with the war from the slave-holders' rebellion, and in our case the means to live diminished, so that I received only one hundred and forty-five dollars for the year, including the missionary appropriation.

Our conference for 1862 was held in Dodgeville, Wisconsin. While conference was in session a company of soldiers for the war were recuiting in the place. The public mind was much excited and unsettled; but we escaped all disciplinary troubles, and every thing passed off quietly. The best the cabinet could or would do for me was to send me back to the mission, changing the name to Batavia, to suit the post-office arrangement, appropriating one hundred and fifty dollars missionary money to aid in my support.

Soon after conference old Fort Crawford, at Prairie du Chien, was made a rendezvous for organizing a regiment of troops for the war, and without my knowledge or solicitation the officers whose province it was to elect a chaplain, expressed a preference for me to fill that office with them. This I regarded as a providential indication of duty. I consulted with my wife and she consented, and I accepted the post offered. On the second day of December, 1862, I was duly commissioned as chaplain of the Thirty-first Regiment of Wisconsin Volunteers.

In the mean time the camp had been removed to Racine, whither, on the 12th of the same month I repaired, and entered upon the duties assigned me, having secured a man for the presiding elder to supply my place on the mission.

I immediately commenced canvassing the regiment to ascertain the number of professors of religion in it, and found about eighty. These we attempted to organize into a Christian association, on the generally acknowledged principles of the Gospel. But the changes that followed in marching so affected this arrangement that it did not amount to much. I commenced preaching as soon as I could obtain a room to meet in. But a revival of religion in the Methodist Episcopal Church in town (Racine) under the ministry of Rev. J. C. Robbins, so attracted the men that more would attend there, and especially at night, than in the camp, where the accommodations were not so good. After preaching in the morning in camp, I assisted brother Robbins at night, and also on week nights. Among the scores of converts several soldiers were converted or reclaimed.

The officers favored the attendance of the soldiers on divine worship, and any not on duty who wished to attend in town could obtain a pass. But it was soon found that wicked men availed themselves of this privilege for wicked purposes. They would ask for a pass to go to meeting, but would go to such meetings as were held in doggeries and gambling saloons, and return to camp drunk, and one or two deserted.

To prevent these evils the colonel ordered all who wished to attend church in town to fall into line, headed by an officer who wished also to attend, and be marched into town, and at a given hour be marched back again to camp. Here again what is said of human nature was true, "Man, though made upright, has sought many inventions." For wicked men would fall

into line and be marched out with the pious, and as there were several denominations represented, at a given point or corner of a street, they would separate, each one to go to his favorite place of worship. These wicked men would then slide off, and as soon as out of sight of the officer, go to a doggery and perhaps get drunk and not be on hand at the rendezvous at the appointed time to return, and perhaps they would be found in the guard-house the next morning. Owing to these disorders the pious and true shared, like "poor Tray," who was badly treated for being "found in bad company."

On the 3d of March, 1863, we commenced the march for the South. The marching of troops in these days was not as in days of yore, when all had to be performed on foot. We took the cars, and in forty-eight hours were at Cairo, four or five hundred miles. Before night, on the day of our arrival, we were ordered on board a steamer already loaded to the guards for government, and at dusk landed at Columbus, Ky.

At Cairo we saw what the skill and labor of man could do against nature, in the embankment that shut the river floods out of the city. But the embankment leaked, and the water outside being some twenty feet above the soil inside, there had to be ditches and drains, leading to low places, where stationary engines were constantly pumping the surplus water over the embankment. It was a place of much business, and especially since the war commenced, and it was fortified and made a depot of government stores. The piles of goods, besides the immense floating dock, covered with a two-story house, filled with stores, indicated the amount of business done.

But Columbus had no embankment to keep out the floods, and the river being high the town-plat was all under water, except a street along the landing, which

had been raised a little; but this was so saturated with water and cut up by the mule teams and wagons that it was difficult to find the bottom of the mud. It was now dark, but we had to climb the hill, some two hundred feet high, by a winding road, and in single file, for the mud, except on the outer edge of the road a narrow path, forbid pedestrians attempting to move in it to Fort Halleck. We had no tents, there were no unoccupied barracks, and each man had to seek lodgings for himself. I had the good fortune to fall in with a sergeant of the Thirtieth Wisconsin Regiment, who, being on guard and not occupying his bunk that night, gave it to me, much to my accommodation.

It was amusing how soon the men would accommodate themselves to circumstances, which was seen in the incidents of their first night, on the wet but freezing ground, without tents or shelter. Many of the poor mules lost their hay to make a soldier's bed. Some crawled into or under wagons. A few found friends in the other regiments in the fort, while the most of them, wrapped in their blankets, lay in the open air on the naked ground.

The next day our tents were furnished and pitched, and hay instead of straw furnished for bedding. Then to see the various contrivances to make fires to cook and warm by showed the genius of civilized man, descriptions of which would require many pages.

This fort was built by the rebels when they held the Mississippi River from just below Cairo to its mouth. It contained twenty-two acres. The earth-works were strong, and cannon mounted so as to range in every direction. A bend in the river gave the guns a range up and down stream to the extent of cannon shot. A large chain was stretched across the river when the rebels were here, but was taken away when they evacuated the place.

The brow of the hill, two hundred feet above the river, was nearly perpendicular, of singular geological construction. On the top was a layer of about twenty feet of clay soil, then a stiff marl having the appearance of white sand rock, twenty feet, then thirty feet of a compound of clay, pebbles, and iron rust, then a stratum of white marl, resembling pipe-clay, but harder, and appearing like rock at a distance. This stratum went below the water to an unknown depth.

There were no springs or wells to supply the camp with water, and the rebels had a tank on the top of the hill that would hold probably three hundred barrels. To fill this they had an engine just above high water mark, at the foot of the hill, so covered with earth as to be proof against shot or shell, which took the water from the river and forced it up to the tank. When the rebels evacuated the place the engineer stayed behind and professed to be a Union man, and offered to stay and work the engine for our troops. He did so a few days, till he blocked it in some way and disappeared, and when we arrived all the water used in the camp had to be carried up this hill by hand or brought from a spring a mile distant. But our engineers finally found and removed the obstruction and put up a second engine, so that water became abundant.

But such water for man or beast to drink was sickening to the thought. The river water was muddy at best. But when you add to it the wash and filth of the cities, towns, and villages above, and see the dead mules, cattle, hogs, etc., floating in the eddy from which the water was drawn, the stomach revolted against its reception. In sight of the fort above a steamer was burnt and sunk with one hundred and fifty head of mules and cattle on her deck, tied, so that they went down with her. These carcasses wasted away in the water from which we had to draw our supply. The

people of the town had to use this water also, unless they had cisterns, which most houses had, but when they became dry they had to resort to the river.

The town, before the war, was said to have two thousand inhabitants, but now there were not over eight hundred. There were two churches, a Methodist and a Presbyterian, but the shabbiest-looking things for churches I had seen for many a year. The minister of the latter remained while the place was occupied by the rebels, and was three times brought before Bishop Polk, then in command as a rebel major general, to be tried for his life, because he would not swear allegiance to the rebel government, but he was spared providentially. When the rebels retreated orders were given to burn his church. But he applied to a rebel colonel, who was a Presbyterian, and he interposed, so that it was spared.

The Methodist minister of the Church South being a rebel, was not molested while the rebels were in command, nor his church, but when the rebels left he left also, and when we arrived his church was a negro hospital. At the opening of Spring the colored patients were moved to a place where spring water could be obtained. There being a few Methodists in the place who desired to have preaching and religious privileges, but having no preacher of their own, they applied to the Northern chaplains to supply their pulpit. The commanding officer ordered the house to be put in order for this purpose after the removal of the sick. But we told the applicants we would preach and reorganize their scattered society only as Union men, loyal to the government. To this they agreed. Before we got this plan in operation I was taken sick and left the place. What was done for them afterwards I do not know. But there seemed to be an opening for a minister of loyal principles to aid the government by

bringing the people to connect the worship of God with loyal sentiments.

The entire population looked pale and languid. The ague and fever was their most common complaint, scarcely an instance of ruddy countenance to be seen, or a fleshy, portly person. The most fleshy ones were females, but of such pale, languid appearance as to indicate feebleness. The colored people appeared to be the most healthy and robust.

The Mississippi at this point, when not over its banks, was less than half a mile wide, but so deep that no one knew its depth. Above and below, in sight of the fort, it spread out to a mile or more in width, and in high water, an inhabitant told me, the river spread over its west bank for forty miles, the wide bottom having in it several lakes, swamps, and bayous.

In removing some dirt in the fort a large piece of a burst columbiad was uncovered, the history of which, as given by the inhabitants, was this: During the battle of Belmont, on the opposite side of the river—a *city* of one house—this gun was loaded and fired till it became hot and expanded by the heat. In this plight it was loaded about dark and left till morning, when General Polk ordered it to be discharged. The gunner told him that the cooling of the gun had contracted it upon the ball that was in it, and that the gun would burst, and refused to fire it. But the *humane* rebel bishop drew a pistol and told him to fire it off or he would shoot him. This command was given with an oath, and the gunner, seeing it was death either way, but the chance of escape was more with the gun than the pistol, pulled the match string and the gun burst, killing, some said fifteen, others said eighteen, persons.

In front of the perpendicular cliff upon which the fort stands there is a land slide near the water's edge, on which the rebels had a battery of fourteen heavy

guns, which they took away when they evacuated the place. This land-slide was evidently the effect of an earthquake; but when it took place no one could tell, the country having been settled after the occurrence. But from the size of the trees which stood upon it which appeared to have grown since, I judged it must have been in the earthquakes of 1811, which destroyed New Madrid, in Missouri, some thirty miles below. Since then I learn that a still greater slide has occurred.

An incident occurred in the town while I was here tending to show the abomination of the Fugitive Slave Law. A citizen of the place, whose father was a Frenchman, his mother a Cherokee Indian, of course a little darker than white, a large portly man, a trader of some property, and long a resident of the place, dressed in about the best style of any man in the place, was claimed as a runaway chattel by a slave lord from somewhere below, and demanded of the provost marshal, under the Fugitive Slave Law. The claimant was ready, of course, to make oath to his property, but the provost marshal "laughed him to scorn," and he had to leave, cursing the Yankees for robbing him of his rights under the Constitution.

As the Spring opened, and the water subsided, the low flat ground upon which the town stands presented a fever-breeding sight shocking to Northern eyes. The bottom lands consist of an alluvium of clay, with but little sand, and the water could not sink; but as it evaporated and the soil dried, the earth cracked. It was not long before the plow, spade, and hoe, were at work, and I never saw vegetation come forward so fast before. The soil generally, on the hills as well as the bottoms, is of the richest quality, and the forest, in sight of the fort, is of the heaviest timber that I ever saw.

In May and June the fruits of the earth began to be brought into camp for sale. Low bush blackberries, which the inhabitants called *dew*-berries, high bush blackberries, apples, mulberries, and garden sauce of various kinds were plenty, and high prices were asked and paid for them.

In such a country, and using such water, it was no wonder that sickness began to appear among us Northerners. I had one or two attacks, but warded them off by timely medicines. But on the 16th of June, 1863, the chronic diarrhea took me down, from which I continued to suffer for several years. The surgeons tried their skill, and though successful in most cases, they could not cure me. On the 17th of July, the surgeon of the regiment, Dr. Darius Mason, gave his certificate that a change of climate, in my case, was necessary to save life, and upon this the colonel obtained leave of absence for me to return home, from General Asboth.

On the 19th of July, with some help, I got on a steamboat and came to Cairo; it was Saturday, and too late for the cars, so I spent the night at the soldiers' home, and the next day took the train for Chicago, Illinois, which I reached in time next morning to get aboard the cars for home, which I reached that night, making the distance from Cairo, home, six hundred and forty miles, in twenty-six hours. I had so nerved myself up to get home, with the effect the disease had on my nerves from the beginning, that I could not sleep more than four hours out of twenty-four. But careful nursing, change of climate, good water, and medical aid, checked the disease to some extent, but all could not restore me to my former health.

Early in September 1863, our conference met at Lodi, Wisconsin. Though very feeble, I ventured to take the cars to Mazomania, and then an easy carriage, eighteen miles, to the seat of the conference; and hav-

ing good lodgings near the church, I was able to attend its sessions.

At this conference delegates were elected to the General Conference of 1864. But the brethren took it into their heads to have rotation in office, and not elect any that had before been to General Conference, and they did so. But it was just as well, so far as I was concerned, for my health was such that I could not have attended. But at the time I was in hopes of recovering, and I confess to a strong desire to go again to Philadelphia, where the conference met; which would be thirty-two years from the time I was a member of the General Conference there before. There were very few in the General Conference of 1864 who were there in 1832. Bishop Morris and perhaps half a dozen other names were the only ones who were then there. In thirty-two years a different generation had come upon the stage, and assumed the control of things in the Church, as well as in the affairs of the state.

Two days after I reached home from this conference, where my appointment was to the chaplaincy, I was taken with the lumbago, so severe that I could move about only by the use of two canes. This disease, I am satisfied, was an effect of the chronic diarrhea, which still hung upon me.

The army regulations required me to make report, accompanied with a certificate of the state of my health, once in twenty days. But finding my debility continued, with but remote prospect of recovery, if I ever did recover, I signified to the Adjutant-general of the United States Army, my desire to resign; and on the 12th of December, 1863, a special order was issued granting me an "honorable discharge from the service of the United States, on account of physical disability." Thus ended my second term of military service. I *did* desire to continue with the regiment in its Southern

tour, and if I had I should have seen Atlanta, Savannah, and other places in the wake of General Sherman's army. But Providence ordered otherwise, and I could but kiss the rod that smote me.

In February, 1864, feeling a little better, though still having to use my cane to walk, I commenced preaching again, but it so exhausted me that I had to be short and moderate, and but seldom tried it.

In September of this year I thought I would try the effect of travel for my health, and took the steamboat for La Crosse, and thence a friend, Judge Lord, took me in an easy carriage to Black River Falls, where the North-western Wisconsin Conference was in session. The most of the members of this young conference had been in our conference, and were cut off by the division. Here I preached the first Methodist sermon in the place twenty-one years previous, and here I held a quarterly-meeting ten years before this time, and now to meet an annual conference in the place in a respectable church and in a growing village, showed the growth and improvement of the country. At the earnest request of brethren I preached their annual missionary sermon, in which I alluded to the fact of my first and second visits to the place, and that but for missionary operations that country would not be in its present advanced religious state. Dr. Eddy, editor of the *Northwestern Christian Advocate*, who was present and heard it, fastened upon this point in his notice of it, to illustrate the utility of missionary operations. I also preached on Sunday, but the two efforts prostrated me very much.

From this conference brother Cooley took me in his carriage to Mauston, Wisconsin, the seat of our West Wisconsin Conference, about fifty miles. Near Tomah we crossed the track we made in 1843, on our way to Lake Superior, but the country was so changed from

settlement and improvement that I could see no traces of the track then made.

The bishop was not at the North-western Conference, being sick at Winona, Minnesota, but had so far recovered as to be at our conference and able to preside and preach. Mauston is another of those suddenly sprung-up places in what but a few years before was a howling wilderness, and the resort of Indians and wild beasts, but now a thriving and inviting village or town.

At this conference one preacher was charged with some indiscretion in two cases making two sets of charges. A sub-court of nine was created, of which I was made chairman; but in both cases the brother was acquitted. It fell to me to preach here once. When my name was called in the annual examination of character, I asked for a superannuated relation, being unable to do effective service, and my request was granted.

At this conference for the first time the Garrett Biblical Institute, at Evanston, Illinois, was taken into consideration; and as we had some of its graduates among us, and more in prospect, it was thought advisable for the conference to avail itself of a provision in the charter of that institute, and send two visitors to meet the board of trustees and sit with them at the annual examination of the students and close of the term. I was appointed on this mission.

At the close of the conference I took the cars for La Crosse, passing through the tunnel on the road, the first one of the kind I had ever seen. In doing so I went under our track of 1843. I reached La Crosse in time for dinner, and that night took the boat for home, which I reached the next day. This journey, on the whole, was rather favorable to my health, but did not effect a cure.

On the 23d of October, I went by railroad to Evanston, taking a sleeping-car to Milwaukee, reaching Dr. Kidder's, of the institute, on the 24th, in time for dinner. The examination was in progress, and at the organization of the visitors and also the joint board of visitors and trustees I was placed in the chair.

I had never been favorable to these "schools of the prophets," as they are called. Seeing the effects of them in other Churches, from which some learned dunces and hosts of second and third rate preachers had come forth, and a failure in two or three instances from our own institutions, had not given me any more favorable opinion of their utility. In this, my first visit to one of the kind, I desired to see and learn all I could of and concerning them. My mind was open to conviction, and especially as these institutions had been recognized and patronized by the General Conference, and had become "the order of the day" among us, and if there was any good in them I desired to find it. I mean by good, any thing superior to our old mode of training preachers *in* the the work, instead of *for* the work.

In New England for half a century an institution for the education of "indigent pious young men for the ministry" has been in operation among the Congregationalists, and as a result, there are said to be near five hundred clergymen who were thus educated; but after missionating for years in pursuit of "a call," have been unable to obtain one, though there are about as many congregations of the same order without pastors. Now it follows that those "indigent pious young men" were not called of God to the work of the ministry, and that their education did not supply the want of that call. However useful their literary and theological advantages were, these could not and did not qualify them for the work in the estimation of their

own people, or some of their vacant pulpits would have been open to them.

But among the thousands of our ministers who have been educated *in* the work there can not be found that number, or that proportion of numbers, of failures. In our system of educating *in* the work, if the candidate is to fail he does it at so early a period as to be laid aside before his ordination.

It is true, in our present station system we have not the advantages attendant on the old circuit system to educate young men *in* the work. Then a young man usually had an older one over him to instruct him, but now the young man has to be alone. Then, being at a new place every day for four weeks upon a circuit, we could repeat the discourse till we had perfected it; but now, preaching to the same congregation every time, we must have a new subject, which requires a stock of knowledge to be laid in beforehand or extraordinary genius.

Again, our own people have been elevated by and through our ministry to a higher state of intelligence than we found them in, and their acquired knowledge, improved tastes, and aspirations require a more advanced stage of intelligence in a young man to begin with than was formerly necessary. But it should be remembered that the young men now called of God, come from this improved state of society; and as the fathers started from the state of society as it *then* existed, so our young men *now* start from the *improved* state of society, and, of course, have the same *relative* advantages the fathers did. If the old circuit system were still in use, they could grow as fast, relatively, as the fathers did; but the want of this furnishes one of the strongest arguments in favor of a higher degree of education to commence with that can be advanced.

In the New England system of theological educa-

tion, the students seldom, if ever, had a conscious call from God, but being "pious," desired to do good to their fellow-men, and being "indigent," were educated by charity, *in hope* that God would call them. And, further, though they were "pious" and "indigent," it is not impossible nor improbable that they aspired to the "position" a place in the ministry would give them. But aspirations to "position" in society are not proof of a call of God to the ministry; and this may be the reason for so many failures in the graduates of that school.

But our institutes require evidence of a divine call certified to by competent laymen, as well as ministers, before the student can be admitted. And if this certificate is based upon Methodist rule, that is, that there must be "gifts, grace, and usefulness, or fruit," in the conversion of souls, there can hardly be a failure in the candidate. There is a *possibility* of a mistake or of partiality of feeling from family relation or of taking the gifts of utterance, if there is piety, for fruit, or rather *expectation* of fruit. But these mistakes will not probably be more numerous than the failures under our old system.

Again, allowing the young man to grow as fast, after entering the work under our present station system, as the fathers did under the circuit sytem, a thing hardly possible in the nature of things, if equally industrious, having a greater stock of knowledge as a capital to begin with, he will derive a benefit from it.

In view of all the circumstances of the case, the change from the circuit to the station system, each young preacher being alone, instead of having an elder brother with him to teach him, the elevated state of society, and the wish of our people to have educated men—and in this they are more clamorous for education than for talent, they would like, and prefer

both, if combined, but prefer the learning without the talent, if but one can be had—and in view of the influence mere tinsel of this kind has upon outsiders in attracting them to our places of worship, it is probably best to have such institutions for such as prefer to go through a theological course before commencing the regular work of the ministry, or such as can not pass muster without it.

But it would be suicidal to require all our young men to have this preparatory course. If we should, the work could not be supplied, and souls must perish, for whom Christ died, on account of it. The General Minutes of conferences for 1864 show three hundred and forty-five to have been admitted on trial in all the conferences. Some years these admissions have been as high as five hundred, or more. Our Biblical institutes graduate not more than from ten to fifteen each, *per annum*. The wastage of our ministry by deaths, locations, or otherwise, is such that though three hundred and forty-five were added to their number, there were but thirty-three increase in the total number. To depend, therefore, upon our three principal institutions, the Drew Seminary, the Garrett Institute, and the Boston University, for men to fill up the ranks of our ministry, would be to diminish our ministry at the rate of from three hundred to five hundred per annum.

That our Church favors education, with more universities, colleges, seminaries, and institutes, than any other Church in the United States, no one can doubt. No Church has a more rigid and extensive course of theological study required of its ministers than ours, and candidates for our ministry can not be too well educated—the more extensively the better—before applying for admission. But the peculiar studies required of our ministry have, from necessity, been pursued in the work, or after beginning it, thus combining theory

with practice. This rule we must adhere to for ages, if not centuries, as our theological institutes can not supply the requisite number of new ministers in less time, if it could even then. But in the mean time it is well to encourage Biblical studies, preparatory to entering the itinerancy, and to provide means for studying in it to all such as can do so, being first called of God.

The examinations were very satisfactory. They showed the abilities and skill of the professors, and the attention and diligence of the students. The topics taught and learned were of such a nature as to be useful to a minister, if rightly used and improved upon; but however useful, they can not supply the experience necessary, and that can be attained only in the work.

In the exhibitions the young men acquitted themselves well, but as such speeches are the result of long arrangements, writing, re-writing, memorizing, one can hardly form an idea from them of what the pulpit efforts would be of the same person, where less time is necessarily had in the preparation. We can form a better idea of a young man's ability to preach from hearing him a few times in more off-hand efforts.

As some Christian Churches in their eagerness for "learning" in their ministry have lost sight of and even denied the doctrine of a divine call to the work, and have accepted learning instead of it, it must be admitted that there is danger of *our* swerving to an extreme in the same direction, or at least of accepting of literary qualifications as a proof of the divine call, even when neither the gifts of utterance necessary to a useful preacher, nor the required fruit in the conversion of sinners is apparent. It should, therefore, be our aim and constant care to guard against this error, to sever the wheat from the chaff, and not abandon the old, well tried, and time-honored custom of taking young men when called of God, and who show the call

in "their gifts, grace, and usefulness," whether graduates of a college, an academy, or only a common school, and *teach* them in the work, to do the work of an evangelist. Hitherto providence has favored our Church with enough of the classically learned to supply our institutions of learning, and without present and growing literary advantages there are no grounds for fear of ever being deficient in this department. But it is a known fact that a large percentage of this class leave the halls of science with impaired health, and are unable to endure the toils and privations of the itinerancy, and, therefore, we need a hardier class of men to supply the wants of the Church in her ministry. Both classes have their appropriate spheres of usefulness, and, therefore, both can be used. One fact should be remembered, that is, that our strongest men, and most intellectual, are those who were educated for civic purposes, but being converted and called of God to the ministry, and "giving themselves to reading" in the ministry, developed their talents, and have made their marks in the world.

And it must be admitted that the same amount of knowledge, though obtained on the circuit or in the station, is as good as if it was obtained in the institute or college; and often, if not generally, it is better, for the reason that it is obtained where theory and practice go hand in hand. It may require more time, but having the advantage of practice with it, it will be better tested and more solid. In truth our most learned and useful men obtain their most varied and useful learning after leaving the schools and engaging in practical life. The school disciplines the mind, and expands the faculties, and thus prepares it for study in after life; and it is always desirable, if possible, to have its advantages. But so many depend entirely upon their scholastic advantages, and neglect future study, that of the two

classes the self-taught frequently excel the others in substantial and useful learning.

Evanston may be justly styled the *Athens* of the North-west portion of the United States. It is beautifully situated on the west bank of Lake Michigan, eleven miles north of Chicago. It was built in a grove, some of the trees large, and so many were left for ornament and shade that they hide the buildings from distant view. It is the seat not only of the Biblical Institute, but also of the North-western University, and the North-western Female College, now a department of the University, to which may be added high and common schools, under the school laws of the State. The morals of the place are of the highest grade and the state of society corresponds with its surroundings and advantages.

Having now served the Church, officially, over half a century and never having had a "ministerial recreation" in my life, and having no appointments to call me home, I thought I would venture to spend a Sabbath in the great commercial emporium of the North-west, Chicago. Having no invitation from any of its ministers or laymen with whom I met to do so, I rather begged one. In the city I met other ministers, but no one invited me to preach. I heard two sermons, of either of which I confess I should have felt ashamed and deeply mortified and humbled if from myself. One brother excused himself for not inviting me to his pulpit, because he had given notice the week previous of a special discourse. I found this "clap-trap" practice to secure hearers quite common, if not universal, in the city, as if the ministers could not from their own talents command attention, but resorted to such schemes to excite the curiosity of the "giddy and the gay."

The churches were called "splendid" from their structure and finish, and the people praised God by

proxy, having quartets, choirs, and musical machines to do it for them, instead of doing it directly themselves. The preaching that I heard and also saw advertised in the "clap-trap" notices in the daily papers, were more of science than Gospel, and seemed designed more to attract and please the ear than to arouse the conscience and affect and reform the heart. As might be expected, no revivals followed. Our Church paper of that city, after publishing accounts of revivals almost every-where else within its circulation, on the 1st of March, 1865, says: "Alas, that we have no sweeping revivals to relate in our city Churches;" and no wonder, under such modes of worship.

I found in this city, by accident, a son of mine in the Gospel, who thirty-three years previous in Pennsylvania was brought into the Church under my ministry. I spent an agreeable night with him and his family, and the next day returned home, satisfied that as this was the first it should be the last attempt I should ever make at clerical recreation.

Being sick and confined at home preaching once in two to four weeks, nothing occurred worthy of record. I spent my time mostly in reading and writing.

Our conference for 1865 met in Brodhead, Wisconsin. At this conference, at the request of the conference, I preached, or rather read a semi-centennial sermon. I read it because it was made up of so many statistics that to extemporize it was next to impossible. To me it was hard work, and rather dry; but it seems it was sufficiently interesting to be desired for publication, and it is included in this volume.

We had some discussion about choir singing, with the melodeon accompaniment, and by sheer management a resolution on the subject passed the conference bearing upon my views on that vexed and vexing

question. The resolution conflicted with the views of Mr. Wesley, Dr. A. Clarke, and the Bible, but was justified under the specious pretext of progression. Oh when shall our Church "inquire for the old paths!" Progress is good when in the right direction; but when it conflicts with the revealed will of God, it is of dangerous tendency.

In the Spring of 1866, in a correspondence with Rev. W. F. Day, the amiable and popular Secretary of Erie Conference, I was invited by him to visit Meadville, Pennsylvania, and the Erie Conference at its ensuing session, with the kind offer to pay my expenses back and forth. Of course, having nothing specially to hinder, I took the cars and reached Meadville in time for the commencement exercises of Allegheny College, where I was regarded and treated as one of the fathers of the institution.

It was very gratifying to be permitted to visit once more the scenes of my early itinerancy. I found more of my old acquaintances yet living than I expected. The changes in the town in thirty years were very great, as great in population and improvements as those of the great West. In the rural districts these changes did not appear so visible. The old church I left in Meadville yet stood in its place, but being too small to accommodate its growing congregation, a new one was begun, which, when finished, was to cost about fifty thousand dollars.

While here, a return of the chronic diarrhea confined me to the parsonage, where I received the kind attentions of brother Day and his amiable family. This attack of disease prevented my visiting the oil region, which was a great disappointment. The oil region I had traveled on a circuit in 1819–20, and again when on the district in 1833–5. I saw then the signs of oil, but never dreamed of the present state of things from

that source. I found in Kingsville, Ohio, when on my way to Painesville, the seat of the Erie Conference, an excellent brother, John Blood, Esq., who was a boy in 1819, and lived on Oil Creek at one of my appointments, who afterwards inherited the land upon which some of the best oil-wells were sunk. But disliking the state of society that the oil brought to the place, he sold out for half a million of dollars, and removed to his present quiet location. He is one of the few men who retain their humility, piety, and benevolence on becoming suddenly rich. But in him I could see no difference, except that, having more wealth, his munificence corresponded with his means. If he had not interdicted it, I should feel under obligations to acknowledge his pecuniary kindness to me.

The Erie Conference met in Painesville, on the 11th of July, 1866. Here I met all the old preachers yet living and in the work with whom I was associated on this field in former days. I also met with many whom I baptized in infancy, or licensed to preach when on the district. Many of the laity who yet lived in this region, gave me the friendly hand, and called up reminiscences of the past. Painesville, in forty-five years, had grown from a small village to a large city, and I could recognize but one house of the olden time. In introducing me to the conference with several others, Bishop Ames said: "Here is a brother who was among you before railroads and telegraph wires were known."

From Painesville I went to Paris, Oneida County, New York, whence my wife had preceded me, to the place of her nativity, on a visit. The rapidity with which travel by rail is now performed is such that one scarcely notices the country through which he literally flies; nor could I, if it were expedient, give any description of the country through which I so rapidly

passed. At Paris, having more leisure, I could make some observations. The hill is said to be over one thousand feet above the Mohawk River at Utica, ten miles distant, and is probably twelve hundred feet above tide water. But high as it is its slopes are so gradual that farms join each other up and down its entire sides. The soil and crops were good, and the high state of improvement, which had been about a century in making, indicated the Yankee origin of the people. The great number of villages, manufactories, and small farms indicated the density of the population and removed all wonder that the State rolled up its three or four millions of population in the census.

One thing, however, struck me as out of the ordinary course of things in reference to Methodism. This hill, in the days of my wife's father, Luther Richards, was the headquarters of Methodi m in this region of country. On this hill, and at the house of Richards, Asbury, Whatcoat, M'Kendree, and Roberts, our early bishops, used to stop and rest their weary bodies when on their annual rounds to the conferences, and here one of the earliest churches in the interior of that State was built. But there is no Methodist church there now. But in the same township, and within three or four miles where manufacturing villages have sprung up, and where trade and business necessarily center, there are several of our churches, each one supporting its own pastor; so that in point of numbers and influence Methodism has increased in this vicinity in the same ratio as in other places.

From Paris we turned our faces homeward, taking the cars at Utica. In doing so, however, a little incident occurred—little in itself, but still worthy of note for travelers. The baggage-master at Utica, in checking my trunk, put one number on the trunk and gave me another. Presuming that the railroad officials always

kept their checks rightly mated, I did not examine the numbers. But at Cannadaigua, where we changed cars to go by West Bloomfield, the baggage-master refused to let me have my trunk, because the numbers of the checks did not agree. The train would not wait for me to secure the trunk, and I did not deem it prudent to leave the place without it. The baggage-man telegraphed to Utica, and got answer that he had that day checked a trunk with the number that was on the trunk. This did not help the matter. I showed my name in my pocket-book corresponding with the name on the trunk, but this was not enough; the checks were their guide. I then sought for Dr. F. G. Hibbard, our stationed preacher in that place, with whom I had some acquaintance, to identify my person with the name on the trunk, but he was absent at the district association. Meantime my wife had gone on the cars to her sister's at West Bloomfield, but without her ticket or money, the gentlemanly conductor, however, knowing the fix I was in let her pass.

It was soon noised around that an old Methodist preacher was detained at the depot in consequence of an error in checking his trunk, and a good brother who kept a store close by came to my relief, when the baggage man agreed to let me have my trunk in time for the train next morning. But, strange to tell, this very particular baggage-master, in checking my trunk again, gave me one for the wrong place. This mistake I had just time to get corrected before the train started. I began to think the fates were against me, in the check business. Nor was this the last of it. At Batavia, I ordered my trunk checked to Chicago by Crestline, and having determined to examine the numbers on my baggage thereafter, I did so in this case, but did not notice the route. But having learned that "watching" in this case was necessary, at Cleveland I

looked after my trunk and found it going on by the Lake Shore Road and had it rechecked for Crestline, where I had to change checks again to Forest, and thence to Kenton, where I went to see my brother.

At Crestline, while waiting for the trains to connect, for the first time in my life while standing upon the platform I was approached by one of those robbers called "confidence men." Being warned by a hint from one of the employes of the depot, I let him slide. I learned that this fellow had given a wrong name for himself, and that he had, but a few days before, "confidenced" a farmer out of eleven hundred dollars; he, however, could not have got any thing out of me in that way. I had seen too much in print of their doings to be caught. But my informant told me there was danger of robbery and possibly murder, if I had gone into the saloon into which he invited me; but to go to such a place I had no inclination.

From Kenton we came home and found all well. The journey of over two thousand miles and the change of scenery and the sight of old friends had a beneficial effect upon my health.

CHAPTER XV.

IN 1867 our conference met at Prairie du Chien, Wisconsin. Our society in this place was too small of itself to entertain a conference of our size, but outside friends first solicited such a meeting. Their motives were probably more of a secular than of a religious character, as it would give the place notoriety abroad, and probably be a pecuniary benefit; yet they had respect to religious advantages. A few citizens declined to

entertain preachers from a fear that they could not do it well enough for men of such cloth. But when they learned from other outsiders how well *they* were pleased with their company, and how easily they were suited, not at all difficult to please, they regretted, and asked for preachers to be sent to them; but as all were now accommodated there were none for them. My own house was honored by the presence of Bishop Simpson and his wife (with whom I was acquainted in Pittsburg before their marriage) and their invalid son, since deceased. We had also other preachers (three of them nephews of my wife) and relatives, running up the family to twenty-three, including two babies.

At this conference we elected delegates to the General Conference of 1868, and having two-thirds of the votes cast, I was one of the two elected to represent the conference in the great sanhedrim of our Church.

My health had so far improved that I felt able to take regular work, and asked to be made effective. But strong opposition was raised. The objection made was my age and ill-health, alleging that I should fail and break down before the year was out. But a new presiding elder was to be appointed to Madison District, and it leaked out by some means, as such things will, that if I were made effective I would be thus appointed; and, whether right or wrong, as the strongest opposition came from prominent candidates for the office and their friends, the suspicion rose and was expressed that if that office had not been in question, the opposition would not have been raised. Be that as it may, I was made effective by a two-thirds vote, and as it was done in view of the office, I was virtually elected to it by the conference. This was the second time of such an election by the conference.

But there was trouble ahead. At one place the pastor who, without just grounds, was personally hos-

tile, declared that he would not serve under me, and he and his official board petitioned the bishop to remove me, or to be put into another district. The bishop, though a friend of mine, without notice to me or a hearing from others, but to make things as smooth as possible, placed the station in another district, though to reach it the presiding elder had to pass through two of the charges in my district. This was novel to say the least of it. At the ensuing conference, in cabinet, Bishop Ames then presiding, promptly placed the station back, and required me to represent it. This I could do, for in every quarterly round I had to pass through it.

At another place, they had wanted another man, and received me reluctantly. At a third station, before they saw me, the officiary had resolved not to receive me, but at my first visit to them the scale turned, and from thenceforward they gave me a cordial reception. Hearing of this opposition, and that certain preachers in the district intended to see the bishop at the Wisconsin Conference, and demand my removal, I went there myself, and met three of them, who failed in the object of their mission. The bishop assured me that if he had fully understood the matter he would not have made the change he did. The disappointed preachers then made a virtue of necessity, and "accepted the situation" with the best grace they could. On the rest of the district fears had been excited lest I should fail in health and break down on their hands; but one round on the district seemed to quiet their apprehensions, and I was thenceforward cordially received and kindly treated; unless calling for more preaching than was usual for presiding elders to do might be considered as bearing hard upon me. On one occasion I preached twelve times in nine days, held two quarterly-meetings, and traveled twenty miles in the

midst of snow-drifts and floods. On another occasion, to meet all the demands upon me, I held two quarterly-meetings and preached seventeen times and traveled over fifty miles in two weeks. I averaged preaching over four times a week during the year.

I found on the district some friction on the question of sanctification, growing out of different modes of explaining it, not because of dissent from the doctrine. Preachers and people urged me to preach on the subject, which I did in most of the charges, and all seemed to be satisfied and settled down in quietude on the subject, many seeking and some professing to enjoy the blessing. I found, also, that some others of our distinctive doctrines were not properly understood by some of our people. Upon these I also preached. Our preachers have too generally thought our distinctive doctrines are sufficiently and clearly understood, and have yielded to the clamor against doctrinal sermons and fallen into the popular habit of preaching sermons on the sciences and commonplace love which offend nobody nor do they convert any body. As such men please unregenerate outsiders they are popular and clamored for, while sound doctrinal men are crowded into the background.

In April, 1868, I went to Chicago, Illinois, and was present at the opening of the General Conference. This proved to be the most important and interesting session of that body ever had since the organization of our Church. The lay delegate question came up in great force. Numerous petitions in its favor were presented, while still more numerous remonstrances were against it. The committee on that subject, whether by accident or design I do not know, had on it a majority in its favor, and attempted to force the scheme on to the Church *nolens volens;* but that did not prevail in the conference. The General Conferences of 1860 and

1864 had expressed a willingness to make this change in our ecclesiastical economy when our *people* should express a wish for such a measure. In 1862 the question was submitted to a vote of both preachers and laity, and voted down by about two to one. This, it was thought, would be a quietus upon it. But as the friends of the measure pressed hard upon the General Conference of 1864, the willingness previously expressed was reiterated, and most of the annual conferences acquiesced in it. But as that wish of the people had not been expressed, this General Conference of 1868 would not adopt the measure; and the most that could be done for it was to submit it again to a vote. A committee was appointed, consisting of an equal number *pro* and *con*, to devise a plan to be submitted to a vote, so that both preachers and people should know definitely what they were voting for or against. This plan was adopted; the lay delegate men voted for it as the best they could get, and the others voted for it believing the vote would be as in 1862, and thus put an end to the controversy. But in this we were mistaken.

The question was first submitted to the membership, male and female over twenty-one years of age, and so far as I know two-thirds that voted for the plan did so to get rid of the agitation of the question in the Church, deeming it a less evil to let it be tried, than to have the Church agitated for another four years, or to the end of time; as the friends of the measure, thinking more of carrying their point than of the peace of Zion, had threatened, if they failed this time, they would renew and continue the contest till they *did* prevail. By such means, and for such reasons a large majority of the membership voted *for* the measure. The question then came before the traveling ministry, on the amendment of the restrictive rule, as to the Constitution of the General Conference. As the

annual conferences had pledged themselves to admit of lay delegation, when the people desired it, and as this vote expressed such a desire, many felt bound by this pledge, while others thought it not wise or prudent to *seem* to cling to power and go against the wish of the people in such a matter. I was of this number and voted to change the rule, not because I believed the measure to be either Scriptural or practicable in our economy. The requisite three-fourths vote was had in the ministry, and the measure was adopted; and it being so, I shall do my best to carry out its provisions in good faith, but without any faith in its ultimate practical success.

Another question of great importance in our economy came up and was debated for several days. It was whether delegates from the mission conferences in foreign countries, and our colored conferences at home should be admitted to the General Conference. This was carried by a large majority. There were two colored delegates present and waiting this decision, and as soon as they were admitted the most uproarious clapping and stamping followed that I ever witnessed in any ecclesiastical assembly.

The wires carried the news to Washington City, where the General Conferences of both the African Zion Methodist Episcopal Church and African Methodist Episcopal Church were then in session. The next day a telegram from the Zion General Conference was received, inquiring if a commission would be received by us, with a view to affiliation. It was answered affirmatively. But the operator at Washington made a mistake and sent the answer to the other African General Conference. They received it as an invitation from us, and telegraphed back that their commissioner would start the next day. But when the mistake was discovered and corrected they declined to send, for

what reason did not appear. The Zion General Conference, however, sent on their commissioner in the person of Bishop Jones, who was courteously received, and who made a very favorable impression on both the conference and the public mind. In his address to us he showed talents of the highest order. He said the Church he represented was thoroughly Methodistic in doctrines, discipline, and usages; that they left "the mother Church," not from any dissent from these, but because in *his* race, at that time, the manhood of man was not recognized; that when the United States Government was changed in that respect, slavery was abolished, the elective franchise extended to them, they naturally turned their eyes homeward to see what would be done by us in this matter; and when the wires brought the news that two colored delegates had been admitted to seats in our General Conference their hearts leaped for joy, and they turned their eyes and thoughts towards "the mother Church."

"If," said he, "we return to you, we wish to come on terms of equality. We do not mean by this that we will walk into your parlors and take seats uninvited; nor do we want you to do so by us. All we ask is to be recognized *as men*, and enjoy rights and privileges which white men will feel bound to respect." These remarks were made in the highest strains of eloquence, without the least indication of African bias, and were received with the loudest applause. I heard the remark repeatedly made, "I should not object to sit in conference with that man or one like him in the chair." Commissioners were appointed to meet such a one from the Zion Methodist Episcopal Church, to consider the terms of union, and report to the next General Conference.

There was also a petition or address presented from eight Protestant Episcopal clergymen of Newark, New

Jersey, asking for affiliation; in what way was not stated. But a commission was constituted to receive overtures from them, or any others who felt disposed to affiiliate with us and arrange the preliminaries, if any were agreed upon, and report to the next General Conference for final action.

The question of making the mission conferences organized in foreign countries regular ones elicited much debate, having a small but strong opposition. We then had annual conferences in India, Africa, and Germany, and provision was made for one, each, in China, Scandinavia, and South America, from all of which delegates to the General Conference might be sent. This measure effected a change in the title of the Church from "the Methodist Episcopal Church in the United States," to "the Methodist Episcopal Church *in the world*," in fact, though not in name. In less than a century since the organization of the Church, with but one annual conference in the United States, we had grown to seventy annual conferences, three of which were in foreign countries, with provisions for three more. This view of our growth and magnitude, with the responsibilities it involved, was overwhelming. God had placed us, as a Church, as *one* of the great lights of the world, if not *the* great light, that was to enlighten and save the world, and usher in the millennial glory of the Church of Christ. If, then, we should err, or be derelict in duty, and thereby fail to accomplish the great mission assigned us, the most fearful consequences must follow! I never felt so sensibly my own individual nothingness and entire dependence on God, as *one* of this vast mission, as when this picture was placed vividly before the mind's eye, nor has it since diminished in the least.

At this session of our General Conference, the British Wesleyan Church was represented, fraternally, by

the celebrated Mr. Punshon, one of the greatest of English divines and orators. In his address to the conference, in speaking of the young but great city in which we were assembled, and of its wonderful growth, in which some of the streets had been raised six feet above the face of the natural soil, and the consequent necessity of raising houses previously built to the same level, he said, "one of the wonders of the place was, as he had been informed, that they raised houses, here, out of the mud while the people in them were eating their meals." This was literally true, not only of houses of small dimensions, but of one of the largest hotels in the city. I saw, also, houses being moved on wheels or rollers, one, two, or even three miles distant, while the families were living, eating, and sleeping in them.

There were present, also, representatives from the Wesleyan and Methodist Episcopal Churches of Canada, and from several Churches of Methodistic origin in the United States. In all these the spirit of the times, which tends to a reunion of Churches of like faith, discipline, and usages, was clearly exhibited. Hopes were expressed, very freely, that the time was not distant when, at least, those of Methodistic origin and proclivities, should again "see eye to eye," and form one united and grand phalanx against the powers of darkness, and work more efficiently for God and the salvation of our race than ever, because "in union there is strength."

Within the time of this session (May 1868), a national convention, representing the Republican party, convened in Chicago, and nominated General Grant for President, and Mr. Colfax for Vice-President of the United States, both of whom were elected in the ensuing Fall. This convention, also, exhibited the wonderful change in our national affairs, since the breaking

out of the slave-holders' rebellion in 1861. There were in it several delegates from the South, of African descent, some of mixed, and some of full blood. Such a sight was never before seen on American soil; white, black, and yellow faces commingling in a great convention, assembled too, on a subject of the gravest importance to our Republic.

In this convention were several Methodist ministers of both colors; the whites were also delegates to our General Conference. This came the nearest to mingling the Church with state affairs of any previous occurrence in our nation; and yet the line of demarkation was distinct and clear. No such necessity had previously existed. The South had but just emerged from the great Rebellion, and was not yet fully reconstructed. The wealthier class, who were able to meet the expense of attending such a convention were rebels, and not yet "reconstructed," and if they had been they were not of the right politics to be in this convention. The loyalists of the South were of the colored race, and the poorer class of whites who were not able to bear the expense of themselves. As the delegates to the General Conference were to be in Chicago at the time of holding the convention, and being of the same political views, they were selected, and thereby saved the expense of a separate delegation in attending the convention. Being men of talent, they could and did fill the place with honor.

The secular press of the opposite party *must* find fault at the convention, and for the want of something more tangible fastened upon this, and also, the fact of the meeting of the General Conference and the convention at the same time and place, roaring as if the "wreck of matter and the crush of worlds" would be the consequence. They averred that the General Conference was convened for the express purpose of con-

dncing to the nomination of Grant and Colfax; while they knew, or ought to have known, that the Conference was appointed four years previous, and the convention but a few months before. If the politics of the convention had been of the opposite party the tune of the song no doubt would have been on the other side. But as it was, the abuse and slander of the General Conference on this account only tended to alienate the feelings of the few Methodists who were Democrats at the time from the party whose leaders would th s abuse their pastors and friends without just cause.

At this General Conference several new annual ones were organized. But in Wisconsin one was merged into another—the first instance of the kind in the history of Methodism. The North-west Wisconsin was merged in the West Wisconsin Conference. This was not done at the request of the little conference, but chiefly through influences from others not directly interested. This left but two conferences in the State. An attempt was made to give the lion's share of the State to the east one, at the expense and injury of the west one. Against this injustice I worked hard, and succeded, as in 1856, to have the territory of the State about equally divided.

The difference in the treatment of Methodism now and fifty years back is not more manifest in any one particular than in the attentions of the secular press. Then if a conference were in session in a city or town, the press might or m'ght not say in a few lines, "The Methodist Conference is in session," etc ; but now reporters must be in attendance. Some of their reports are not correct, though, as a general thing, the public through the dailies and weeklies are informed of our proceedings as matters of general news.

One movement of the press of Chicago not before adopted was a sketch of some whom they deemed to

be prominent members of the conference. Not dreaming of being a subject of their notice, one morning on going to my seat I was surprised to find a daily with the following in it, which I transcribe, correcting a few slight errors, for the amusement, if not edification, of the reader. It may appear a little vain in me; but, as the censure about equals the flattery, one may balance the other. After speaking of Dr. John P. Durbin, it says:

"Another man whose venerable appearance attracts the attention of the visitor to the conference, is the Rev. Alfred Brunson, D. D., one of the representatives of the West Wisconsin Annual Conference Dr. Brunson has now lived more than three-quarters of a century, being in his seventy-sixth year, and yet one would not mistrust him, by his appearance, to be over fifty. He is a regular Yankee 'to the manor born,' his native place being Danbury, Connecticut. But, concluding in early life that Connecticut was a good State to emigrate from, he came West, and for many years was on the Western frontier. But the frontier having passed on toward the setting sun, the aged man of God is now spending the quiet evening of his useful life amid the comforts of Christian civilization, the result, largely, of his own indefatigable labors of other years in the State of Wisconsin.

"Dr. Brunson is emphatically a self-made man. Al though receiving a start in the way of education in the public schools of his native town, and subsequently adding to his stock of knowledge by attending for a while the academy at Sing Sing, New York, yet by far the larger amount of that education that has rendered him so peculiarly efficient in the important and responsible positions in life which he has been called to fill, has been received in what he himself so aptly terms 'Brush College.'

"He became religious when only fifteen years of age, at which time he united with the Methodist Episcopal Church. He commenced preaching in 1815, and five years later, in 1820, he was received into the Ohio Annual Conference. But Dr. Brunson is not only an expounder of the 'Higher Law,' but is also an advocate of the civil law having been, during his life, a practitioner in the civil courts, and was once elected to the territorial legislature, besides filling other civil offices.

"His present relation to his conference is presiding elder of Madison District, and his residence is in the beautiful city of Prairie du Chien. Three times he has been honored with the selection as delegate to the General Conference—in the years 1832, 1860, and 1868. The venerable doctor has not much sympathy with the restlessness of 'young America,' especially when seeking to effect changes in the policy of the Church of his choice. He believes in letting well enough alone; and as the Church has accomplished so much in the past, it is able to accomplish still more in the future without resorting to change.

"One peculiar trait in the character and conduct of Dr. Brunson is his independence. This is seen in the fact that, while the General Conference of which he is a member, is hurling its blasts and counterblasts against the use of tobacco, the venerable doctor is seen leisurely walking about the streets 'smoking his pipe of clay,' as quietly as though no bulls had been fulminated against the practice."

While at Chicago, from the last of April to the first of June I had an opportunity to notice the effect of the great lake (Michigan) on the climate and vegetation bordering upon its western shore, which are at least a month later, both Spring and Fall, than they are twenty or thirty miles back in the country. About the middle of May, when the buds of the trees were hardly opened

in the city, I went to Rockford, ninety miles, to preach. As soon as we left the lake shore we saw vegetation in advance of what it was in the city. This advance continued to increase till at Rockford fruit-trees were in bloom and grass and other herbage forward in proportion. We left the city for home on the 3d of June, when the grass and leaves of trees were but half-grown, and as the road verged from the lake shore we could see the increased size of vegetation, till in thirty miles we saw wheat heading out. During the month of May, in the city, there was but one afternoon that an overcoat would be a burden. This state of the atmosphere was supposed to be from the proximity of the lake. But as it tempered the Fall as well as the Spring, the seasons, on the whole, are as long on the lake shore as in the interior.

Madison District, at this time, embraced all of Green County, the west half of Dane, with three charges in other counties. It would average about sixty miles north and south by over twenty east and west, including fourteen charges. The face of the country is gently rolling, well supplied with water power on streams, but much of it was not well supplied with wells or springs; some wells were over a hundred feet deep, and poor water when reached. Most of the surface soil is a rich loam, with an under stratum of gravel, or what is called drift soil, in some places known, from wells, to be one hundred and thirty feet feet deep, but how much deeper was unknown. Yet strange as it may seem, large lakes and streams of water found their beds in it. In other parts the rocks were seen cropping out on the hills and in the beds of the streams, especially in the vicinity of the larger streams.

We held one camp-meeting near Monroe, about the middle of June. Things went off well till Sunday

night about ten o'clock, when a thunder shower fell upon us, which continued till four o'clock next morning—the heaviest rain I ever knew to continue for so long a time. Our tent leaked so badly that no one could lie down to sleep, and I sat up all night with an umbrella over me and my satchel. The tent being on the lower slope of the ground, the water running through it in the straw was at least six inches deep, and from the signs next morning it must have been that depth in the leaves over most of the ground. The streams near at hand were swollen to such a height that not a bridge was left for many miles, nor a fence on the low grounds. One man who had an empty jar, sixteen inches deep with its top averaging the diameter of the inside, reported that it was running over in the morning, thus proving that at least sixteen inches of water fell in the course of the night. Before our breakfast was over boys came in from the surrounding country with the news to their fathers that the fences were gone, either blown down by the wind or swept away by the flood, and the cattle were in the crops. Of course, such men had to leave, and the meeting broke up. We held another in July, at Blackearth, at which much good was done, the weather being then favorable.

The country was as densely populated as any other part of the State out of the large cities; but a large proportion of the people were foreigners, with views on religious matters not evangelical. This rendered access to them on this subject difficult, if not impossible. We had, also, infidels, Adventists, Spiritualists, and Catholics to contend with, so that true godliness made but little progress.

Another heavy drawback upon our success was the unsettled state of society. Lands bought at a low figure when the country was new had now become valu-

able from being improved and from the increase of population, and wealthy Germans, emigrants, were offering from thirty-five to fifty dollars per acre. This was too great a temptation for many to resist, and the old settlers were selling out and going further West, with a view to obtain larger quantities of land whereon to settle their families. Among them were many of our Church members. This immigration of foreigners, in many places, gave them the control of schools and school houses, out of which all religious worship was voted. This induced others to sell out and seek for homes more congenial to their views and feelings. By these means some entire societies were broken up, or greatly weakened. A few such cases occurred where we had church edifices, and strong fears existed that they would eventually have to be abandoned, or passed over to our German Methodist brethren. We had some good revivals, but the wastage was so great by emigration, that our increase in membership was but small. Indeed, such is the migratory character of our people that unless we have good revivals annually, we can not retain our numbers in many localities. If they join the Church in their new homes, as they ought to do, the Church generally is not the loser; nay, they may form the nucleus of new societies in their new locations, and thus conduce to the greater spread of Gospel truth and holiness.

Our conference for 1868 met at Masomania, in my district. As the North-west Wisconsin Conference had been merged into ours, we now came together for the first time comparative strangers. Some were displeased with the change, but after mingling together and becoming acquainted, these murmurings died away. As a matter of course, in the appointments there were changes, and a mixing up in the different parts of the conference. Some were moved north, others south;

some east and others west. It fell to my lot to go north, to the La Crosse District. This district was about as convenient for me as the other, with a prospect of less friction; but it was not without some amusing if not trying incidents. Indeed, Satan, from the beginning of my ministry, seems to have sought to precede me at all my appointments, to hedge up my way; but time has always, so far, turned things in my favor. Some of the preachers thought I could not live the year out, and began to cast about for my successor. But still they exacted more than the ordinary amount of preaching from the presiding elder. The plea was, that *they* could not preach before me, and the people having heard of me, must hear from me.

The district included all of Monroe County and half of La Crosse, Jackson, and Trempealeau Counties; all but recently settled. It included all of La Crosse and part of Black River Valleys. The soil in places is poor, being sandy, the hills more abrupt, narrower on the top, and less susceptible of cultivation, but the valleys broader and more productive than those of the southern part of the State. The people had less of this world's goods, and, of course, we had less support and fewer church edifices. The district extended sixty miles east from the Mississippi River, and about thirty miles along its banks, having fourteen charges in it. It included the lower part of Black River from the falls to the mouth, through which all the logs and rafts from the pinery on that river had to find their way to the market below. Often in high water the floating logs so blocked the river as to prevent crossing, except where it was bridged. Over five hundred millions of feet of lumber, in logs, were said to be annually driven down it to a boom at Onalaska, where they were rafted and floated down the Mississippi to

market. The annual receipts for logs and railroad ties were said to be about five million dollars.

The eastern part of the district reaches to the extensive cranberry marshes of Wisconsin. Several hundred Indians live within it, who subsist on the product of their labor in gathering cranberries, huckleberries, blackberries, etc., and hunting deer and fur animals, which they sell to traders, to be sent by railroads to Eastern markets. Their entire trade was estimated at one hundred thousand dollars per annum.

Some of these Indians rent lands of farmers, who plow it for them, at so much per acre, on which they raise corn, pumpkins, and other vegetables. I saw one field rented by a chief, who sub-let it in small parcels, at an advance, of course. His camp was in a grove bordering upon the field, in which he got up a medicine dance or feast, at which it was said three hundred Indians gathered, each paying the chief one dollar; but he admitted white folks for one-fourth of it. This was near Tomah. A similar feast or dance was got up on the Mississippi River near Trempealeau, with like charges and results. This last chief played the Yankee rather more than the other, for he got posters printed and stuck up in various places in town and country, inviting the whites to attend, many of whom it was said did so. These chiefs rivaled some Yankee shows, for they cleared several hundred dollars in the operations.

In September, 1869, I was challenged by an Adventist to a public discussion on two questions, the immortality of the soul and the annihilation of the wicked. Not to consent to this dicussion would put a trumpet into their hands to blow, that I dared not meet him, that my side of the question was so weak that I could not defend it. This with the weak and ignorant, on whom they chiefly operate, would be argument. On the other hand, to spend my time in arguing

the matter with any one in that neighborhood would be to dig for small potatoes. I said, therefore, "If you will get a man that is worth whipping, I'll do it for you." So they sent for a champion of theirs in Minnesota. I claimed, as they had given the challenge, it was my right to choose the terms, which were: "I will take the affirmative on the first question, and occupy one and a half hours; my opponent shall take the negative, and have the same time. He shall take the affirmative of the second question, and have one hour; and I will take the negative and use the same time." They wanted to have the discussion in short, alternate speeches, but knowing that to be their hobby, and not so good to elicit truth, I adhered to my terms, and them only.

I found my opponent had a written or printed answer or explanation to all the Scriptures usually quoted against their theory; but, making a strong point on the creation of man, I found him at sea without compass or chart, and on this point he totally failed to make any answer at all, and his cause went down with him, and has since been dying in that place and vicinity.

The points I made as new, at least to me and him, were: 1. God is a *spirit.* (John iv. 24.) And as he created man in his own image, man must have been made a spirit, as well as of matter. In Genesis, fifth chapter, it is said that "God created man, in the likeness of God made he him." In the third verse it is said that Adam "begat a son in his own likeness, after his image." Adam's son, to be in his likeness and image, partook of his father's nature, both in body and mind. So Adam, to be in the likeness and image of God, must also partake of his (God's) nature. We are nowhere told that God has a body, made of dust, but that "God is a spirit;" the "likeness and image of God,"

then, that was in Adam, must be of the same, spirit, not in matter or the form of the body.

2. God has a *soul.* (Jer. v, 9.) Now whatever the soul of God may mean, he *has* one. And he being a *spirit,* his soul must be of the same nature and not *matter.* And Adam, to be in his image and likeness, must have a soul that is not matter like the air we breathe, but *spirit.*

3. "God formed man of the dust of the ground, and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life [lives]; and man became a living soul." Now, whatever the breath of God may mean, it must be of his own nature—spirit. The air *we* breathe is of matter, like our bodies. But as God existed before he created air, his breath could not have been his own creature. That which God breathed into man, then, must have been *spirit;* and this gave life, or, as the original means, *lives*—life to both soul and body. Hence, when the spirit or soul leaves the body, the body dies. But the spirit or soul being of and from the breath of God does not and can not die.

4. God is *immortal.* He alone hath original, uncreated immortality. (Eph. vi, 16.) Man, then, to be in the image and likeness of God must be immortal. And being so he can not be annihilated. In creating beasts, birds, and fish, nothing is said of the divine breath, image, or likeness; but they are made of earth or water.

Our labors in word and doctrine this year were not in vain in the Lord. About five hundred souls were converted in the district. But the emigration to other more western States made such a wastage of our membership that our increase was but small. One thing struck me as rather novel. It was the want of a camp-meeting spirit. It was not from the want of religious fervor, as the extensive revivals indicated amply

show. But from some cause unknown to me such meetings had not succeeded well for some time past; and when we urged our people to it, this was the reply.

In 1869 our conference met at Portage City. Two photographers sought to gratify the preachers and the public, and to make a little for themselves out of the operation by grouping the likenesses of the preachers in one picture. One had us all standing in front of the church, and took the whole in one view. Each face was small, of course. The other invited each one to his office and took a separate likeness and then grouped them in oval form having the bishop in the center, making a handsome parlor picture, hundreds of which were distributed through the conference.

I was returned to the district, and most cordially received, with less fears of death or failure, than in the previous year. It seemed like returning to my children, after a short absence. One good brother, in expressing his joy at my return, said he hoped I would not die on the district; but as soon as the sentence was out, and he saw that it might be interpreted differently from his intention, immediately qualified the remark, adding, before my term was out.

In the course of this year a novel ecclesiastical question arose. At the previous conference charges were preferred against a preacher in the adjoining district. The nature of the case was such that it could not be tried then and there, and it was referred to the presiding elder, under the rule. The presiding elder appointed a time and place for a hearing, and selected and notified a committee. At a period too late to countermand the notice, the elder was taken sick and died. After he became sick, and all hope of his recovery in time to attend the trial, if ever, had vanished, he caused a brother to write to me in his name, requesting me to take his place. This letter reached me

on the day of his death, eight days before the time of hearing.

It was a novel case. The like had never occurred in the history of the Church, so far as I knew, and of course there was no precedent, and I hesitated. In considering the matter, however, the following points occurred to my mind:

1. Our bishops have their conferences assigned them, to which their authority is confined for the time being. But if one is sick, or dies, another bishop may and does preside at his conference; and, as the decisions and acts of higher courts govern in subordinate ones, there seemed to be a precedent.

2. Under the new rule governing presiding elders, he can deputize an elder of his district to preside at and hold a quarterly-meeting for him. But in this case I was not of his district; yet the idea of a substitute is clearly intended, when necessary.

3. In civil courts when a judge is sick, or interested in a cause or causes pending in his court, the writs of which are tested in his name, he can call in another judge to preside. So far as the analogy goes, this seemed to justify the course.

4. Necessity, which knows no other or higher law, seemed to demand it, or the parties, witnesses, and the committee must be subjected to long journeys and heavy expenses for nothing. But

5. As the parties and witnesses had due notice, the evidence in the case could be taken and submitted to conference, and thereby save the time, travel, and expense of another meeting. This, if the other points were overruled as not orderly, decided my going. It cost me one hundred and forty miles of travel in the coldest part of January, and caused an attack of the same disease of which the other died, which caused me to lose four appointments.

At the ensuing conference the case was presented, the above state of the case read, and the bishop decided that as the parties were present, and cross-examined the witnesses, the evidence was legally taken, and the conference could take such course as was thought best. Whereupon, on motion, a sub-conference or court of fifteen were appointed to hear and decide the case.

In the course of this year two preachers, seeing the multitude around them going to hell, and as all ordinary means of grace had failed to arrest them in their mad career, felt impelled to make some extraordinary efforts to do so. A few of the membership, with some Wesleyans, disposed to tent in the grove, appointed a camp-meeting near Tomah. By an extra travel of one hundred miles I was enabled to spend about three days with them. Three of my preachers so arranged as to help the others. The camp was small, the people few, but a good spirit prevailed. It so happened, however, that rain prevailed so much as greatly to interrupt the services, and prevent the people from coming. When we could have services they were good; the membership present were much blessed, and a few souls were converted to God.

There were not as extensive revivals on the district this year as in the previous one. The pastors were mostly employed in training the young converts of last year in the doctrines and duties of holy living, in which we had, generally, good success.

It is a common complaint, in these latter days, that converts do not hold out so generally of late years as in former times, and the question is often asked *why* is this? And why do people *seem* to get religion easier than formerly? Several reasons may be assigned for this seeming state of the case, but on close examination the seeming failure will not be found to be

true. The apparently easier conversions may be accounted for.

1. It is very doubtful whether more go back now, than formerly, in proportion to the numbers converted. Our enemies magnify the numbers who backslide: they harp upon it to excuse themselves from seeking God. And backsliders, judging others by themselves, see this mote in the eye of others, but not the beam in their own. There may be more backsliders now than then, but it should be remembered that there are vastly more converts. The great increase of the Church proves that all do not go back, nor even a large percentage. Yet we must admit that there is a greater falling off than there ought to be, which may be accounted for.

2. The less opposition on the one hand, and the greater facilities in the Church for spiritual growth on the other, ought to make the falling off much less in proportion than formerly. But these increased facilities are often counteracted and overbalanced by the assumed friendship of the world, and what are called the improvements of the times. Formerly, the oppositions we met with, put us on our guard, and led to more prayer and watchfulness; now, that stimulus is lost sight of, and the young convert is captivated by the friendship of the world, which is enmity against God. In olden times, as soon as a soul was converted to God, he or she desired to sing his praise. They must have a hymn-book and learn to sing by rote, if they did not understand the notes, if there was any "sing" in them, and they participated in it with the congregation. The hymns and spiritual songs they sung were doctrinal, devotional, and inspiring with religious zeal and animation. But now there is more of art than devotion in our singing. The congregation worship by proxy and machinery. The music of these times

must be renewed and changed so often that but few can keep pace with it. Prayer-meetings are neglected by the amateurs of music, and the choir must be trained weekly in new tunes. They then claim the monopoly of the singing in the Church, and such as can not spend the time for training have to be silent in the house of God, not knowing the tunes. They see and feel no devotion in the sound of a nonsentient machine, nor in mere artistic performances. The result is, their devotion dies; they become dead and formal, and too often go back to the world, to the theater, or the ball-room, where they have music of this kind in perfection.

3. Another cause for the falling off of young converts is the modern mode of preaching, which, with many, is more scientific than devotional. The former should not be deified, nor ignored; but the latter should be always prominent. The former, like highly seasoned food or preserves, relish as a desert; but to live entirely on it produces disease and death. But sound doctrinal and devotional preaching always promotes spiritual life and health.

4. Another prolific cause of backsliding in these times is the conformity of professors to the world, in fashion, customs, and in social intercourse. Our friends, instead of opposing and persecuting us, assume friendship, and work in their silly amusements, and then wicked ones, and from that the circus, theater, and the ball-room are claimed as innocent. But from such scenes no professor ever came in the spirit of devotion to God; but with a sense of deadness of soul, distraction of mind, a feeling of remorse, guilt; and discouragement and apostasy follow, as the legitimate consequence. Until there is a more distinct line drawn between the world and Christ than is now noticeable, this falling off of converts will be continued. If our

friends wish our society, let them come with us, and not draw us back to perdition with them.

In answer to the inquiry, Why people seem to obtain religion more easily now than in former years, it may be said:

1. The public mind is not as firmly fixed in its opposition to Christ, as in former years. The Sabbath-school and the continual preaching of the Gospel has prepared the mind to hear with less prejudice. And the great increase of the churches, and their consequent moral and social influence, has made it almost fashionable to be religious. Were it not that our nominal friends in seeking our society still cleave to their worldliness, and seek to dilute our religious discipline by a mixture of sinful amusements, this fact itself would greatly aid in the more rapid conversion of the world to Christ. Hence the necessity for Christians to maintain their integrity, and draw the sinner to them instead of being drawn to the world again.

2. Fifty and more years ago, when the relics of Calvinism were still hanging upon the minds of men, if a sinner was awakened to a sense of his guilt and danger, the enemy would suggest to him that he was a reprobate from all eternity; that there was no mercy for him, and despair and often suicide was the consequence. But now, those "horrible decrees" are so generally exploded, that they are seldom preached or thought of. The fear that "the day of grace" may have been sinned away, may occur to mind, but the fact that the good Spirit is now operating, proves his presence and willingness to pardon.

3. The public mind being more enlightened on the plan of salvation, the conditions of it—repentance and faith—its freeness and fullness, and being better instructed as to the nature of repentance and faith, it more readily embraces the truth, and despair and the

heart-rending struggles of olden times are seldom seen or heard of. Yet the conversions, judging from the fruits, are evidently as genuine as in former years.

CHAPTER XVI.

IN 1870 our conference met in La Crosse, where we had good accommodations. I was returned to the district, and received a still warmer reception than before. This was my third year on La Crosse District. The ordinary routine ran harmoniously, with a good religious state of things generally. The Summer of 1871 was the hottest and dryest, I think, that I ever saw. Our congregations were generally large, and sometimes there was not air enough stirring for comfort. In one place where the church, to be in the miserable fashion of the times, had no window in the pulpit end, and all the air in circulation came square on that end, though the door in front and the side windows were open, not a breath of air could reach me. I was thinly dressed, but the sweat poured in profusion. To get some relief, I doffed my coat, and took a fan in my left hand, in which plight I preached as best I could; and the people fanned and sweat and listened as if entertained.

This was the Summer preceding the great fires in Chicago, Illinois, and Peshtigo, Wisconsin, when to the people, in those places at least, it seemed as if the world was to be burned up before its time. Every thing appeared to be as dry as tinder, and if the same drought reached the burnt places, which it probably did, it was no wonder that the fires, once started, should know no stopping place.

Some of the sand plains over which I had to travel seemed like Nebuchadnezzar's furnace, heated seven times hotter than it was wont to be. Frequently the air was unbreathable; and if a little breeze did come, it was as if from a furnace, and I had to turn my face from it to avoid its effects.

Our conference for 1871 met in Mineral Point, Wisconsin. This city had grown from a small village of log cabins and miners' huts in 1835, when I first saw it, to a respectable city of some four thousand people. The majority were from the Cornwall mines, England, many of them Methodists who did not leave their religion at "'ome," when they emigrated, and their descendents generally followed them in religious matters. They brought with them the habits they had formed in the old country of attending class-meetings, having missionary meetings, and contributing liberally for this object; and the effect was that their missionary collections far exceeded those of the Americans.

At this conference we elected delegates to the General Conference of 1872. I was one, but my friends had a hard pull for it. A presiding elder whose term expired at this conference, and who wanted to be continued in the office by being placed on my district, wanted me to exchange with him, and for me to urge it with the bishop. To this I objected, 1. Because, in principle, I am opposed to such kind of simony; and, 2. Because he was not efficient or acceptable in the office. And because I would not "log roll" for him he used his influence against me. But I was elected.

At this conference the laymen met for the first time among us to choose their delegates to the ensuing General Conference. The constitution of that body had not yet been changed. The concurrence of the General Conference was yet wanting. But the membership and the annual conferences, by large major-

ities, had sanctioned the measure, and the General Conference had previously committed itself on the question, so that no doubt existed as to its adoption.

At the closing scene of this conference I was "caned" in a manner quite interesting to myself and the audience. At my first visit to the place in 1835 we met in a log chapel that had been built the year previous, and was the first Methodist and first Protestant church built in what is now the State of Wisconsin. I held in it the first love-feast and sacrament. A few years later they built a small stone church. The congregation outgrowing this, it was greatly enlarged; but this in turn became too small, and it was determined to build a thirty thousand dollar house.

Hearing of this, I wrote to the pastor, E. Tasker, that if he could find any of the timber that was in the old log house, and make it into canes, no doubt they could be sold for five or ten dollars apiece for the benefit of the new Church enterprise. But none could be found. The next year, brother Couch, hearing of and approving of the suggestion, made another search, found the man who bought it, and learned that of it a stable had been built that was torn down and cut up into fence posts, only two of which were fit for use. Of these five canes were made; four of which were sold at a Church fair for about thirty dollars, and the fifth was reserved for me.

At the closing session, at night, on the eve of reading out the appointments, Bishop Simpson said to brother Couch, "If you have any special business, now is the time to present it." I was sitting on the platform near the bishop, and began to wonder what was coming, and a thousand or more people in the house seemed as curious as myself; to me it was a perfect surprise. Brothers Couch and Tasker then rose and stated the facts as above narrated, and presented the cane.

At this conference I was changed from the La Crosse to the Prairie du Chien District, which included my home, and, of course, was more convenient, as I had not moved my family, whom, for three years, I had seen only once a month, and when the snow blocked up the roads, once in two months.

The next morning, after the close of the conference, the telegrams began to tell us that Chicago was in a blaze, and that the fire-fiend was rapidly approaching that part of the city where our Book Concern was located. Every body's face grew longer, as many of the people had friends, connections, or business relations there, besides the preachers who thought of the Concern. But Dr. Walden, one of its agents, who had been in attendence at the conference, and whose family was in the burning city, showed the most anxiety. He was "as uneasy as a fish out of water." Large drops of sweat stood on his anxious brow. He could not leave till the afternoon train, having in the mean while to pay all the missionary drafts for the conference, and to adjust his business with the bank. He watched the wires, and when they told that the part of the city in which the Book Room was located was engulfed in flames, his countenance lengthened, and the sweat and tears mingled into streams down his cheeks as if all of earth was gone forever.

I found things on the district rather run down, but with strength to recuperate under proper management of the preachers. But the poorest helps I had were those who kept it prominent before the people that they were *graduates* of some literary institution. The fact of their being so would have done them no harm but been a benefit if they had left the people to find it out by their superior efforts, but falling behind in this, and neglecting class-meetings, the life of Methodism, the work, of necessity, must run down.

The Winter that followed was very severe; the snow deep and badly drifted, so that I was sometimes housed up for several days at a time, waiting for roads to be broken. On one such occasion the scarcity of water was such that "mine host" had to melt snow to get water for my horse and for family use; his own stock wending their way through snow-drifts to a brook for their supply. Thrice I got my horse down in snow-drifts and had to unhitch him from the sleigh, back and turn it round and take another track.

On another occasion I took the stage-sleigh to go out from home, the snow drifts filling the road from fence to fence. We became swamped, and had to alight and lift the sleigh out to get along. On my return the Winter was breaking, and except in the lanes which had been drifted full it was mud, so that the stage had to proceed on wheels, an open wagon. Through these lanes the road had been dug, leaving the drifts on each side as high as the wagon box. In this dug out way there were deep and dangerous ruts. After dark when within seven miles of home a wheel went down with such a jerk that it tilted me and a fellow passenger clear out of the wagon on to the snow bank. The driver upon this said, if he had got to spilling his passengers out into the snow it was time to stop; so he reined up at the first house. But here we could get neither supper nor lodging, except on the floor; and two hundred and twenty pounds of humanity found the soft side of a board not very comfortable. The next morning I reached home in season for a late breakfast.

The time for the General Conference to meet was drawing nigh; and as I had never had a "vacation" in the ministry, I thought I might venture to take a short one and visit the place of my nativity after an absence of sixty years, it being not far from the seat

of the conference. Accordingly, early in April I took the cars and in fifty hours I was in New York City at the annual conference then in session in the Eighteenth Street Church. How things have changed since sixty years ago! Then I was three weeks in moving from Connecticut to Ohio in a wagon; and in 1835 I was three weeks in the same mode of conveyance, traveling from thence to Prairie du Chien, Wisconsin, but now by rail I traveled the distance in fifty hours, which it then took me six weeks to perform.

After two days in the city I took the cars for Bridgeport, Connecticut, where I began my official relation to the Methodist Episcopal Church in 1810, being then licensed to exhort; here, now, the New York East Conference was in session. I lodged with Rev. C. Silliman, my classmate and friend of yore. His house was, for a while, Washington's headquarters in the Revolution. Its antiquity was evident from its build. The siding was of cypress shingles three feet long, brought from the South, one-half exposed to the weather being placed up and down, and their exposed ends were worn by beating storms to thin edges. The glass in the upper windows were five by seven inches; those in the lower story were seven by nine. The outside doors were double; the upper half could be opened to let in air, while the lower half could be shut to keep out the dogs, pigs, and poultry. The chimney was of stone with massive fire-places on opposite sides of it, above and below. It stood on what was "the king's highway" from New York to New Haven. Brother Silliman, his wife and her sister were all that I saw of the class of sixty years before. Of course it was pleasant to recount the scenes and incidents of yore, and anticipate our meeting above.

After four days I went to Danbury, where seventy-nine years previous I was born. Here I spent a week

very pleasantly, under the guidance and care of Rev. W. F. Hatfield, D. D., pastor of the Methodist Episcopal Church, finding pleasant homes with several good brethren. He and others gave me drives over the scenes of my youth and childhood; but oh, how changed! The house in which I was born had disappeared. The church in which I was baptized had also been torn down, to give place for a new one. The Methodist Episcopal church stood in a more central place than the first one built in the town, and the town had become a city. I found my mother's grave, by the side of her father's, in the old cemetery, and visited the new one got up in more modern and tasteful style.

By request I gave a lecture on the past of the town, and the present of the great West; and preached twice on the Sabbath, and had to be photographed by order of the ladies' society. I saw but one person, a lady of eighty-three years, who remembered me and the family,—recalling the names of all the children. I saw another lady, near the same age, who had lived in Ohio, where she buried two husbands, and at whose house I had lodged in Ohio, but had returned to end her days in the place of her nativity.

I saw several houses which were old in my boyhood. They could be distinguished from the more modern ones, by the size of the glass in their windows, being uniformly seven by nine inches. The great hat factories of my youthful days had disappeared, but factories of other kinds had grown up in their places.

From this I went to Sing Sing. The distance across the country was only thirty-four miles but by rail to Norwalk, and thence by New York, was about one hundred and twenty, yet traveled much easier, and in less time, than by stage or wagon on the direct route. Here I saw the place where my father was drowned in 1806, also the place where his remains lie,

in the lot of Rev. J. B. Wakely, D. D., in the new cemetery, to which he had caused them to be removed when the extension of the city demanded it. Here, also, I met my cousin, Dr. Wakely and his wife, whom I had not seen before; he, with a fresh shad in his hand, the first I had seen in sixty years. I preached here on Sabbath evening in a new church which stood in what was a pasture-field in my youth. From thence I went by rail to New York, and to Brooklyn, the seat of the General Conference.

In all this I was greatly surprised at the different appearance of things now, from when I left them sixty years before. Nothing, now, looked as large as formerly. The famous palisades on the Hudson River looked no higher than the hills or bluffs that skirt the Ohio and Mississippi Rivers, which rise from four to five hundred feet above the water, yet the palisades are said to be ten or eleven hundred feet high. Buildings, ships, and vessels of all kinds were apparently smaller than formerly. The battery (now Castle Garden), though it had been much enlarged, and on which, when a boy, I saw the wooden breastworks of the Revolution, did not appear to be half as large as before.

I had entirely forgotten the rocky character of this entire region. It now looked dismal and gloomy, and the soil most uninviting. If it were not for its proximity to the Atlantic cities I would not take it as a gift, if obliged to get a living off it. I can not account for this vision of things unless it is living so long in the great West where all nature seems to have expanded itself into larger dimensions. Possibly the humid atmosphere of the sea-coast had something to do with it, for the purity of our Western atmosphere is such that objects can be distinctly seen much farther than on the sea-board.

The General Conference held its sessions in the

Academy of Music, a polite name for a theater, or "the devil's night-school." We, of course, were dependent upon our friends for our accommodations, and must take such as they provided, and they thought that no other building or hall in the city could accommodate a body of over four hundred delegates and the spectators that would attend. It would seat when crowded four thousand. We could have it only in the forenoons, and our friends paid a heavy rent even for this privilege. Such was the scarcity of light that if the day was dark the lamps had to be lighted to see to do business. This kind of building being intended chiefly for night work, or deeds of darkness, has little need of daylight, and, therefore, but little provision was made for it.

The propriety of having religious meetings in such a place has been questioned; but eminent men have preached in them, and thus given them a kind of consecration, and the cause of the devil has been made to suffer thereby. In olden times we used to say we would, as far as possible, get between the sinner and the gates of hell (but not in it) and if possible prevent his entering there. The use of such places for divine worship is much upon this principle.

My place of lodging during the conference was at Dr. Abel Stevens's in company with Dr. Vincent and wife, then of Colorado. A better place and better company I never had on such occasions, and they will not be soon forgotten.

This General Conference, on some accounts, was deemed and considered the most important one to the Church held since its organization, especially,

1. Because at this, for the first time, lay delegates were admitted to seats, and participated in all its doings. The constitutional questions had previously been voted upon by both the membership, and the annual

conferences, all in favor of the measure. What was yet needed was the sanction of two-thirds of the General Conference. But as that body, at a previous session, had committed itself to an approval whenever the membership asked for it; which had been done, lay delegates had been elected in anticipation of their admission, and were in their seats when the vote for their admittance was taken, nearly unanimously. But one item in the plan came very near making trouble in its working. The plan provides that on any question, if one-third of either order demanded it, a separate vote should be taken, and on the election of bishops some laymen demanded a separate vote. The roll of laymen being called, there was one majority for it. It was instantly seen that this might block the wheels of the conference, and no new bishops be elected. Some clericals seeing this, began to whisper if they had susposed the laymen would pursue such a course they would not have favored their admittance. For a moment, while the matter was in suspense, the whole conference seemed to breathe heavily. But before the vote was declared by the chair, a lay brother rose and changed his vote, thereby changing the majority to one against a separate vote of the two houses. On this the the whole body seemed to breathe easier, and all worked harmoniously to the end. That part of the plan was not intended to apply to the ordinary routine of conference business, but to *possible* extreme cases where the interest or rights of laymen were endangered by clerical encroachments or *vice versa*; and so explained when the plan was proposed.

2. The second important matter pertaining to this conference was the Book Concern, said to be the largest religious publishing house in the world. One of the agents imagined that waste, frauds, or corrupt contracts had been made. And instead of making it known to

the committee who had full power to correct all defects, or if he did thus present the case the committee could not discover the defects, he published his imaginations to the world. The secular press, always eager to find corruptions in the Church equal to their own, as if that would palliate their own evil deeds, caught up the strain, and for one or two years kept the public mind in a frenzy at the supposed corruption discovered in the Methodist Book Concern. To inquire into this matter a very large committee was appointed, embracing many prominent and well-known business men, lawyers, and judges, as well as clergymen, with power to send for persons, books, and papers to testify. After the most full, thorough, and patient examination they reported the discovery of no fraud, corruption, or dishonesty. There was a bare possibility of some waste in the bindery of a far back date, but they could not detect a dollar's loss if any existed. As the manager of that department was discharged on the first suspicion of waste, and had left the city, nothing definite could be known, though some were confident that if he had been present to explain a few items, all would have been clear in that department. The whole fizzle reminds one of the old saying about the devil's shearing a hog,—"There was a great cry, and but little wool."

3. The third important particular before this conference was the election and consecration of eight new bishops. Since the last General Conference, Bishops Kingsley, Thomson, and Clark had died; Bishop Morris was superannuated or worn out, leaving but four, Janes, Scott, Simpson, and Ames to superintend seventy-two annual conferences, some of which were on the other side of the globe. These showed signs of exhaustion from their onerous labors, and, while the conference was in session Bishop Janes was

taken sick, and was considered dangerously so. This decided the question as to the number to be elected, eight. They were all consecrated to the holy office on the same day. A sublimer sight I never saw; and it was witnessed by probably four thousand people.

At this conference I again presented for consideration the "proposed new Articles of Religion." They appeared a month before in the Methodist *Quarterly* for April, 1872, and were printed in pamphlet form from the same plates, and a copy furnished to each member. Several prominent members, who had read them in the *Quarterly*, said to me, "Bring them forward and we'll support them." One of these was Chancellor E. O. Haven, who has, since then, publicly urged the necessity of our having a creed before the world which shows our distinctive denominational doctrines.

But the visage of the majority seemed to lengthen as if an apparition from the spirit world had appeared among them. At my request they were referred to the committee on revision. But that venerable body, though they discovered no heresy in them, and seemed to feel their importance, propriety, and even their necessity, yet feared to touch them, lest our restrictive rule should be encroached upon, and they were referred to the bishops to report to the next General Conference. At that conference, in 1876, the bishops, fearing the same ghost, reported unfavorably, and they were laid aside, leaving the largest Christian Church in the United States without its distinguishing doctrines floating in the breeze. Our present Articles of Religion are of that general character that Calvinists, Universalists, Mormons, and most of the errorists of our day can subscribe to and preach them, and can deny the witness of the Spirit, Christian perfection, the possibility of final apostasy and loss of the soul, which have been our

distinctive doctrines from our beginning; but can not be silenced under our present rule, because they, by so doing, would not be preaching *against* our Articles of Religion, for those articles contain none of these points. Our "standard works" do; and these new articles harmonize with *them*.

All other Christian Churches have their distinctive doctrines prominently set forth for the public eye. This anomalous if not ridiculous position of ours grows out of an erroneous construction of the restrictive rule; which, if put through the crucible of strict grammatical construction, admits of new Articles of Religion, if they do not conflict with our standards of doctrines.

But if they did, *necessity*, which overrides all other laws, demands it. Slavery was abolished in the United States from *necessity*, notwithstanding its supposed constitutionality. *Necessity* demanded the issue of paper legal tenders, though coin alone is recognized as such in the Constitution. And the General Conference of 1820, from the *necessity* of the case, amended our twenty-third Article of Religion, changing allegiance from the United States alone, to the British or any other government under which our preachers or people may live. And to stick to or hang upon a mere technicality, and keep our Church in such an awkward position as it now is, does not indicate an excess of wisdom. Surely we are not all Solomons.

It was a noticeable incident of this conference to see the interest the secular press takes in our Church affairs. The most if not all of us remember when if a General or annual conference met in a city or town, next door to a press, hardly a passing notice of it would be given. But now a dozen or more reporters were in attendance, and all the dailies in both Brooklyn and New York, and some in distant cities teemed

with the doings of the conference; most of them truly, but some in ridiculous caricatures, showing the animus of their managers.

The secular press and politicians are very blatant against "*Church* and State," but seem strongly inclined to favor "*State* and Church," and assume to dictate in Church matters. It is admitted on all hands that no man, or set of men, are qualified to discuss matters of which they have no knowledge. And by what rule of propriety men who know nothing of experimental religion, and don't even profess it, feel authorized to discuss and even dictate laws and rules relating to it, we are not advised. It is said of Newton, the astronomer, that he was once visited by an infidel to converse upon that science, but began to berate the Christian religion. "Hold, hold," said Newton, "I love to talk with you about astronomy, because you understand it. But as you know nothing about the Christian religion, you are not qualified to discuss it." If modern skeptics had as much common sense as Newton had, we should have less or none of their caricatures of what they neither know nor understand.

While here our venerable host gave us rides to the famous parks of the two cities, and to the navy-yard. These show how much beauty art can add to nature. I also had the privilege of preaching in the old John Street church, and in a new church near Harlem bridge. I spent one Sabbath in Newark, New Jersey, with Rev. B. Weed, my brother in-law, preaching in the first Methodist Episcopal Church. Since then brother Weed has died.

After the adjournment of the conference I fell under the care and conduct of my cousin, Rev. J. B. Wakeley, D. D., now deceased. He took me to our Book Room, 805 Broadway, New York City. But unfortunately

the day was dark and drizzly, and being blind in one eye, and dim of sight in the other, every thing looked dark and gloomy about the famous Concern.

The next day we took a steamer for Newburgh, the residence of brother Wakeley, within his district, where I spent two days very pleasantly. Among other things I visited the building that was Washington's last headquarters at the close of the Revolution, and where the army was disbanded. It is a museum of great interest, made up entirely of the relics of that war. It is kept and guarded at the expense of the State. The magnificent Hudson rolls at the foot of the hill on which it stands, and West Point is in sight of it.

From this I took steamer for Albany. I was surprised at the number of ice-houses along this river after reaching a point where the water is always fresh. These were very large, and filled in Winter, to the sides of which large vessels came in the Summers to load for the Southern cities, and even for the Indias. When fortunes can be made out of ice, what may not human skill and industry turn to profit? At Albany I took the cars and in due time was at home, and found all well.

I now had more quarterly-meetings than Sabbaths before conference, and of course had to hold two a week, in some cases. In one week I held three and preached eleven times. The last two were at a camp-meeting, near Viroqua, a good and powerful meeting. But I was taken sick on Saturday night, and could do no more at that meeting. On Monday I went to brother Medd's, and, after a few days' rest, he took me to Tomah, on the way to conference. At this place the pastor, being apprised of my coming, had appointed for me to preach, and administer the sacrament of the Lord's-supper. From this I took the cars

for Eau Claire, the seat of the conference, which I reached the same day.

At this conference (1872) I soon found Bishop Haven disposed to carry out *his* rule, that ministers ought to retire from the effective work at the age of fifty. And as I had gone thirty years beyond his rule I saw his desire for me to retire, notwithstanding I had done more hard work in the past five years than some younger men had. Whether he will act upon his own rule and retire, now that he is over that age, is yet to be seen. "Consistency is a jewel not found in every man's nose." Possibly his rule was not intended for bishops. It is a poor one at best; for many of our ministers have done their most effective service after that age.

But my health was prostrate. I was and had suffered almost constant pain and debility from diseases contracted in the army, nine years previous, and I was compelled to ask for a superannuated relation, and retire for the last time. As I asked for this, a good brother proposed to raise for me five hundred dollars annually, by voluntary contributions in the conference. This was agreed to, but has never been done. They raised three hundred and twenty five dollars then and there, twenty-five of which the bishop gave himself; for which I was and am very thankful. But since then the fund has never reached that amount, being generally from ninety to one hundred dollars a year. But I am thankful for this much, for, without it, I must suffer, and even with it "the wolf" lies growling at the door. But it will be all the same a hundred years hence.

On reaching home my daughters met me at the gate with the sad news that my wife was dying, from an injury in the bowels, received from the horn of a cow she was attending. The same cow had previously struck her horn across her throat and cut the skin for

three inches. Had the horn gone one inch deeper, it would have passed below the windpipe and killed her at once. That cow was soon disposed of to the butcher. But the crisis seemed to have passed, and she began to improve. My daughter had telegraphed to my wife's sisters at Sextonville that "ma was dying; come quick." And the next night they, with Rev. W. R. Irish, my wife's nephew, arrived, expecting to find her a corpse, but found her recovering.

That Fall the epizootic was raging as an epidemic all over the country, among men as well as horses. My horse took it and died, and I took it, and for three months hung to life by a slender thread. I never coughed so hard in my life, and I feared breaking a blood vessel, which, of course, must have been fatal.

I had to get a new horse. The beast ran away and broke two carriages, and had to be exchanged for another, which proved to be lame. In this I had to get another to act for me, for I was not able to be out of the house. I have never fully recovered from the effects of the epizootic, and the combination of diseases I brought with me from the army, and probably never shall. I was now completely "on the shelf," superannuated indeed as to effective service. But I could and still do preach occasionally; but have to lean upon the desk and on my cane to be able to stand up long enough for a discourse. My pecuniary loss in the horse affair was at least one hundred dollars.

February 9, 1873, which came on Sunday, when I was eighty, I preached from Psalm lxxi, 17, 18: "O God, thou hast taught me from my youth: and hitherto have I declared thy wondrous works. Now also when I am old and grayheaded, O God, forsake me not; until I have shewed thy strength unto this generation, and thy power to every one that is to come." The next day and evening my "latch string hung out," and

my house was thronged with visitors of a friendly character.

This year our conference met at Baraboo, and it being a century since the meeting of the first Methodist conference in America, as I was the oldest member of this conference, it fell to me to preach the centennial sermon, in which I reviewed the history of Methodism to that year. My text was: "A little one shall become a thousand, and a small one a strong nation: I the Lord will hasten it in his time." (Isa. lx. 22.)

In 1872 we had seventy-six annual conferences, being a growth of three new conferences in every four years of our history. In ministers and members our growth was in the same proportion. In 1773 there were but ten traveling preachers; in a century they had grown, including all the branches and offshoots from the original stalk to about eighteen thousand, with as many or more local ones. The eleven hundred and sixty members had grown, including all, to about three millions. The United States census for 1870 records twenty-six thousand Methodist churches, with over six million sittings. But if other places of worship than churches are counted, the sittings must have been over ten millions.

The value of the churches was estimated at one hundred and fourteen millions of dollars; that of eight thousand parsonages, at sixteen million dollars. All the Book Concerns, at three millions; and near two hundred universities, colleges, and seminaries, at thirteen millions. The missionary collections have reached about nine millions in our present Church; those of the offshoots, probably five millions; total, fourteen millions since 1818, when the first missionary society was organized. The salaries of ministers and the current expenses of our own Churches for 1872 amounted to

$17,228,280; that of the offshoots, probably half as much. Expenses for the first half of the century bore but little comparison with the last half of it. But after making due allowance for the difference, we may safely estimate that in the past century at least five hundred millions of dollars have been raised by Methodists for Church purposes.

In the beginning of the century there were no Sunday-schools; but now, as near as can be ascertained, there are, in all the branches and the mother Church, about thirty-five thousand Sunday-schools; three hundred and thirty-nine thousand officers and teachers, and two and a half millions of scholars.

For the first forty-five years of the century under review, our Church had no periodical. In 1818 the *Methodist Magazine* made its appearance. This, in its fourth series, has become the *Methodist Quarterly Review*. In 1826 the first *Christian Advocate* appeared in New York. Since then seventeen more periodicals have been authorized by the General Conference, and ninety-five more have appeared on individual responsibility, or authorized by some branch of Methodism. In view of all these facts, we may truthfully say that "a little one has become a thousand, and a small one a strong nation," and that the Lord has hastened it. And it might amuse the adept in figures to calculate to what our Church will grow, in the same ratio of increase, in a century to come. He would find that there would be more Methodists alone than there are or will be inhabitants in the world, and this without counting other evangelical denominations who are permeated with the same spirit we are. Of course this ratio of increase in the future will not equal the past; but taking into view all branches of the Christian Church, and their advancing Christian efforts, in another century the millennium must be near at hand.

In 1874 our conference met at Brodhead, without any incident of particular note, and in 1875, at Hudson. Here I preached a national centennial, it being our last session prior to the national centennial. In this discourse I reviewed the history of the nation in its first hundred years. In 1876, we met in Madison; in 1877, at Eau Claire. On the 9th of February, 1878, the day I was eighty-five years old, my children and other relatives, some of them coming three hundred miles, gave me a surprise. Quite a number of friends and neighbors, also, came in to congratulate me. They had kept it entirely hid from me, so that the surprise was complete. The next day, being the Sabbath, I preached with more of my relatives in the congregation than I had had for many years; all of them thinking it might be the last time I would ever preach.

On the 23d of July, 1878, I was taken very suddenly, before I was out of bed, with a heavy chill and numbness, and in a few minutes was unconscious, and remained so for ten hours. When consciousness returned, I saw Rev. T. M. Fullerton, our pastor, sitting by and fanning me. I fell off again into unconsciousness twice or thrice, for short times, and finding him still there when consciousness was fully restored, it seemed to me that he had been in that position for three days and nights.

I saw in the room my son, grandson, the doctor, and some neighbors as well as my family, from which I inferred that I was considered to be in a dangerous condition, though I did not feel so. My wife inquired if I thought I was dying. I said no. She inquired how I felt in my mind. I told her all was peace, no ecstasy, but a calm, settled peace and rest of soul on and in Jesus, which I had enjoyed for sixty-nine years.

I found on awaking, hot irons at my feet and bottles of hot water at my sides, and myself in a

profuse perspiration, while the bedding was saturated with moisture. I learned that the doctor called it paralysis, and had sweat me so as to prevent a second attack, which, in general, proves fatal. I was much prostrated, and for twenty-four hours took no nourishment that I know of. In the mean time the chronic diarrhea, which I brought from the army fifteen years before, returned with extreme violence. Being too weak to lift myself from the bed I had frequently to be helped.

That night, Revs. J. E. and W. R. Irish, my wife's nephews, happened to come on a visit, and seeing my condition, expected a funeral. But in just forty-eight hours after the attack a change as sudden as the attack came over me, and I arose and dressed myself, and went to the table at meal time, and from that time have recuperated as fast as my age would admit of, but not yet to perfect health.

Our conference for 1878 met in Monroe. For several weeks it was doubtful whether I could attend it, as it was near two hundred miles from home, by rail. But feeling a little better, and being urged by friends, I went with my wife to Madison on Saturday, and spent the Sabbath. Nothing would satisfy brother Huntley, the Methodist Episcopal pastor there, but I must preach for him in the morning; but I had the pleasure of hearing his farewell sermon at night, the church being highly decorated for the occasion, and crowded to excess. On Monday we went to Monroe.

There is no set of men in this world that lie so near my heart as Methodist preachers, and whose presence has such a cheering influence upon me. I have thought that if several of them were at my dying bed, it would tend to keep me, for a while at least, hanging to life. And mingling with them now seemed to revive me above myself. This state of feeling con-

tinued during the conference, and I was able to do more business than I had at any conference for several years. But the reaction after I got home lasted about two weeks.

The bishop was not able to meet us on the first day, and sent Chaplain M'Cabe to inform us what to do. At the time for organizing after the Lord's-supper, he nominated me for the chair and put the vote and declared it unanimous before I could get to my feet and beg to be excused. So the routine of organization was gone through with, and some other business, but I did not call the cabinet into council, as the bishops do on such occasions. The bishop arriving that night, I vacated in his favor the next morning. But on the last day he put me back there while he, with the presiding elders, was out perfecting "the book of fates"—the appointments.

CONCLUSION.

Biographers usually, after recording the historical incidents of the life of the subject, give a view of his characteristics; and as I may be presumed to know myself better than any others do, except my Maker, I may be permitted to state a few things relative thereto; omitting, of course, any panygeric of myself.

1. It will have been noticed by the reader of the foregoing pages that my whole life, with but few exceptions, has been one of suffering and trial, an up-hill business. I have been compelled to stem both wind and tide, to meet and overcome oppositions and difficulties. I had literally to press my own way into the ministry. In no case did others push or drag me into any office or position except the presiding eldership; my other appointments were such as were given me; perhaps, in a few instances, petitioned for by the people, but of no special accommodation to me.

In early life, when reading the prophets, I somehow, I know not why, admired Jeremiah more than any other. His sufferings, imprisonment, persecutions, and the oppositions he met with from those who ought to have sustained him, often drew tears from my eyes, and when I thought of the great reward that he must have met with in heaven, the thought came to mind, whether from God or my own uninstructed feelings I can not say, that I should prefer to suffer as he did, if I could attain to a reward equal to his. But whatever it came from, I have shared like him as far as his and my circumstances, and the times in which we respectively lived, would admit of; yet I do not anticipate being very near that prophet in glory. If, like Job, my hard fare among brethren shall be of use in encouraging others, in like circumstances, to hold on to that which is good while in tribulation, my trials will not have been in vain.

2. It will have been seen that under such troubles and difficulties I should most probably have given up and gone back to the world had not God, in my nature and in grace given me the spirit of endurance and perseverance. In my early ministry I heard it said by preachers that in their judgments not one in a hundred would have endured what I did and yet adhered to the Church and brethren who thus bore down upon me. But in this I practiced the rule of the eccentric David Crockett, who though he said many foolish things, said: "Be sure you are right, and then go ahead." I do not assume that I was always right, but in being called of God to preach, and that in the itinerancy of the Methodist Episcopal Church, I was as sure I was right as the influence of the divine Spirit could make me, that is, as sure as I was of my existence; and, therefore, I went ahead in what I considered to be duty. In other matters, in which I did not

have the "witness of the divine Spirit" to the point, I sought light from every source within my reach; and if afterwards I found that I was in error, it gave me more pleasure to retract than to triumph in the wrong. I never felt it to be derogatory to correct an error when discovered. Like Henry Clay, "I would rather be right if defeated, than to triumph in the wrong."

3. My endurance has been called "indomitable will." Well, be it so. What else, under the grace of God, could have sustained me under such trials? True, I have never "been tried above what I was able," but in many instances it seemed to me that the weight of a feather more would have crushed me. And I call to mind, with a grateful heart, many instances in which "my extremity was God's opportunity" to save me.

4. I never had any ambition, only to do good and leave the world better for my having been in it. I never preached a sermon or made an address merely to gain applause or position. I desired and designed so to preach as to gain the ear, the attention of the hearer, and, through that means, to reach the heart. I always endeavored to interest the hearer, and so expound divine truths as to reach the inner man. And though I used plain and strong language, I avoided expressions that would unnecessarily offend, preferring those that would attract the attention and convince. But if the plain truths of the Gospel delivered in courteous language gave offense, the fault was not in me but in him who took the offense.

5. In my early reading of Wesley's works I noted, remembered, and endeavored to practice the rule he laid down, to "say as much as possible, in as few words as possible," so as to give a clear meaning. I also adopted the sailor's motto, to "direct every shot so as to tell," and of the effectiveness of the shot he was satisfied if he "saw the splinters fly." I never was or

could feel satisfied with my performance unless I saw some sign of good done. But this mode of address cut so close in many cases as to give offense to the wounded, and it was called hard, harsh, etc., and often subjected me to severe trials.

6. In administering discipline my aim was to save the offender, rather than cut him off. If the nature of the offense was such that excision was necessary to save the honor of the Church, then I hesitated not at doing so; but did it in such a manner, if possible, as neither to sour the mind of the excluded nor alienate his friends, so that if he or they should be reclaimed, they would have no fear of harsh discipline on returning to the Church. If the nature of the case was such as to admit of no question, I advised the accused not to make trouble by insisting upon a trial in the Church, but to suffer me to exclude them without trial, or I would suffer them to withdraw from the Church under charges, assuring them that the effect would be the same as if expelled; that is, they could not be received again without giving the required satisfaction.

In cases of less magnitude, or personal difficulties, I generally succeeded in effecting a reconciliation, as a mediator between the parties. I have also effected settlements of the gravest personal character, by insisting on a strict adherence to the rule. I would never receive a complaint, or call a member to answer to it, till the complainant had first gone to the offender himself; and if he failed to effect a reconciliation, to take one or two with him, and if this failed, then to let the matter come before the Church; but it seldom came to the Church, for if there was but a tithe of Christianity and brotherly love and forbearance in the parties, or of wisdom in the arbiters, the matter would be settled before it reached the tribunal of the

Church. I have sometimes been thought too lenient; but if I erred I preferred to err on the side of mercy, rather than of strict justice, but I recollect no case of discipline in which "sober second thought" marked it as being too severe. On the whole, very few ministers of my age and rule-observing disposition have got along and kept up good discipline with as few Church trials as I have.

7. In dealing with outsiders who oppose the Church, if any ways genteel or courteous, I met them with reasons, explanations, or, if the case demanded it, reparation. But with that class of opponents who are properly called rowdies, who are neither courteous nor reachable by reasoning, I generally met from the stand with my tongue, in which I never failed in quelling and keeping them in order. But the roughness of my manner in such cases raised a fear in the minds of my brethren that I would also be severe with them if placed over them officially. But I am not aware of ever having a preacher in my district or a colleague on a circuit, whatever were his fears to begin with, that they did not vanish before we parted.

8. After all, in surveying my past life, I can see many errors in judgment from the want of better information, which led to errors in practice. I can see many cases in which, if to do again with my present light on the subject, I should do differently; and I see most clearly that but for the preventing, sustaining, and comforting grace of God, I should long since have fallen a prey to the enemy of my soul. I feel that I am indebted to the grace of God for all that I am; and dependent upon that grace for my hopes of heaven.

9. Much as I love the work of the ministry, it has ever been a cross to me to depend upon the contributions of others for a living. Many people erroneously

consider the support of the ministry a mere charity. No suffering, toil, or labor in it ever caused in me so great a sacrifice of feeling as to be dependent on others for the means of supporting myself and family. This may be my "thorn in the flesh" for the wise purposes of Providence. When I had the means of self-support I never could ask or receive help from others. But the events of providence have placed me in this dependent relation to the Church, and this feeling of sacrifice is probably to attend me to the grave.

10. But amid all the trials of my life I have endeavored to "keep a conscience void of offense towards God and towards man." And since the day of my conversion I have retained an evidence of my acceptance with God.

And now, at the conclusion of this narrative, in the Spring of 1879, I have passed my eighty-seventh birthday, having been seventy years in the Methodist Episcopal Church, for sixty-nine of which I have held an official relation to the Church; being first licensed to exhort in 1810. It is sixty-four years since I was licensed to preach; sixty-one since I went to my first circuit, under the presiding elder; and fifty-nine since I was admitted on trial in the itinerancy.

When I joined the Church in 1809, all the Methodists in America, being then in one fold, numbered one hundred and sixty-three thousand and thirty-eight, with five hundred and ninety-seven itinerant ministers; local preachers were then counted with the membership. Now the minutes for 1878 show in all the branches and offshoots of Methodism from the old stalk, 3,564,766 members, and 29,206 itinerant, and 74,969 local ministers. When I joined the Church Coke, Asbury, and M'Kendree were the bishops—

though Coke had leave of absence, and was superintending missions for the Wesleyans in England. Since then twenty-eight new bishops have been elected and ordained, including two for Africa, only ten of whom are now living. Then the whole Church was confined within the limits of the United States and Canada; now it is extended into the four quarters of the globe. Within its pale it includes persons of all ranks, of all colors, and of many languages. It is spreading its influence over all the continents and the islands of the sea, and its doctrine of free grace and unlimited salvation through faith in Christ is now preached in all pulpits.

When I was born, in 1793, there were fifteen States in the United States, Vermont and Kentucky having been added to the original thirteen within the two preceding years, with less than five millions of inhabitants. Now there are thirty-eight States and ten territories or embryo States, with forty-five millions or more inhabitants. I have lived under the administration of all the nineteen Presidents of the United States from Washington to Hayes.

In the course of my life, as the foregoing pages show, I have had my full share, if not more than my share, of the troubles, trials, and difficulties incident to human life, but still, if it could be so I should be willing to live my life over again for two reasons: 1. For the sake of doing good and leaving the world better for my being in it; and, 2, "The peace of God which passeth understanding" has overbalanced all my trials and afflictions, so that life with me has been more of joy than sorrow, all of which I attribute to the grace of God. I have found that godliness is profitable in all things.

If I were to live my life over, with my present knowledge, I should try to avoid many errors and mis-

takes into which I have fallen from the want of better knowledge; but in all human probability I should fall into others as great and as numerous, such are the frailties of human nature. In purity of motive and entire consecration to God and his cause I could hardly hope for any improvement, for in these I have given all I have and am to him for life or death, for time and eternity.

A SEMI-CENTENNIAL SERMON.

PREACHED BEFORE THE WEST WISCONSIN CONFERENCE OF THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, AT BRODHEAD, WISCONSIN, SEPTEMBER 3, 1865.

BY REV. ALFRED BRUNSON, A. M., D. D.

"Having therefore obtained help of God, I continue unto this day"—Acts xxvi, 22.

At our last annual meeting I incidentally mentioned to a prominent member of this conference that the ensuing April would be fifty years since I was licensed to preach; whereupon he moved, and the conference voted, a request that, at this session, I would preach a semi-centennial sermon; in obedience to which, though in poor health, and not otherwise very well qualified, I venture upon the task, trusting in divine assistance to accomplish it.

It appears from the Divine Record that St. Paul visited Jerusalem about the year of our Lord 62, when "the Jews which were of Asia saw him in the temple, and stirred up all the people, and laid hands on him," and would have killed him at once if he had not been rescued from them by the Roman guards. From this he fell into the hands of Felix, the governor, and thence into the hands of Festus and Agrippa, before the last of whom, when making his defense, he uttered the language of the text.

The help he claims to have had from God must have referred to the promise made him in the vision that accompanied his conversion, which, he relates immediately preceding the text, and, which was of course connected with it in the narrative of his experience. In that vision it was said to him, "I am Jesus whom thou

persecutest; but rise and stand upon thy feet, for I have appeared unto thee for this purpose, to make thee a minister and a witness, both of these things which thou hast seen, and of those things in which I will appear unto thee, delivering thee from the people, and from the Gentiles, unto whom now I send thee, to open their eyes, and to turn them from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God, that they may receive forgiveness of sins, and inheritance among them which are sanctified by faith that is in me." And after declaring that he was "not disobedient unto the heavenly vision," but entered immediately upon the work to which he was thus called, he declares that "having therefore obtained help of God, I continue unto this day."

Inasmuch as the ministry of our Church are and were called of God to this same work, some of us in a similar manner, and all of us for a similar purpose, we may apply the text to ourselves without the just charge of arrogance or egotism, and refer to the results of our labors in the promises for proof that such help has been abundantly vouchsafed unto us. But of course I must in this discourse confine myself to the period embraced within the last half century.

For many years of our history, and even to a time within fifty years, our enemies and some of our timid and doubtful friends spoke of Methodism as an experiment, implying that it might or might not succeed. But now, after our unprecedented success, it is acknowledged to be an established institution of heaven, for the enlightenment and salvation of the world, having upon it the broad seal of heaven's approval and complacency.

In the past half century God has wrought wonders in our world, in the Church, in the state, and in the general condition and circumstances of the human race; some of which changes we shall notice as a cause of

gratitude to God as proof of his help, and a source of encouragement to continue in the work to which he has called us.

In 1815, fifty years ago, we had within our present geographical limits six annual conferences—Baltimore, Philadelphia, New York, New England, Genesee, and Ohio. There were three others—Tennessee, South Carolina, and Virginia—which seceded from us in 1845, but the first six named were all that we had in our present territory. Now, including those in foreign countries, we have sixty. And if the twenty-four conferences of the seceded Church South had remained with us, and the six conferences in the different Methodist families of Canada had continued with us, we should now have ninety annual conferences—an increase of eighty-one.

In those six conferences we had 478 traveling preachers, now (adding Holston) we have 6,871; an increase of 6,393; an average of 128 per annum. We had, in those six conferences, 119,896 members and probationers; now, the minutes of 1864 show that we have 928,320 of the same classes; an increase of 808,424; an annual average of 16,168. Including the South and Canada we then had 681 traveling preachers, and 214,235 communicants. And if Canada, with her 700 ministers and 100,000 members, and the South, with the increase she showed in 1861 (the date of her last minutes), should be included, the increase in the itinerant Methodist ministry in America, in fifty years, will be 9,501, and of members and probationers, 1,555,108.

The ratio of Methodists to the population fifty years ago, was one to forty; now it is one to twenty, and if we progress for fifty years to come at the same rate, we shall have one to every ten. Allowing one-half of the population to be of adult age, we shall

have one in five of the adult population, and allowing all other evangelic denominations to have two-fifths, there will then be three-fifths of the adult population in Christian communion.

In 1815 we had no Sunday-schools; the first one was organized in 1816; now we have in our Church alone 13,154 schools, 148,475 officers and teachers, 850,706 scholars, and 2,532,175 volumes in their libraries. This is all gain or increase. If we were to add the Sunday-schools in Canada and the South the numbers would be increased probably one-third, if not more. We then had no missionary society; and, of course, no treasury of that description, nor missions to support. Our whole work was then missionary in fact, though not so in name. In our extensive circuit system, in which a few good appointments that could do something for the support of preachers were attached to many poor ones that could do little or nothing—thus preaching the Gospel to the poor, and extending appointments into every accessible place—when the circuit became too large to get round in four or six weeks by preaching from six to fourteen times a week, it was divided, and new ground added and occupied. In some cases circuits were organized on entirely new ground. Thus the work extended until the whole country, no matter how sparsely settled, was occupied by our ministry. As soon as the curling smoke ascended from a new settlement, the itinerant was there as a general rule.

But now the scene is greatly changed. The greater portion of our work now is in stations and small circuits with only Sabbath appointments; and to extend into new and unoccupied country, or to fill up that that is occupied to better advantage, we have 900 domestic missions, with 950 missionaries, who receive their support in whole or in part from the missionary society.

This society, first organized in 1819, has so grown from year to year that in this year (1865) its receipts are expected to reach $625,000, or over.

Then we had no Indian missions. These first opened in Canada, and soon extended to the Wyandots, in Ohio, and the Western tribes, till they numbered converts by the thousands. But when Canada was separated from us, all the missions within that province went with that conference, and when the South seceded, they also took the missions that were within their territory. But still we now have thirteen Indian missions, with 1,239 members. Then we had no mission to the Germans in our country. Now we have 535 missionaries and assistants to that people, in this and "the father-land," with 26,987 communicants. These missions are chiefly in this country. But an offshoot has taken root in Germany and Switzerland, with an annual conference of forty two missionaries and assistants, with over four thousand in the membership. Then we had no foreign missions. Now we have them in Africa, South America, China, India, Bulgaria, Denmark, Sweden, and Norway (besides that in Germany), having in all 160 missionaries and assistants, and about 7,000 communicants. In Africa, Germany, and India we have annual conferences, and we expect soon to hear of such organizations in China and Scandinavia. In all these missions, the property, including printing materials, is estimated at $200,000.

Fifty years ago church edifices were like "angels' visits, few and far between," and of the plainest and cheapest quality. We have no means of knowing their number or value as we then had no statistics of the kind. Now we have 10,000 church edifices, valued at $23,781,510. Then a parsonage was scarcely known, now we have about 3,000, valued at $3,000,000. These churches and parsonages are exclusive of those taken

from us by the slave holders' secession. If the South had continued with us these numbers and valuations would be increased probably one-third or one-half more. Then we had no tract society, and but few tracts published by the Book Concern; now we have such a society as part of our Church organization, issuing nearly one thousand different tracts, counting pages by the millions. Then our Book Concern was but small though a very useful affair. Now we have two Concerns with eight or ten branches, issuing hundreds of thousands of volumes annually, having a net capital of $866,927; and it is said to be the largest religious publishing house in the world, and with but few if any secular ones to excel it. All this notwithstanding the slavocracy unjustly wrenched from us one-third of its capital in or about 1849, which a retributive providence has taken from them.

Fifty years ago the American Bible Society had not been formed. It was organized in 1816. Its growth and usefulness may be imagined from the fact that in 1864 its income from sales, donations, and legacies, amounted to $560,578.60, having printed and put in circulation 1,592,196 Bibles and Testaments, and of the Bible Society *Record* 413,800 copies in that year, and over 20,000,000 of volumes have been distributed by the society at home and abroad since its organization. Fifty years ago the Bible was known only in eight or ten different languages besides the originals. Now it is read in about two hundred different tongues, and is accessible to two thirds of the inhabitants of the globe. Then it was scarcely known beyond the precincts of Europe and America, now it is read in every continent, and almost every isle of the sea.

There were then few Protestant missionary societies in the world, with probably less than 100 Protestant missionaries in foreign and heathen lands. Now

these societies number 48 in Europe and America and, in addition to the thousands in domestic missions, there are said to be about 10,000 missionaries in heathen, pagan, and Mohammedan lands; having schools, churches, and printing presses by the hundred, and well-nigh a million of converts to Christianity.

There was, fifty years ago, but one religious newspaper printed in the United States, *The Boston Recorder;* now there are hundreds, which circulate millions of sheets annually teeming with light and knowledge. Half a century ago our Church had no periodical whatever. One, the *Western Christian Monitor*, had been started in Chillicothe, Ohio, as a private enterprise by Rev. William Beauchamp, a prominent minister of the West, but soon died from want of support. The predecessor of *Zion's Herald*, and from which *Zion's Herald* took its rise, was the first periodical in our Church that lived and that was got up by private enterprise.

In 1818 the *Methodist Magazine* was commenced by our book agents at New York; this eventually grew into the *Quarterly Review*. In 1826 the *Christian Advocate* was issued on an experiment. The first edition of five thousand copies was soon on the wing, and the increase of subscriptions was so great and rapid that several editions of the first copies had to be reprinted to supply the demand. The list soon ran up to twenty-five or thirty thousand, and so suddenly loaded the mails beyond the facilities of transportation as to cause considerable trouble at the post-office to have them conveyed to subscribers. But now we have eight official weeklies, and five non-official, thirteen in all, with a weekly circulation of at least 200,000, or over 10,000,000 a year. The *Quarterly Review* is said to have the largest circulation of any quarterly in the United States. The *Ladies' Repository*, the "Queen of Monthlies," has nearly fifty thousand subscribers, or six

hundred thousand issues per annum; we have a *Sunday-school Advocate* with a semi-monthly issue of near three hundred thousand, or five and a half millions per annum. We have the *Good News*, a monthly tract, with sixty-five thousand issues, or seven hundred and ninety-two thousand a year, and in the past fifty years we have had a *Youths' Guardian*, and *National Magazine*, both of which were merged into other papers. If the South and Canada had continued with us, as they were fifty years ago the number of periodicals would have probably doubled though with less relative circulations, for the North is known to be a more reading people than the South.

Fifty years ago controversy on doctrines and ecclesiastical polity ran high. Scarcely a sermon was heard except on disputed points. We then had Calvinism, Arianism, Socinianism, Unitarianism, Universalism, Deism, and Atheism, with a host of other little isms to combat with. And as the constant rubbing of edge tools tends to sharpen them, and as the most of the religious world, however they differed among themselves, agreed in their opposition to Methodism, we had a constant rubbing, and the result was that our ministry, as a whole, became sharp in controversy, and cut their way through all opposition. They cut deep and shaved close, and, as some opponent said, "could split a hair in a whirlwind." Our present preachers know but little of those scenes, except from books and the narratives of their fathers; and, like our armies, would require experience before they could combat such foes successfully, should they appear again.

The great contest half a century ago was between Calvinism and Arminianism. We had to show the absurdity and unscriptural character of the former, to combat and refute Universalism, Deism, and Atheism; for the first claimed that if all things whatsoever that

come to pass were decreed or foreordained, then all must be right and all must be saved. Deism and Atheism, to a great extent, had their basis in the absurdities of Calvinism, and supposing that the Bible taught that doctrine, they repudiated that book altogether. If, then, we could rescue the Bible from that incubus, we demolished those fabrics of error. The result is, that Calvinism is now seldom preached, and more seldom believed; and the fatal and soul-damning delusions that grow out of it are far less prominent than formerly.

Our distinctive doctrines have become the profounder doctrines of the day. If any portion of our Church secede from any cause, yet they adhere to our doctrines and generally retain our name with an affix or suffix, merely to show that they are not of us, and, therefore, went out from us.

We, as a people, started in the belief that "God raised up the Methodists to spread Scripture holiness over these lands," and not a few believe that our system of doctrines and itinerancy constitute the Apocalyptic angel flying through the midst of heaven, having the everlasting Gospel to preach unto them that dwell on the earth, and to every nation and kindred and tongue and people, saying with a loud voice, "Fear God, and give glory to him." (Rev. xiv, 6, 7.) And the facts of history exempt us from the charge of egotism or vainglory when we claim that, under God, our doctrines and itinerant economy, in their practical bearings and influences, are actually doing this very work.

Dr. Stevens, in his history of Methodism, shows conclusively that every special evangelical movement in England for the spread of Scripture holiness, either at home or abroad, took its cue from Methodism, and the same may be said of America. The Bible, Mission-

ary, and Tract Societies, with various other instrumentalities for good, were suggested by the itinerant operation of the Wesleys when Whitefield was a coadjutor with them. The idea of extensive revivals of experimental religion, of justification and sanctification by faith alone, the witness of the Spirit, the idea of sudden conversions, and the baptism of the Holy Spirit grew out of the great revival called Methodism. The anxious seat is but another name for our altars and mourners' bench. Protracted meetings were suggested by our quarterly and camp-meetings.

Within the past fifty years the offer of a free and full salvation to all men through the merits of Christ, on condition of "repentance toward God and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ," was treated with contempt by those who thought and fancied themselves to be of the true Church of God. But now every evangelical denomination promulgates this doctrine, and our doctrines of free grace to penitents, of justification or pardon, of sanctification, or being made perfect in love, and these through faith alone, of the witness of the Spirit, of constant and increasing enjoyment of these graces are now the saving doctrines of the religious world. Others have lighted their torches at our altars, and have gone forth enlightening the world with what was deemed heresy and fanaticism fifty years ago. But, like St. Paul, we glory in the truth, let who will preach it, and from whatever motive.

Within the past fifty years there have been several secessions from our Church, but in no case on account of doctrines. With some we were not antislavery enough; with others too much so. In one or two cases our Church polity was made the pretext for secession, but in no case were our doctrines or the itinerancy objected to. But it is not hard to convince unbiased minds that personal ambition for position was not the main

spring of action with the leaders of those schisms. In the great schism of the South it was evidently so,—that a slaveholder might be a bishop.

The radical secession of 1828–9 was chiefly in the Baltimore and Pittsburg Conferences. There were a few seceders in the Ohio and Philadelphia Conferences, and in some other places. At the Pittsburg Conference of 1830 Bishop Soule called for the numbers that had seceded within its limits, stating that he had the numbers of such from all other places, and when they were all put together the whole was but little over seven hundred, a small amount for the effort made; reminding one of the old saying of "great cry and little wool." But the radicals reported seventy thousand, but were careful not to give their numbers by circuits and stations to show where these numbers were. And after a lapse of over thirty years, the last statistics I saw of them still adhered to the seventy thousand in round numbers.

The great secession of the South in 1845, the result of pro-slavery influence and the opening wedge of the late rebellion, took with them two bishops, Soule and Andrew, 15 conferences, 1,406 traveling preachers, and 448,936 communicants. Of these 119,150 were colored, and 3,226 were Indians, leaving only 346,660 whites; the colored and the Indians, as well as a large portion of the whites, probably a majority in number though not in influence, were taken *as by force*, because they were within slave territory. The division of other Churches in the South, no doubt with the same design, were but trifles compared with this because of the difference in members and influence.

But a just retributive providence is upon them. The war brought on greatly if not chiefly through their influence has resulted in the abolition of slavery, their great idol which they sought to extend, Chris-

tianize, and perpetuate. Their country is wasted. The vials of divine "wrath have been poured out upon *the seat of the beast.*" A judicial blindness, as a just judgment, has fallen upon them; and "the blind leading the blind, both have fallen into the last ditch."

Their Church is demoralized; their ecclesiastical arrangements are confused and broken up; their Book Concern and periodicals, so unjustly wrenched from us by the influence of slavery, are in ruins. Their States are but conquered territories and without government—except military. Their Church is deserted by the African race, whom they sought to oppress, two hundred and forty thousand in number, and tens of thousands of whites, including one whole conference, Holston; so that but a fragment of their former greatness remains to be seen, and that in confusion and disorder.

Their ministers are not allowed to officiate till they purge themselves of treason, swearing before high heaven to support the Constitution of the Union, and that as now amended, abolishing slavery; their bishops and chief men, like a drowning man, are grasping at every straw within reach to rescue and resuscitate their ruined cause; but if I read providence aright, their efforts will be abortive, and another generation will find them only on the pages of past history. Never in the history of the world was there an instance in which "the wrath of man" was more visibly made to "praise God" than in this secession and rebellion.

Fifty years ago we, as a people, were persecuted, slandered, and maltreated, with almost universal contempt. In many instances the officers of justice were slow in executing the laws under which we claimed protection from inflicted wrongs, if they did not refuse us a hearing altogether. But now the scene is changed.

We "are a power in the land." We poll more votes than any other Church, because we are the most numerous. In the late war we furnished more soldiers, for the same reason, and politicians of course make to us their best bows. But yet we are not clannish. We seek not to control in public affairs nor do we, as a people, share equally with others in the honors and emoluments of office.

Half a century ago we had no college, academy, or seminary; two attempts had been made to build up Cokesbury College, but were as often defeated by the hand of the incendiary. But within forty years the scale has turned, and now we have under our influence or control 120, including universities, colleges, academies, institutes, and seminaries, having in them all near 25,000 students, and property valued at $28,000,000.

Among the numerous changes that have occurred among us, in the period under review, is that relating to the support of the ministry. Previous to the year 1816 a minister was allowed to receive only eighty dollars. In that year the rule was so amended that, if the free contributions of the people amounted to enough, he might receive one hundred dollars, and as much for his wife, if he had one, and sixteen dollars for each child under seven years old, twenty-four dollars for each child over seven and under fourteen, with the necessary traveling expenses in all cases. With these trifling sums, and as a general rule not half paid, the minister had to furnish horse and equipage, pay house rent, feed, clothe, and educate his family, and purchase what books he was required to read, if he could not borrow them. If any thing more was given him it was in the name and shape of presents, with now and then a marriage fee.

There were three reasons for this state of things: 1.

The poverty of our people, generally, precluded further or greater collections to some extent; 2. The preacher was expected to be in his saddle almost every day, and scarcely ever lodged twice in the same place in succession, and, of course, got his board with the people; and, 3. It was the policy of our fathers to hold out no inducement for any one to enter the ministry among us for the sake of "filthy lucre." None were expected or desired but such as were "moved by the Holy Ghost," and who were ready and willing to make sacrifices or the sake of saving souls.

The consequence was, that most of our young men, as soon as they married, located to provide for their families; and the Church and the world were deprived of the benefit of their former studies and experience. Some conferences, to discourage marriage in the young minister, would drop or discontinue a probationer if he married. We then had but few men in the itinerancy of over four or five years' standing for this reason. There were a few who had the means of support within themselves; there were a few others whose wives could do more for the support of their families than they received from their circuits; these continued after marriage, but it was not generally so; hence the great body of our ministry were young and inexperienced, and, of course, the work suffered loss thereby.

But as our people increased in wealth, as one of the legitimate consequences of religion, and others of more means were converted and added to our numbers, and withal, they understood better their obligations to support the Gospel, contributing more liberally for this object, the General Conference enlarged the allowances from time to time, till in 1860 all restraint was removed, as to allowance, and it was left to the people to give their ministers what, in their judgment, was "necessary for a comfortable support."

An important change has occurred in the literary attainments and qualifications of our ministry. Until 1816 no particular course of study was prescribed and required. The rule of Discipline required reading, and the hours of the day in which to do it were named. On circuits where we had to ride and preach daily, these hours could not be observed; yet such was our thirst for knowledge that we probably spent as many hours at the book as if we had. On horseback, in the house or cabin, and in the woods, in warm weather—called the Brush College—the required studies were pursued.

At first there was but one examination of the graduate, at the end of his two years' probation, but now *five* are required; one before admittance on trial, and one for each of the four years required to graduate to elder's orders. In addition to this, since our schools and colleges have been in operation, young men who aim at the ministry, with few exceptions, come to us with higher scholastic attainments than formerly. We had from the beginning, some graduates of colleges and academies converted and called to the work, and also others of good attainments, all of whom became prominent scholars as well as divines; but our advances in this have been such, that at the present time we should not fear a comparison of scholarship with any Church in Christendom.

One of the greatest changes that has occurred, in the period under review in the religious world is in the catholic feeling that prevails among orthodox Christians. Since the spread and adoption of our doctrines, theories, and practice of experimental religion, and so many thousands of our converts have gone to other Churches, carrying with them the divine fires they obtained at our altars, and warming up the staid old formalists, a kindlier feeling prevails with them towards

us, which is reciprocated by us. These advances in the Church are perhaps equaled by those of the State, to which we, as a Church, have contributed a full share, if not more, by the improvement in morals, religion, education, and useful enterprises.

Fifty years ago there were but eighteen States in the Union, with six territories, having a population of 8,413,348. Now there are thirty-six States and nine territories, with a population of thirty-five millions, as near as can be computed from the census; the District of Columbia being included in both estimates. Then we had no canals as public thoroughfares; now we have about two thousand miles of them, floating a commerce to and from markets far greater than our then ocean trade. Then we had no railroads for general travel; now we have over two hundred of them extending about thirty thousand miles of single or double tracks, on which the traveler moves with the velocity of an ordinary wind. Then steamboats had not plowed the Western lakes or rivers. A few were moving on tide water at what would now be called "a snail's pace." Now they are numbered by the thousand on these waters, having a trade that rivals that of the ocean.

Then steamers had not crossed the ocean, and grave philosophers argued that such vessels could not carry fuel enough to perform such a voyage, to say nothing of freight or passengers. But now they circumnavigate the globe, and the sail crafts are in the shade. Then "iron-clads" had not been dreamed of, but our late war has so changed the mode of warfare that "wooden-walls" and "mason-work" defenses are of no account.

Within twenty years past the discovery of gold, silver, and oil in our country has revolutioniezd commerce, and is regarded as a special providence

furnishing means to send the Gospel over the whole world.

Fifty years ago telegraphs were unknown, and the idea of conveying intelligence by electricity would have been, and when the thing was first proposed was deemed to be, the offspring of a mind fit only for an insane asylum. But now the whole country hears the intelligence of an election, a battle, a storm, fire, or other disaster in the twinkling of an eye, and not only cities, States, and nations are in converse with each other, but continents are being bound together by the electric wires. News from the East to the West runs ahead of time; space has ceased to impede its progress; the rogue is headed off in his escape, while the truth of God, like "the lightning, shineth out of one part of the heaven unto the other."

But the greatest wonder of the age, if not of the world, lies in the civil war of the past four years—its causeless origin, and its final results in the abolition of slavery, and the emancipation of four millions of human beings from the vilest bondage upon which the sun ever shone. This is a greater number than was delivered from Egyptian bondage; and a greater number than the American colonies contained at the time of the Revolution. England did well in emancipating her West India slaves by paying for them. Russia did better by freeing her serfs without compensation; bloodless in both cases. But we have spilled our blood and expended our treasure, not to pay the master, not merely to free the slave, but to repel treason and rebellion, in doing which the slave is made a free man, and restored to his natural rights as such. The results of this war show the world that an intelligent people are capable of self-government; that civil and religious liberty can be maintained without the union of Church and State; and crowned heads and

their adherents are convinced that a republic is not a failure.

In agriculture, in implements of industry, and labor-saving machinery and the fine arts, the world has progressed more in fifty years than in ten centuries before.

In reference to the future, or what fifty years hence may bring forth, we have no means of knowing. If we approximate the same ratio of progress in the Church and in the nation of the past half century, we shall extend our territory equal to that of Louisiana, Florida, New Mexico, Texas, Arizona, California, and Oregon, and have 72 States, and about 160,000,000 inhabitants in 1915. In our Church we shall have at the same time at least 8,000,000 of communicants; 85,000 itinerant ministers; 100,000 local ministers, and 420 annual conferences of 200 members each.

The present movement among the Churches is for a union of those of like faith and ecclesiastical economy, an indication of the approach of the millennium, when the watchmen shall see eye to eye. If this prevails, as we hope it will, and all of Methodist proclivities unite in one body, our numbers will be increased beyond this estimate. If, as the prospect now is, we recover most of the South, together with the smaller branches of the Methodist family, the whole together will run up our Church to some 15,000,000 of members; 150,000 itinerant, and 200,000 local, ministers, and 650 annual conferences of 230 members each. The magnitude of the Book Concerns, Sunday-schools, periodicals, etc., on the same ratio of increase, would bewilder the mind to calculate. And if our Church preserves her purity, and other Churches grow in spirituality and usefulness for fifty years to come as they have for fifty years past, the earth and the sea will be pretty well overspread

with the Word of Life. In the same ratio of progress one hundred years from this time the millennium glory of the Church of Christ will be near its inauguration.

I calculate from prophecy that in 1866 the reign of Papacy in its present form will terminate, and from thenceforward it will die away till it is lost in the glorious blaze of Gospel light, and as the "False Peophet" Mohammed, rose in A. D. 606, the same year in which Boniface III was declared "Universal Bishop and head of the Church," or antichrist; I think they will both go down about the same time, after a respective reign of twelve hundred and sixty years. These two obstacles of the Gospel out of the way, its spread will be more rapid; and in one hundred and thirty-five years hence, the seven thousandth year of the world will be ushered in, to be the thousand years of rest to the Church before the end of the world. "One day is with the Lord as a thousand years, and a thousand years as one day." (2 Peter iii, 8.) The six days of work in the creation is thought to typify six thousand years of labor for the Church, and the seventh day, that of rest, the thousand years of rest promised to the Church.

The signs of the times clearly indicate a speedy termination of the reigns of the beast and the false prophet; the tumbling of the partition walls between true Christians, the extensive baptism of the Holy Ghost and fire of love upon evangelical Christians; the receding and dying struggles of infidelity and heathenism, the almost universal favor with which the Bible and the ministrations of the Gospel are received, clearly indicate the dawn of the latter-day glory and the salvation of the world.

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